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THE MIND-READER

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WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC R. GRUGER

A TOO frank cousin of mine once said of me that I was a rolling stone, with the usual result. I replied to this admonitory tribute that I had at least become polished in rolling, and left him to make his own inference. That I have rolled much is true. A part of my rolling, however, has not been of my own will, but the result of circumstance.

The death of my mother and sister within the same year left me with a very modest income; indeed, too little for a man who, after two years, had become sure that success in the practice of medicine was for him unattainable. In fact, I liked the study of medicine, but did not like the ordinary practice of it. Having failed of success as a general practitioner of medicine, I gave it up to become an ill-paid assistant in a hospital for the insane. After three years, a fortunate chance enabled me to become resident physician to the Central Penitentiary. Here at last I had work to my liking. The study of the criminal nature deeply interested me, and for two years I was busy and happy. I wrote at this time several papers on the bodily and mental peculiarities of the inmates under my care. One of these contributions is still quoted as authoritative.

The life in a jail is sure in the end to sadden the kindly and to bring to the most hopefully optimistic a sense of failure.

This, my third venture, ended in deepening disgust, and I began to lose interest in the work. I had, in fact, one unusual quality—I knew in general when I had failed, and also why. Beyond this, I possessed a still more uncommon talent, which for a time I cultivated, and which was destined to play a part in my life and that of others. I was called a mind-reader. I never so labeled an undoubted power, but others thus described it. For some years at times I amused myself when traveling by the use of this faculty; but at last I gave up doing so because it demanded too intense attention, and because I felt that to pry unasked into the thoughts of another was hardly decent.

When one day I was waiting in the outer office of that cousin who had said I was a rolling stone, I saw two men talking on the pavement, and set myself to

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ascertain what they were engaged upon. It was for me the idle play of a leisure moment; but when my cousin came in, I said: "Mr. E— will offer you 51 dollars for X Y stock. Ask him 52: he will take it." When I explained to him how I knew this, he said it would not be honest, and whether he acted in accordance with his statement, I do not know. I went away thinking over the ethics of the stock market. I have always declined the attribution of mystery to the power I was believed to possess and laughingly refused to be investigated by psychical scientists, who had heard wild accounts of my capacity.

At this time, being melancholy and restless, I went one day into the park for one of the long, solitary cycle-rides which were almost my only diversion. While I was spinning along, deep in thought, a runaway hack flew by. I put on all possible speed, and came up to it just as a park guard caught the horses and for a moment turned them aside. The carriage struck a tree, and upset with a crash of broken glass. The horses broke loose and ran, while, the park guard aiding, we got out of the wreck a lean, little old gentleman, much bruised, and with his face badly cut by glass.

For a moment he lay dazed, and then sitting up, said, "I want my hat." It was found. Then he stood up. "I want a doctor."

"I am one," I said. I tied a handkerchief over his cut forehead, and aided by the guard, put him in a cab which chanced to be at hand. I got in after him. The guard stood by expectant. Then the old gentleman took out a well-filled wallet, and selecting a quarter of a dollar, presented it to the guard, who threw it into the cab with an accompaniment of vigorous English, which I thought well deserved.

My companion said: "Drive on. I ought to report that man for insolence." With this he picked up the money and put it in his pocket. "Girard Hotel," he said, "and tell him to hurry."

As we drove away, I said, "You are not much injured."

"Oh, it 's the shock. I have a bad heart, and I am old—I mean, I am not young."

A queer figure he seemed to me. He was short, singularly thin, and as red as if rouged.

"Pay the cabman, doctor," he ordered me.

I did, but I never again saw the money.

I soon found that my patient was nervous and alarmed. He insisted upon my remaining all night, and as he had a very feeble circulation and a diseased heart, it was as well to oblige him. He would have no consultation, as it was too expensive, and he was satisfied with me. Neither did he want any one of his family sent for; and so I fought it out alone.

As he grew better, he talked to me of my own life with a degree of freedom and interest which I could not then comprehend, and which I did not relish. For some reason he took to me, one of those fancies to which the neurotic are subject, and after two weeks of grave illness told me that I was the only doctor who had ever understood his constitution.

When about to leave, he said: "We must now settle our accounts. There were sixty-three visits at one dollar each." He had noted them daily, even to the length of my stays.

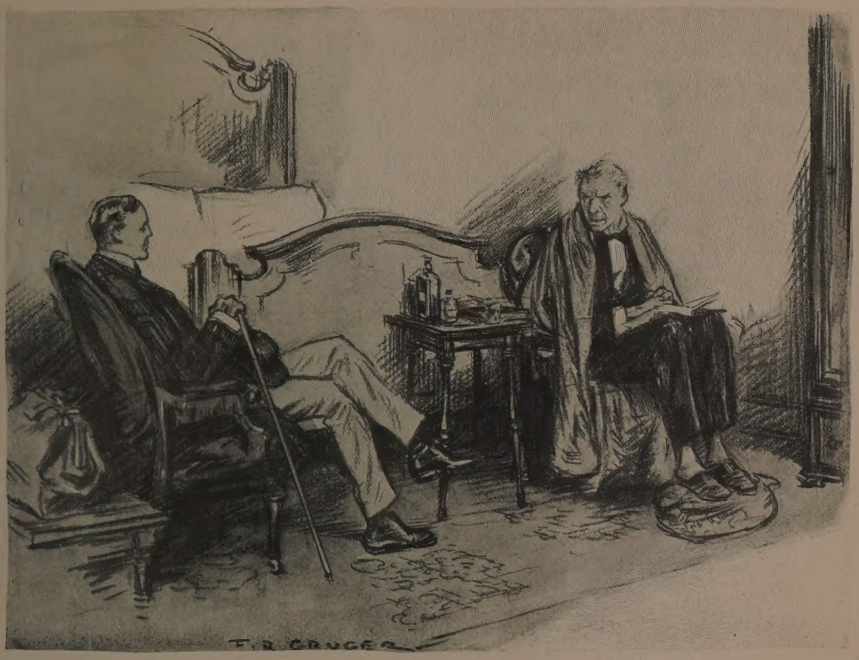
"One dollar! Three," I said; "and the nights I spent—it comes to—"

"Don't mention it. Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "It is enormous. I can not bear shock. I have a proposal to make. You tell me you are tired of your present life, and you are a lover of books. If I secure for you a place in the Brookmead library at twelve hundred dollars a year, will you accept that in payment of the large sum you propose to exact? I shall expect you to take care of me." My first reflection was that he meant to get away without any kind of payment, but I soon saw that the offer was honest. I was of course rather astounded at the scheme of making the library pay his debt, but the new life thus opened to me was entirely to my taste.

I said: "Frankly speaking, sir, is that possible?"

"Yes. I am a benefactor—I mean, I am regarded as a future benefactor of the library." He chuckled. "They will do as I say, and then, when I want you, I can always get you."

I said I would think it over, but had no idea it would come to anything. I had heard of the library as important.



Drawn by Frederic R. Gruger

"AS HE GREW BETTER, HE TALKED TO ME OF MY OWN LIFE"

After some thought I said I would take the place. After he had gone, a week later, to my surprise, I got the offer, and promptly accepted. It turned out to be the beginning of a freshly happy and, as it proved, a somewhat eventful life. I had rolled into a place that suited me.

On my arrival I was able to satisfy Mr. Quarton, the librarian, in regard to my scholarship. As concerned my technical capacity as a librarian, that, he said, was of course hopeless. In time I might learn, oh, something, but unless a man had two generations of librarians back of him, it was of no use to pretend to achieve greatness. I see him now, with his big, inherited horn spectacles, his long gray hair, and a book under each arm.

I had two rooms assigned to me, with a bath-room, as I was, to my pleasure, to live in the building. My duties included general oversight, selection of such scientific books as were needed, and a variety of lesser matters.

The day after my arrival I saw my patient, Mr. White, come out of the librarian's room and enter the office assigned to me. "Glad to see you here, doctor," he said. "I am going to the club, No. 20 West street. Come in at seven and dine with me. Quiet place, no form."

I said I would come.

"You won't get much to eat," said Quarton. "No one ever dines with him more than once. He wants to consult you; but he won't ask you to come to his house. He might have to pay."

"Then he is a miser, I suppose."

"Miser! Superlative degree, miserrimus!" said Quarton, who hated him. "You 'll see. By and by he will make you believe he has remembered you in his will."

This was a long speech for Mr. Quarton, whose name much amused me. "Never," said one of the assistants—"never ask what his Christian, or heathen, name is. No man knows it. He signs D. Quarton."

I went that evening to the Midway Club, which proved to be comfortable, and not too exclusive.

On my way, I reflected upon Mr. White as a curious variety of the genus man. During my life in the penitentiary, —where, alas! few were penitent,—I formed a habit of making notes of the appearance and mental and moral characteristics of criminals, and this habit proved so interesting that I extended it to the officers, and others of the few whom I met outside.

Of course Mr. Reuben White had his place. He was now becoming a fascinating study. A miser,—literally wretched? —not at all. He had the positive joy of acquiring and the negative joy of not expending. I was to see and know more of him.

Mr. White's welcome was most cordial. He had a well-contrived manner of expressing his pleasure upon meeting you. It cost him nothing, but somewhat failed by reason of lack of variety.

As a contribution to my knowledge of the man, the dinner was notable. As to diet, we had soup, one portion, divided; then four mutton chops and potatoes. I received one chop and he two. He was long in chewing his food, having a theory that the more you masticated, the less food you needed.

He talked much and talked well, really a cultivated man. I was thinking that I should like to get at the basal motives of the hoarding instinct, if it be, as in some animals, instinctive, when I saw him glance about the room to see if he were observed. Apparently satisfied, and without in the least concerning himself about me, he rose, went out, and returning with paper from the club writing-table, wrapped up the remaining chop, tied it in his handkerchief, and put it in his pocket.

"And now," he said, "do you drink coffee at night?" I did. When taking his cup, he secured four lumps of sugar, and added these to his store. I was hungry, but delighted with what I saw.

I was all this while regaled at times with his symptoms, until I said a physical examination would be required and must be made while he was in bed. I discovered very soon that my salary was meant to cover all the medical care Mr. White might need. The skill and delicacy with which this was conveyed to me was most interesting, and as he gave me but little trouble, I calmly accepted the situation, and, as it proved, was most fortunate in having done so.

He proposed that evening to put me up at the club for membership, and as I could now afford it, I was most pleased. My notes of him that night were: "Lover of books; greed for accumulation of money; infinite cunning in this pursuit."

My life at the library soon satisfied me. The work was easy, my time much my own. As I have said, I had had no opportunities for acquiring friends or even acquaintances to my taste, but here every week there came to the library a great many persons in all ranks of life. It became my duty to know some of these people, especially the scholars, and generally to aid any one in pursuit of knowledge or entertainment.

Thus it was that while I was interested in the books, I was even more so in those who read them; for much as books have been to me in my life, people are still more entertaining; and whether as comrades or counselors, whether evil or good, have for the reader of men advantages not possessed by books.

Mr. White was in the library every day, and, as one of the governing board from whom much was expected, he was treated with far too great consideration.

About the fourth month of my residence, a curious incident gave me a notable influence over this man and his increased respect.

Mr. Daingerfield, one of our managers, a man of large inherited fortune, was the rich man of the city. He was also the permanent president of the hospital board, and able to indulge the luxury of giving way to a quick temper. When I instantly resented an impertinent criticism, he complained to the directors of the library; but as Mr. White was expected to leave money to both hospital and library, his intervention saved me.

One day in April I was talking to a young woman, Miss Musgrave, about a book, when I saw Mr. Daingerfield pass by.

Miss Musgrave said: "Did you ever see so bald a man! It looks so nice and smooth. One would like to pat it." I looked, and there was the face, full-

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"'THAT,' HE SAID, 'WAS OF COURSE HOPELESS'"

bearded,—even to the heavy eyebrows, snow white,—with, around the bald head, a tonsure of bright red hair. "Really an exotic, that crop!" said my companion, laughing.

Mr. Daingerfield came upon Mr. White near my office, and White began to talk. They were facing us, but out of earshot. Presently excusing myself, and with too little thought of my action, I went up to them and said: "I can give you what you want, Mr. White. The average cost of hospital patients per day is from $1.50 to $1.60. Children cost more." I went on to convey in full the required information, and then retired to my office.

Presently came Mr. White. "Doctor Alston," he said, "did you hear what I asked Mr. Daingerfield?"

"No, I did not."

"Then how did you know?"

Meaning to amuse myself, I said, "Did you ever hear of mind-reading?"

"Mind-reading! Good heavens, sir, it is most amazing!"

"Yes," I laughed. "I have been accused of it before; once by Mr. Stevens, the cataloguer. He did not like it."

"Nor do I, sir. I want you to promise never to try it with me."

"Oh, I can readily promise that, Mr. White. It is rarely that I use this faculty. It requires intense concentration of attention."

"I am relieved, sir." He was queerly uneasy. "It is a perilous faculty, Doctor Alston. Imagine such a power to become general! What a state of things there would be! Awful, sir! awful!" That, indeed, was my own opinion, and I have often since then amused myself with reflections upon the social and commercial consequences of such generalized universal insight.

Henceforth Mr. White treated me with increased respect, and at times regarded me with ill-concealed suspicion. Somehow the story got out and created interest, which I did not add to by any further use of my peculiar endowment, nor did I attempt to explain it when Mr. White reopened the subject.

As time ran on, I made the acquaintance of a man who attracted me as no one else did. He was George Fernwood, an army officer, a captain of engineers, engaged upon some defense work in the harbor. I sometimes classify people as books. Fernwood was one of those human volumes which, admirably edited by events, are full of such contrasts as make unusual appeal to the student of character.

In my note-book he is thus described:

George Fernwood, five feet, ten inches; neatly made, a certain harmony in his build. Regular features, bronzed by exposure. General expression gentle and, as I read it, something of a look of appeal. Mouth the most eloquent feature. Lip lines classic.

Career—Success as engineer, medal of

honor for gallant action in Indian battle. So set down in the army list.

Studies—primary, scientific; secondary, history, especially of the mystics; rarely fiction.

Character—Courage, physical, perfect; courage, moral, unknown.

Mind of high order, investigative. Imagination of sympathetic type, not productive.

Manners, courteous; a gentleman, a man to trust.

This was my record after several months of increasing intimacy during which I discovered that after a time the rate of acquaintance with him had limitations such as in my experience are often found in the finer natures. A word is needed to fill the descriptive gap between "acquaintance" and "friend." He evidently liked me, but my sly gifts of self-revelation were not returned in kind. About this there was something not unpleasingly womanlike, and thus for a long time we drew no closer until certain events took place which materially affected his life and mine. In chemistry it sometimes happens that two substances which decline to unite are of a sudden brought to do so owing to the added presence of a third quite neutral body. In life a similar thing happens; a word, a thought, another's act, some trifle, abruptly alters the inter-relation of two people.

It so chanced with us. There are friends whom we acquire through the unthinking intimacies of childhood or owing to business or family relations. There are others whom, if we are wise in the art of life, we deliberately woo or win for some good reason. Of late, being now at ease, I had begun to cultivate the art of friendly capture, but, as concerned the Captain, I was for a time unsuccessful. We dined together at the club now and then, or, what I liked better, we spent an evening in my modest apartments. Here we talked of Indian war, of books and politics; but of his family, his more intimate life, and his opinions on religion, I learned nothing. Nevertheless, I felt rather than knew that we were slowly drawing together.

One evening, I asked him to my rooms, meeting him down-stairs. We walked through the vast book-lined reading-hall, now silent and dark except for the oblongs of moonlight cast across the floor.

I paused midway and said: "Is n't there something solemn and ghostly in this great columbarium of dead thought?"

"I feel it now, but I hardly think that I should have had the idea without your helping. I suppose that an immense number of these volumes will be, are, indeed, for scores of years as unread by man as are the present thoughts of the dead, if the dead still think."

"But they do speak here, and a great library should give at any cost the rare book some scholar asks for and must have. You of all men, who want the rarer books, must know that."

"Yes," he returned as we entered my room, and I turned on and lighted the gas—"yes, I suppose that I illustrated the rare need last week when I asked for the four volumes of that fine mystic, Robert Fludd. The old fellow who found these for me said that in twenty years he had never known them to be asked for. That he could be so sure, struck me as interesting. And he knew, too, the number and place of the book."

"That form of memory is not very rare in old librarians. I, of course, do not possess it. Did Fludd amuse you?"

"Yes. I wanted to see what he says on the pulse. You may think that odd. His astrology was also of interest. I had a pleasant morning over his doctrine of nativities."

Then I cast a cunning fly. I said: "Rare as is Fludd, a woman asked for it yesterday. She usually waits until she can get me to supply her wants. I set Master Fludd before her, but she soon returned it, remarking that she had not known it was in Latin."

"Curious that," said Fernwood.

I thought I might venture further, and as I stood by the fire filling my pipe, I said: "As a coincidence it is even more than curious; for twice, just after you have asked for some rare book, Miss Musgrave has inquired for it. Last month it was Lea on 'Trial by Ordeal.' That did seem rather a queer choice for a young woman."

"Yes, rather," he returned; "quite unusual."

I began to understand, but as he thus quickly turned the talk aside, I did not

gain much beyond a pleasant suspicion of there being some close relation between the two readers. I knew little of the social life of the great city, and my own acquaintances were chiefly such as I met at the club, which was a somewhat informal organization where one was not denied by cold usage the privilege of addressing a stranger. A day or two later I chanced to sit at luncheon next to a cheerful old man who in twenty-five minutes asked me a dozen questions.

Mr. Burke was a bachelor without other business than that of a collector and freight-carrier of harmless gossip, and was the much-used friend of a dozen women. In these gentle pursuits he exhibited the proverbial industry of the bee. In the absence of a handy year-book of genealogy, his accurate knowledge of the limited social groups of long-seated American families was usually to be trusted, and his amiable reticence a not unpleasing trait, although at times he could be mildly malicious.

"Good wine that, Dr. Alston. By the way, your people must be South Carolinians."

"Yes," I said, "my father was; but he settled in Pennsylvania."

"Good breed, sir. Know Mrs. Merton? I disturbed her, I fear—Colonial Dame: told her some of their genealogies were more genial than logical. Good that, was n't it?" I laughed assent.

"One of them—oh, no names—one of them asked me about her right to belong to that queer society. Told her that her great grandfather in 1713 married his deceased wife's sister. Know the English law? Make your inference."

I did. Then I said, "Do you know Miss Musgrave?" I was after information.

"Know her? Of course; niece of Mrs. Merton, charming girl. Father old friend of mine—dead. Got a fair fortune; not much. Engaged to army officer. Good fellow; damn poor match. Know her?"

I said, "Yes, slightly." There was no need to pump. The flow was easy, ample. Did I know that army man, name of Fernwood?

I said, "Yes," and thought the woman fortunate.

He did not agree with me. "That man has no common sense." Had I ever heard about it?

I said no, which seemed to please my neighbor.

He said: "Tell you about it. Has an uncle, old skinflint, about eighty years old, Reuben White. He offered your Captain to leave him all his fortune if he would give up the army and live with him."

"And," I asked, "give up the woman?"

"No; but marry and live with him. The Captain won't do it. Now that does seem silly. Don't you think so?"

"No. She would starve, and Mr. White may live for years and make a dozen wills." But beyond that I said I had no material for judging.

"Well, it 's simple. The old man tells every one about it. He has never given away a dollar,—says he can't,—and is so pleased with his generous post-mortem intentions that—well, he told me all about it at a board meeting last week. The Captain was to leave the army and to live with him and take care of his estate till he dies. Then he was to get it all; the Captain to marry or not, as he pleased. Would n't you accept?"

I said: "No. He asks a man already distinguished to give up all his reasonable ambitions, and, if he married, to submit his wife to the certainty of a miser's whims and meanness. I am sure that Captain Fernwood will not do it; besides, White promises the library and the hospital. You can't trust him."

"Well, Fernwood won't, and the old man is furious. Three days ago I witnessed the will he made. He informed us with pride that he had drawn the will himself. In fact, he had studied law when young. He told his nephew in my presence that he had left him ten thousand dollars. Oh, by the way, he had old Quarton there as a witness. It seems he thought he had to sign his name in full. Asked me if he must. Of course I said yes. Lord! he hated it; but he signed at last, Duodecimo Quarton. That, he explained, was because he was such a little baby. Lord, I was sorry for him. You see, his father was a librarian. Oh, about the will. He tells everybody that a large part goes to the Central Hospital and that he has remembered other charities. This was

all in Mr. White's bedroom. The Captain locked the will in the desk, and gave the key to his uncle, but said, 'Better put it in the trust company's safe.' Then the Captain took away some bills and checks to pay them. He did

A day or two later the Captain came to my room in the evening, and for the first time without an invitation. I was pleased with this sign of desire for my company, and as usual we fell into talk which took wide ranges of interest. At

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"'TOLD HER SOME OF THEIR GENEALOGIES WERE MORE GENIAL THAN LOGICAL'"

not seem angry. That old fellow uses him, I can assure you. What a fool!"

"No," I said, "he had made his choice."

"But think of it—a million or two! I can admire such virtue; I could not imitate it."

He went out to radiate news elsewhere, murmuring, "Extraordinary, most extraordinary!"

last he asked me where he could find the singular Chinese doctrines of the pulse, explaining, what I had not as yet heard, that while in Philadelphia on duty he had attended medical lectures, a dangerous study for a sensible layman. I referred him to Sir John Floyer's "Pulse Watch," and then said, "By the way, you spent some time over Fludd's book."

"Yes, I did."

"Well, as I mentioned, Miss Musgrave asked for it later."

"Yes; rather peculiar for a woman, was n't it?"

"Rather. I do not fancy she enjoyed it. The queerest thing is that, since she returned it a month ago, it was asked for by a stranger, and has disappeared. That is, one of the volumes—the one which contains illustrations. This is a not uncommon form of theft, and of late we have suffered several such losses.

"What can you—what do you do?"

"I was asked to take up the whole matter. I employed a clever detective. He failed me entirely, but my luck did not. I saw in the "Review of Psychology," published in Chicago, an essay on mystics in which Fludd was quoted and the edition given. I wrote to the author, who courteously returned our missing volume, which he had bought from a scamp of a dealer in this city. I set my detective on the track, and he will be here shortly with two other of our missing books. The thief was easily traced, and is now awaiting trial. I should think this tale of a book's adventures would amuse you."

Then the talk wandered on to other matters, and quite late he went away.

Two days after this talk, Miss Musgrave came for a book. After getting it, she said: "A friend of mine told me of your loss of that curious book by Fludd. Have you ever heard of it again?"

"Yes," I said. She had evidently heard from her lover of our talk, for she remarked: "If I were a clever writer, I should write the adventures of a book—how it helped this one or hurt that one."

"What a clever idea!" I returned.

"Well," she said, "if ever I am in trouble or have lost anything, I shall come to you for advice. I think you were ingenious. Mr. Stevens says you are a mind-reader."

"Does he? Every one is more or less that, Miss Musgrave. Shall I try to read your thoughts?"

"Oh, no; please don't," and she went away laughing.

FERNWOOD'S visits became frequent and the more I saw of him the better did I like him. At last, one evening, after a long talk and just before he left he said: "I regret that I shall very soon be ordered away and lose both the library and your company in some bookless Western post. However, that is my life, and I cannot complain, or would not except that—"

As he paused, I said, smiling: "Except for Miss Musgrave." I liked the man, and was curiously pleased when he said: "Then you knew." There was no reason why I should not have known at any time in the last more intimate months unless for the almost feminine reserve with which he guarded his increasingly close relations with me and others.

I said in reply that Mr. Burke had told me.

"Yes, all of Miss Musgrave's friends know of it. If you talked with Burke," —and he smiled,—"I suppose there is very little you do not know either about her or me."

I laughed. "Nothing that I did not like. Nothing that is not common property."

"Yes, the old fellow is generous in the diffusion of what were perhaps better left untold. But I must go. I shall miss you much. I am engaged to Miss Musgrave, and I hope soon to be married." Then, with some hesitation, he added: "Did Mr. Burke speak of my uncle?"

"He did; and let me say, as you open the subject, that I think you are right. It is in some sense a sacrifice."

"Oh, no. I could not take my wife to live with my uncle. How could I? I will not give up my profession. Miss Musgrave agrees with me. It is in no sense a sacrifice. But now I must go. Good night!"

"And so," said I to myself, "I have made my capture, and the man is worth the trouble." And now I was to lose this friend.

At the time of which I write I had been thrown very little with women, but since then, considering the question of the values of friendships, I conclude that the best friends are women in middle age. The range of their values is other than that of men, but there are many things of which one may talk to them and which with men one approaches in a spirit of reserve. Indeed, as I have elsewhere said, women are the natural confessors of men.

The sudden frank opening to me of Fernwood's heart was a disclosure of the feminine traits of a brave and reticent man. It was, in a way, a compliment, and gratified me, as all such conquests do, and the more so because in the solitude that any great city is for a newcomer I had no one else who held to me the relation of friend. I sat with my pipe, and wondered what manner of woman was Miss Musgrave. I had, in my brief official acquaintance, found her an interesting, well-bred person, evidently of a social class which had had the advantages of generations of ease and training. With this I dismissed her and her lover, and turned to some deferred library work, little dreaming of the extent to which I was about to be involved in their lives.

About this time I was sent to a remote city to attend an important sale of books. I was kept busy for four days, and as I rarely do more than glance at the papers, I chanced not to observe the paragraphs which might have prepared me for the disaster of which I learned upon my return.

I arrived at the library about nine in the evening. The janitor said: "There is a lady waiting to see you, sir. She is in your room. She has been there an hour. As she often comes to get books, and I have seen you talking to her, I let her into your study. Have you heard the awful news of Mr. White's death?"

"No, I have not. I am very sorry." Then in haste I went up-stairs, with an inexplicable presentiment of calamity.

When I entered the room, a maid was seated near the door. Her mistress, Miss Musgrave, rose and came forward to meet me, saying:

"It seemed to me as if you would never come. Can you give me a half-hour? I—we are in great trouble, and Captain Fernwood has asked me to see you." Then as I said, "Of course," she asked the maid to wait for her down-stairs. When alone, I said, "What is the trouble?"

"You have not heard?"

"No. I have been away. Tell me, is he ill?"

"Yes, and worse, and we were so happy. It seems incredible that you have never heard. It is too awful," she exclaimed.

It seemed to me natural that she should at once inform me, but there was a half-evident desire to put it off. Indeed, for a moment she was silent, as if gathering resolution. I waited and then said:

"Now, Miss Musgrave, tell me quietly and fully what is the matter, and let me say that I am entirely at your disposal."

"He said so. He has no other friends here, no family—oh, I said once I should come to you if ever I needed help!"

"You say he has no friends. His uncle, I hear, is dead."

"Good heavens, yes—murdered!"

"Stop," I said. "I know nothing. To help you, I must have a clear, definite statement."

"Yes, I know. I see."

She sat up and said simply: "This is all we really know. On Monday last, George spent an hour with me. Then he went, as he generally did at least every other night, to see his uncle. That was about nine. He had collected some money for him that day. He put it in his uncle's desk, noticed his will lying in it, locked the desk, and put the key in his uncle's waistcoat, which hung on a chair. He said, 'You should put your will, sir, in the safe at the Union Trust Company.' Oh, I can't go on! You must see Captain Fernwood at once, please. I want you to see George. He is in a dreadful state. You will see him, won't you—at once, to-night?"

I said, "Yes, of course. Let me walk home with you."

"No. I have a carriage. I will leave you at George's."

As we drove along, neither spoke. What she could not or would not speak of I too easily comprehended. There was the common and often terrible situation of the man who is known to have been last with the murdered and who cannot prove an alibi.

No study of character prepared me for the effect on Fernwood. Under this terror, the woman was of a sudden strong, resolute, combative. Under it, the man who was a proverb in his corps for cool courage was broken, nerveless, and timid.

Indeed, what I saw as I entered his

room was enough to create pity and to make it needful to exercise the large charity of the physician to lessen the sense of surprise with which one saw a man in the vigor of health so easily routed. Long pain and the bodily feebleness due to disease or wounds often take from a man his moral weapons, and leave him with neither sword nor shield. But this man, in the midst of health and in the sunshine of a rare woman's love, splendidly able to put aside wealth, was like a strong battle-ship on the rocks, a helpless prey of the sea. I saw it all at a glance as I entered his room. He sat crouched low in a chair by the wood fire, without other light. As I approached, he turned his head, looked at me, and resumed his attitude of defeat, his head in his hands, his elbow on his knees. I went to the mantel, found a match, and lighted two gas-jets. Then I drew a chair and sat down beside him. He said not a word as I took his hand. His pulse was eloquent of his condition. I saw at once that the physician must prepare the way for the friend. I said: "You have not slept and you have not eaten."

"No. Not for three days."

"Well, that won't do. I want to talk to you, but now you are in no fit case for talk. Come with me to my rooms."

"No; I am watched. I should be arrested."

I persisted, and at last he consented; but he staggered as he rose, saying, "It is useless," and yet he went.

When at last we were in my study, I made him take a pretty stiff glass of whisky and, with more difficulty, a couple of biscuits. The influence of the stimulus was interesting and rapid. I said but little, and nothing of the cause of his condition. But after some twenty minutes he sat up and said: "Do you think they followed us?" and then: "I wish you would lock the door." It was childlike, but I did so. Then I returned to my seat, and quietly lighted my pipe and waited. Five minutes went by before he said: "Why did you make me come here? They will think I ran away."

"No. I shall say where you are. You must stay with me."

"May I have some more whisky?"

"Certainly."

He took it again, and of his own will ate greedily of the biscuits. We were silent. In the way the stimulus and food restored the man's moral vigor with the physical gain in strength, there was something which I felt should have given him a reproachful sense of humiliation at the ease with which he had been crushed. He said suddenly, "Would you mind if I smoked?"

"No," I said, and gave him a cigar. "And now let us talk. You must tell me all about it. You sent for me, and I came. I am your friend, and with what I have heard I am prepared, as you are not, to consider calmly this absurd situation. I beg of you not to get excited or explain or reason on the case. Give me the cold facts. Can you, or shall we wait until to-morrow?"

"Oh, no; I do not want to wait. I am absolutely alone here. I have no man but you to whom I can turn. I do not make friends easily. My uncle was my only relative. I want to ask advice. I want to know how it looks to you. Miss Musgrave's aunt is useless, of course. I have no one—no one."

I saw how vast was the artificial gain of the hour; I knew, too, that it would not last.

"Go on," I said. He laid down his cigar, and went on to state with amazing absence of visible emotion the whole tragic story.

"About two weeks from the time he made his will, on Monday night, I gave my uncle $745.50, a delayed payment of interest which I had collected on a mortgage. You may not know that he has made this kind of use of me ever since I came to the city. At first he used to say it was merely taking care of my own property, but since—"

Here I said: "Do not explain. That may come later. Now I want only the recent bare facts."

"Very well, you shall have them."

My witness was still improving.

"When I called on Monday night, my uncle was in bed. Of late he was much of the time in bed. I put the money in his desk, and locked it and put the key in his waistcoat pocket. I said, 'I see your will, sir, is still in the desk.' It was in an envelop, labeled and sealed. I said, 'It should be in your bank safe.' He said, 'Yes; I shall see to that to-

morrow. You have only to change your mind, and I will burn that will.'

"I said no, and that I begged he would not reopen a question to which I could make only one reply. He said I was a fool. I made no answer. The fact is, I think that—"

Again I broke in. "Facts," I said, "facts."

This time the man actually smiled as he returned, "What are you doing?"

I had taken up pencil and note-tablet.

"I am about to take down in shorthand what you tell me."

I was fairly expert at this.

"Go on."

"I read the larger part of the stock-list to my uncle and one or two editorials. After this, as he was evidently sleepy, I said: 'Good night, sir. Don't forget to bolt your door.'

"The old housemaid, his only servant, had gone to bed. In the hall I saw that the tall clock was marking eleven. I put out the gas and went away, leaving the hall door, as usual, unlocked, the maid having gone to bed. I think I said that it was a common occurrence. I walked to my rooms, let myself in, and seeing no one, went to bed.

"At half after seven in the morning I was awakened and told that a policeman wanted to see me. I dressed in haste, and found the man outside.

"He said, 'Mr. Fernwood, your uncle was found dead on the floor this morning.'

"He had not seen him, and could tell me nothing more. I found two policemen in the hall, and up-stairs in the room a captain of police and others.

"I said, 'I am Captain Fernwood, Mr. White's nephew.' My uncle lay, in his night-dress, dead on the floor, his head near the fireplace, and close by the poker. There was a cut on his left temple. I was about to feel it, to see if there were a fracture, when the captain of police said: 'Don't touch him. The coroner will be here.'

"I rose, and the man said: 'It may have been an accident or a murder. The desk has been broken open.'

"I turned, and saw that it had been rudely handled. It was open, the money gone, and the will also. I looked about among the few other papers which lay scattered on the floor, but was warned to touch nothing. I felt sure, however, that the will was not among them. Then for the first time I began to feel—"

"Stop," I said. "Stick to the facts."

"I sat down and waited. It was hours before the coroner came, and late in the afternoon before the inquest was held. I never left the house. At the inquest the maid swore to my presence the night before, to ignorance as to when I had left, and to finding the chamber door unlocked at 7 A.M., when, as usual, she went to call Mr. White, and, seeing him on the floor, ran screaming into the street. The street door was often left unlocked. I told you that.

"I stated in turn the facts of my visit and felt at once that I had better speak of the contents of the desk. When I spoke of the will, a juror desired to know what I knew about it. I said it left me, as I had been told, by my uncle, ten thousand dollars, the maid the same amount, the rest to charities—or at least so my uncle had said. What else there was I had not been told. A juror asked if Mr. White had other near relatives. I said none. I was then asked concerning my relations with my uncle. On this I stated the circumstances which occasioned him to make the will. Asked if we had quarreled, I said no; he had been liberal to my mother, and although he was angry and disappointed, our intercourse had remained pleasant, on my part at least. Asked if I had felt disappointed about the will, I said yes, but that I considered my course reasonable. Asked if there were no will, who would inherit, I replied that I should in that case be the sole heir. During the day I was not allowed to reënter the room. A post-mortem section showed that the wound on the head was external, and could not have been the direct cause of death. He might have been struck, and, as he was over eighty years old, have fallen when hit, and died easily enough. The verdict stated the fact of the robbery and the belief of the jury that Reuben White came to his death through violence at the hands of a person or persons unknown."

"Was there," I asked, "any evidence of burglary?"

"No. The maid, who herself is old

and stupid, swore that she had, as usual, locked up the back of the house and that the silver on the sideboard, in the dining-room, some of it old and valuable, had not been taken. The only taste my uncle allowed himself was for old silver, in which he was an expert."

"And now," I said, "a question or two. Be careful how you reply. Did you tell them you locked the desk and where you put the key?"

"Yes, and they found it. A juror said, 'Only a burglar, a man in fear and haste would have broken the desk.' Another said, 'Unless he wanted to simulate a burglary, and knew all the while where to look for the key.' Here the coroner stopped them, but it was clear that everything pointed to me as the criminal. I had killed my uncle. I had stolen the will.

"I went away horror-stricken. I walked from place to place and far out into the country. At evening I came home. The next day I forced myself to go to the house and arrange for the funeral. The maid and a friend of hers, whom she had asked to remain with her, stared at me with horrible curiosity. The old woman was weeping over the loss of her legacy. I left them. Before night I became sure that I was shadowed. My God! the shadow of a murderer! I have not left the house since. I have not slept at all. I have eaten nothing in two days. I wrote Miss Musgrave that our engagement was at an end. She will not hear to it. She came to see me at once, and this is all."

My pencil had been busy. I had had no time to think.

I said now: "You must go to bed, and here in my room. I shall send for your things to-morrow."

He yielded with childlike submissiveness. When I had him safe in bed, I brought him a tablespoonful of whisky in which I had dissolved a small dose of morphia. I closed the door and sat down to think, and the more I thought, the less I liked the outlook. At last I tried to put myself in his place. If he had meant to steal the will, it was at any time easy but useless and perilous to do so while his uncle lived. Suppose him to have lingered in the house intending later to kill, and been confronted by his uncle awake, the rest would follow. I had gone along a track which would be surely that of any one who did not know Fernwood. To me it was inconceivable. But what next? Burglary. The old man wakes, is struck down. The desk is opened, the money found. I put myself in the burglar's mental skin. I see the will. It is labeled, "Will of Reuben White." I read it by my lantern. I am intelligent enough to know its possible value. In my dread of discovery, and with the dead man at my feet, I make haste to leave. But why neglect the silver? Here my venture into the stranger land of an unknown man's personality failed me. As I have said, my essays on criminal character which attracted much attention some years ago, had been the result of long study and much experience when I was, as a younger man, in medical charge of the Central Penitentiary.

Drawn by Frederic R. Gruger

"'SUSAN, WHERE WAS THE SILVER KEPT?'"

It is easy to classify criminal types, but no experience of the class and the genera and species will enable one en-

tirely to understand surely the motives which govern them while engaged in illegal acts. Here as elsewhere in life the ever-present factor of individual difference may make prediction difficult.

In the case I now considered there was action which seemed to me unlike that of the ordinary burglar. By this time I had begun to be deeply interested. Both head and heart were in the game which any friend of Fernwood must play against the theory I was sure the police would hold. I knew that I should need help, and that I should like to go over the house of the dead man. I wrote a note, asking Mr. South, the detective, to call on me during the evening of the next day, and went out and mailed it.

On my return I assured myself that Fernwood was asleep. At six next morning I called him. He was confused for a moment as he came out of the borderland between sleep and the wakened state. He said: "I was bothered for a little by my surroundings, but now I am better. What a fool I was yesterday!"

"Do not talk," I said. "Dress. The bath is ready. We can talk at breakfast."

When he entered my study, although pale and anxious-looking, he was better than I could have expected. The janitor's wife provided, as usual, coffee, eggs, and bread and butter. He sat down, and with too obvious assumption of his usual courteous manner apologized for the trouble he had given. I declined to talk of his present situation, and when he had finished a fairly good meal, I said, "Come with me." He was at once alarmed, and I saw that he was still far from the state of competence I desired.

However, we went down-stairs, I saying: "You use the wheel. I have borrowed our janitor's. I have mine."

He looked up and down the street, and seeing no one, mounted. We went away some four miles into the country, and then back, and I saw, as we returned, that the exercise had brought color into his face. He remonstrated as I turned away from the library, and crossing the still quiet city, stopped at the door of his uncle's house. Fernwood hesitated, but when I insisted, rang the bell. The old woman who let us in looked at him as if in doubt and said: "I was n't to let any one in. That 's what the police said." The man in charge had gone away for his breakfast.

I replied, "The Captain has every right to go where he pleases in this house, and I am his friend." She grumbled about our getting her into trouble, but as I insisted, went with us, while I inspected the house with care. I learned nothing of value. Last I went into the room of the dead owner. Fernwood looked about him, and then abruptly turned and went out. The old woman said to me, "He 's afraid, and I don't wonder." She had made up her mind that he was suffering the terror of guilt. I said: "Nonsense! The man is ill."

I had gained nothing by my visit. I saw that in my desire to utilize his knowledge of the house, I had only learned how deeply he was wounded and how close he had come to the boundaries beyond which a man may not pass without becoming a minority of one in the country of the sane.

I said, "Come back with me a moment." When within, I asked to go once more into the dining-room. I said, "Susan, where was the silver kept?"

"Oh, some in the bank and some here on the sideboard. It was all right that morning. I cleaned it the day before. He was mighty particular about that."

"Where is it now?"

"I put it away, there were so many people about."

"Could I see it?"

A five-dollar note relieved her mind, and we went up-stairs. It was in flannel bags. I looked it over piece by piece. At last I carefully studied a fine Queen Anne tankard.

Then the old woman said: "That was on a chair the morning after the murder. I might have set it there. No, burglars would n't have left this silver."

"Some one has handled it," I said.

"Well, I did n't, except by the handle."

"Some one did," I insisted, and we went away.

My friend was again becoming nervous, and my remark on the significant observation of the silver having been handled did no good.

I said: "Fernwood, if you let yourself go to pieces in this way, you will end by making a lot of idiots think you are

really a criminal. We are only at the beginning of an affair which will need cool heads and intelligent handling, and now you are behaving like a scared child or an hysterical girl. You have really nothing to fear."

"Do you think that? I do not mind telling you that what I fear is that I may come to believe I—I killed him. It does look so likely. I have heard of such cases, and even now—I—"

"Good gracious! Do you want to make me regret that I mean to see this thing through?"

He came over to where I stood and put a hand on my shoulder. He said: "You must forgive me, and you will, if you think of the hopeless misery of my condition."

"All right," I said. "Now I must go. We will lunch and dine at a little Italian restaurant near by; but, my dear fellow, I want you clear of head, because we are to have a talk to-night with South. I sent for him."

"I will try," he said, and appeared relieved by the prospect of something being done. I went to my work, uneasy and feeling that we were in deep water.

When we went out to lunch, I saw South, the detective, come out of a tobacco shop opposite the library. I said to the Captain, "Wait a moment," and crossing over, said to South, "Are you watching Captain Fernwood?"

He said, "Yes. It is very stupid, but those are my orders."

"Well," I said, "you know me. He will appear when wanted. You may as well go home, but turn up at nine to-night. I want to ask your advice about him."

He whistled low. "Well, that 's funny. We are on the other side."

"There is no other side."

"Yes; that Hospital Board. They say he has told them over and over they was to get most of his money."

"Well, we will talk it over."

"Very good," he said, and sauntered up the street, while I rejoined Fernwood.

To my surprise, he said: "I saw that man the day but one after—after—my uncle died. Is he watching me?"

I thought better to say yes frankly.

"It 's a strange thing to know. He had better take care."

"Wait a little," I said. "We will get him on our side," and we went on to lunch, the Captain now and then looking back suspiciously.

A little before nine that night I asked him to go into my bedroom and wait there until I called him. He asked for a newspaper. I knew better than to give him one. The dailies were still wildly discussing the famous case and the stolen will.

"This will do," he said, and taking a book from my shelves, went into the bedroom while I waited for South, my notes on the table at my side.

When he came in, I said: "Sit down, take a cigar, and run over these memoranda."—I had written them out.—"And speak low when you talk. The Captain is in my bedroom. Now read this."

In a few minutes he laid down the notes, and I said, "Now, how does this look to you?"

"Well, first, let me say I have left the police, and am with the firm of Frost, the detective agents. They are employed by that hospital to find out where that will is, if it is at all. The murder does not concern them except in a way. They want that will. You see, the old man, White, told them all about it. They think your friend has it or had it."

"Well," I said, "the fools are not all dead, but I want your opinion—your theory, if you have one."

"Well, Dr. Alston, I have none. I have talked to two of that jury, and they think your friend killed the man, or at least struck him and stole the will, but I have n't much respect for coroner's juries. Their notion is that he broke open the desk and disordered the room so as to simulate a burglary. When I mentioned that he had declined the old man's conditions, and at the inquest had called attention to the absence of the will, that seemed to them only a clever dodge, and one said a burglar would never have left the silver. That did seem queer to me. However, I am to be allowed to go over the house to-morrow, and I want to see the old man's servant."

"Ask to see the silver, South." And thereupon I told him what I had seen. It did not impress him.

He said: "There was, I hear, no breaking in. If burglars entered, it was

easy to do so by the unlocked front door."

This was exactly what I wanted, and, agreeing, I added: "Now, I want you to see the Captain. I will call him."

There was no need, for, as I spoke, the door opened, and he entered, a book in his hand. He threw it on the table, and as South rose, he sprang forward, and catching him by the throat, shook him with savage violence, crying, "So you are set to watch me, you hound!"

The big detective stood still as I caught Fernwood's arm, and said, "Are you insane?" He let go his grip and turned.

"No. I am sane enough, and no man shall follow me as this man has done."

I pushed him down into a chair, saying: "Mr. South is here to help us. He is only obeying orders; but he does not believe you guilty."

"Is that so, Mr. South? Let him say so. He 's got to say so."

I knew South too well to think he would lie, and I was immensely relieved when he said quietly, "I believe, sir, that you are an innocent man."

"Thank God for that! That accursed book upset me."

I glanced at it. What evil fate had made him choose it? It was "Eugene Aram."

"Well," I said, "you owe Mr. South an apology."

"He has it, and my gratitude," said Fernwood, in his courteous way. "I am sorry, but—"

"Let us talk," I said.

"No," returned South, readjusting his necktie; "not now. To-morrow, perhaps, after I have seen the house. Only one question: Did you often leave without the woman following you to lock the front door?"

"Yes; because commonly I was late and she in bed. I spoke of it once or twice, but my uncle said no burglars ever came in from the front."

"No; that is true as a rule. We shall pull through, Captain."

My friend looked up and said: "It is an unspeakable relief to hear you say that. If the will is never found, I cannot, I could not, take the money; or if I did take his fortune, and gave it to the hospital, that would be sure to be looked upon as the act of a repentant man. I have one hope, and it is that whoever stole the will did so in order to sell it to the hospital."

"Or to you," said South.

"I see. To give me the chance to burn it."

"That 's about it, sir. Well, good-night, and I just want to say this. I was n't clear about this matter. Now I am. Keep cool, and don't read the papers."

"Thank you," said Fernwood, and, with his pleasant smile, "Let me again ask you to excuse my violence."

"Why, sir," said the big man, "it was just that settled the matter for me. If you had been guilty, you would not have come down on me like that."

"I should not."

I said, *"Argumentum ad hominem."*

"What 's that?" said South.

I failed to be able to put it more clearly, and for the first time we all three laughed. I went down-stairs and talked to South for half an hour about Fernwood and his well-known act of venturing out under a heavy fire, putting a tourniquet on Major Warde, and carrying him into our lines, although himself slightly wounded.

"That 's the scar on his cheek."

"Yes."

"Well, well, men are queer, and that man to be broke up this way!"

"And would not you be?"

"I might. There really are several kinds of courage. He was upset a bit by the jury inquest, and the average reporter was sure to consider that an evidence of crime."

When I went up-stairs I quietly opened my bedroom door. Fernwood was on his knees. I closed the door and sat down with my pipe, with thankful hope in my mind.

I administered my remedy of the bicycle next day, and left my friend after breakfast, asking him to make a copy of a long list of new books to be bought, which otherwise, I assured him, I should have to make myself. He seemed glad to be of use to me, and thenceforward I managed to keep him busy and at times even interested.

When again I saw South, he said, "I have asked to be relieved from further

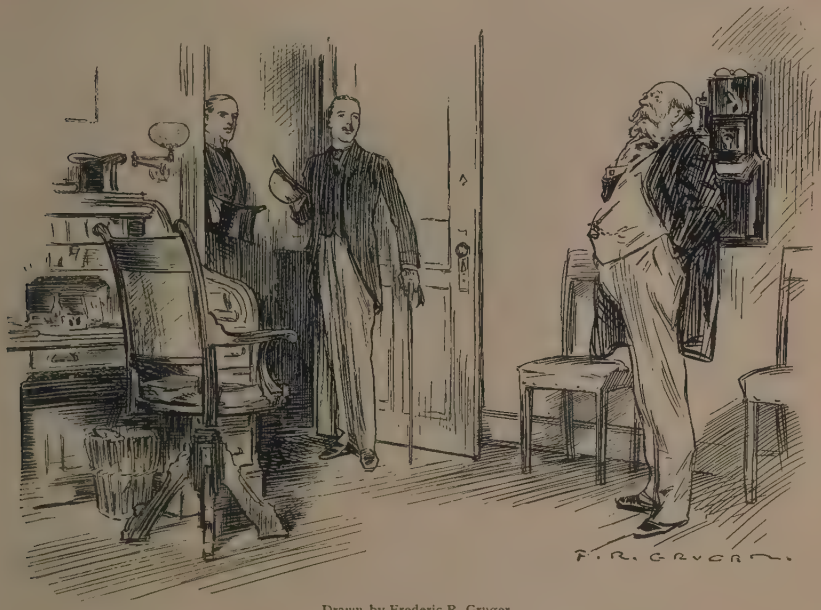
service of the hospital trustees and am now entirely at your command." I thanked him. "Well, sir," he said, "you are right: the silver had been handled. The mug—what she calls the tankard—had been picked up from the sideboard and left on the chair. They meant to return and take it all. The man's death scared them, and as they had the money—seven hundred and fifty, was it?—a good haul."

"And the will," I said.

"The house was entered by the front door. They meant to take the silver." He went on to state the case as it now stood.

Meanwhile the Captain sat moveless, intensely attentive. When South ended, he said: "I see it now. It was not alone my uncle's death that sent them away in a hurry. The man who saw that will knew that he had a prize. The silver became of small moment."

I heard him with surprise and relief.



Drawn by Frederic R. Gruger

"'GOOD GRACIOUS!'"

"Yes. That is the interesting part. Talk about that later. Then they left as they came. We are only at the beginning of a very difficult business. The next move must come from the burglars, and they won't hurry. But with what I can now say to the chief there will be no arrest of your friend; but he will have to be patient. After I see the chief and my own people, I shall be able to advise you further. Now, I don't want to talk or to let this evidence get out. The thieves read the papers industriously, and they know of the general police belief that the Captain took the will, and so at present they are at ease and can wait."

Then he added, turning to Fernwood: Here was the quiet, reasoning man I first knew, acute, intelligent, himself again.

South had only affirmative comment, and left me to advise my friend to be patient, as now we had to play a waiting game.

Fernwood had, of course, seen Miss Musgrave often, and now I advised him to go in the evening, and in confidence to tell her that we were on the track of the burglars.

Still, I was far from being at ease. I was at the end of my mental resources, and was merely anxious as to the way I should keep him quiet. What with the bicycle rides in the country, when Miss Musgrave went with us, and throwing upon him work in connection with the

books of our library, I succeeded as well as one could expect to succeed with a sensitive man over whom hung so dark a cloud. He insisted, however, on learning whenever anything new turned up, and I, on my part, agreed to this on condition of complete submissiveness to my orders.

To keep faith with him, as soon as I heard again from South, I asked him to meet us at my room. This was a day or two later. At this time South said: "There have been several long consultations with the chief of the city detective force, and here is where we stand. My own people are sure I am right. The chief is still in doubt. The trustees of the hospital want to advertise and offer a reward for the return of the will; but some of these old gentlemen say it is useless, because you have it. They ended by agreeing to wait. You, too, must wait."

"If," said Fernwood, thoughtfully, "I were to claim the estate on the final failure to recover the will and were to turn it over to them, I should remain forever under the shadow of a tragedy which would rest unexplained."

"That seems to be on your mind, Captain," said the detective.

"It is not for a moment to be thought of," said I. "What else, Mr. South?"

"Well, sir, you know about criminals. Generally, in case of an unusual burglary, we can be pretty sure of the group in which we may find the man. According to Dr. Alston's notion, here must have been a burglar intelligent enough to see the great value of this will, which must have been short and simple and decisive enough to content him with his prize. Usually such a man has as his companion some one who is not a swell burglar, and it is here they are apt to get trapped. The second fellow does n't get enough, or he drinks and talks. It is just here we are at a loss. There are several we might suspect, but some of them are in jail or have disappeared. We have simply got to wait."

And wait we did until, despite my care, Fernwood was looking worried and was no longer manageable. He told Miss Musgrave, to her horror, that he now believed he had killed his uncle, and as to the will, he did n't know. He must have taken it. I became alarmed, and meanwhile a lawyer had failed to help us. We had only to wait. I was in despair. I had heard of such cases, and saw that my friend was on the way to become insane. Once he declared that he meant to confess.

"If," said South, "he judges others by himself, the man who has the will is going to fish first for the Captain. If not, he will try the hospital trustees, and that 's all there is of it just now. He 's got first to divide that seven hundred and fifty and spend his share."

The days which went by without further incident must have been for Fernwood the most trying time of his life, but what with work—and I kept him busy—and exercise, and above all the quiet wholesomeness of Miss Musgrave's influence, we lived it out. His impatience under continued suspicion and the difficulty in keeping the trustees tranquil resulted at last in a determination on the part of Fernwood to free himself from any relation to the great estate involved. I was now, at last, so alarmed at his condition, that I reluctantly consented. A legal paper was drawn up by which he, Fernwood, conveyed to the hospital trustees his entire interest in his uncle's property, conditioned upon their paying over to the housekeeper ten thousand dollars.

When this should be made known, the will would become of far less moment. I did not like it, but he was so uneasy that I began to have grave fears lest his reason should give way. Indeed, as we walked to the office of the president of the board, he said to me: "I am again haunted by the idea that perhaps I really did that thing. If I am not relieved in some way I shall lose my mind or say I did it. I am not sure."

"I hope," said I, laughing, "if you lose your mind, that in that case I shall find it."

"Oh, don't joke about it," he returned, and we went up-stairs to the office of the president.

Mr. Daingerfield, the old gentleman with the shiny bald head, which apparenly attracted the early flies, asked us to sit down, put on his spectacles, and industriously beat off the flies with a large palm-leaf fan.

"Well," he said rather gruffly, "you want to see me? I supposed you would."

Fernwood was at his best, gentle, courteous, and quiet.

"Yes," he said, "I have come to propose to you an arrangement with your board which I am sure—"

To my surprise the old man stood up, and, interrupting him, exclaimed: "We will make no compromise. None. I am amazed that you should for a moment think it possible."

"Had you not better hear first what I have to say?"

"No, sir. I have no desire to deal with you at all. We expected some advance of this nature."

"Of what nature?"

"No matter what. A will is lost by which the poor would have profited and the man who, if it never turns up, will get the estate under circumstances which—"

Fernwood rose, but, to my satisfaction, quiet and cool. He unrolled the deed as he said: "I am a gentleman placed by disastrous circumstances under suspicion of murder and theft. Even the most unkindly man should, in the total absence of proof, feel for me. You, an old man, simply insult me without even having the patience and charity to listen. The deed I hold conveys to your board my entire interest in my late uncle's estate and leaves me without a penny."

As he spoke, he tore the paper to pieces, and was about to cast it into the waste-basket, but smiled and crammed it into his pocket, saying: "I hope that you will be able to explain this matter to your board. I shall have the pleasure to let them hear of it by letter."

The old man cried out: "But I could not have imagined—sit down. Sit down, sir!"

"No," said the Captain, and we left Mr. Daingerfield standing forgetful of the attentive flies and exclaiming, "Good gracious!" and apparently confused out of possibility of other utterance.

"Well," I said to Fernwood, "are you satisfied?"

"Entirely."

It did him good, and afforded him the only bit of humorous incident which this too tragic affair supplied.

That afternoon I saw Miss Musgrave. She sat with Fernwood a while in my sitting-room and then came down to the delivery-office and asked for me. I took her into my private room, where she began to question me about what would become of the estate if Fernwood should decline to claim it. He had already made the same inquiry. I said I did not know, but that there was a book—a law book on wills—which would tell us. I would get it. It was one of the issues of this complicated affair in which I too felt some interest.

"Oddly enough," the attendant said, "a gentleman asked for that book half an hour ago. He is over there at the table under the windows."

It was near by, and I glanced at the reader. He was, as I remember, a neatly clad man in black clothes, and because of being clean shaven, somehow reminded me of a Catholic priest. He was making notes in a little book. I noticed that he wore in a black neck-scarf a large diamond or paste pin. I had a moment of wonder, because it struck a note of difference from his lean face and the rather simple costume.

Miss Musgrave and I got little information out of the book, and as we were in agreement as regarded too constant, direct, and useless discussion of our troubles, we fell into other talk. This came of my remarking upon the way in which a crime or any other such matter called upon the resources of a library. Several persons had recently busied themselves in the library with this question of unclaimed estates and lost wills.

The day after, a typewritten letter from Boston addressed to me made me summon South at once. He read it aloud.

"Dear Sir: I hear a certain document interests you. Answer in next Tuesday's 'New York Herald,' and say 'Yes, it does. A. B.' Then you will hear further. X"

"But why me?" said I.

"Well, that beats me," replied South. "Of course this was purposely mailed in Boston. He should have asked for an answer there. Very likely he is here. He has spent that seven hundred and fifty."

"What do you advise?" said I. "It is getting more and more strange."

"Answer him as he says, and then wait. To-night I am going to take a look at some of the resorts of the upper class of burglars. Of course it is often done, but the men lately concerned in big robberies keep dark for a while. Sometimes the

Drawn by Frederic R. Gruger

"'TALK TO ME. TELL STORIES. LAUGH. DO ANYTHING'"

hangers-on of the swell rascals get picked up in these dens. The upper set, and there are n't many, put on style and go to second-rate hotels or live very quietly out of town. However, I mean to take a look. Like to go with me? Gentleman from Chicago wanting to see the city."

I said: "Yes. I should like to go."

Fernwood declined, as I supposed he would.

I have no desire to describe the haunts of those I saw that evening. They had interest for an old student of the class which has only one reason for resisting temptation, and again, as often before, I was struck with the exterior order and, in one resort, with the cleanliness of the saloon. I was amused, too, at South's classification. "It is of no use, or generally of no use," he said, "to look for the boss of a big job here." This he said as we came out of the worst of the dens. "Those fellows are the common lot, sneak thieves and so on. They are always poor, hand-to-mouth fellows."

"Yes," I replied. "The uncertain day-laborers of crime. Sad analogy," I murmured as we moved away.

South was like a botanist in the country. He knew where to look for this weed or that, and spoke, like the very decent fellow he was, of the women who, themselves degraded, help to degrade.

It was eleven at night when, having made nothing by our quest, we went to get a mug of beer at one of the well-known cafés in the lower part of the city. South, as we sat, began to exercise curiosity on those about us with now and then some shrewd comment. Of a sudden he set down his half-raised mug and said: "Don't appear to look, but get a quick look at the man at the third table—the one nearest the window. He is one of our most skilled burglars. He has been in and out of jail three times, and is as likely as not to—"

"By George!" I exclaimed, "I know him. He was at the library recently, and wanted to consult a law book about wills."

"What? What?" said South. "Is that

so? Come, let us go. I know the rascal well. He goes by the name of Tom Swing."

I followed him without a word. When on the pavement he said to a cabman, "I take you; wait," and drew me aside. In a few moments our man came out, smoking a cigar. He looked at his watch and walked swiftly away.

"Come," said South, "get in." He said to the cabman: "You see that man? Follow him at a walk. Don't lose him. Five dollars if you keep him in sight till I stop you, and don't get too near."

"All right, sir," said the man, and we drove away.

The streets into which we turned were almost deserted, and the task was not difficult. "If," said South, "we tracked him on foot we might very easily alarm him. You saw him look about him as he came out. He is on his guard. Now he will never dream of being shadowed by a cab unless he is in one."

This quiet pursuit lasted some ten minutes. We were again among the slums. Our prey turned a corner. South stopped the cab, paid the driver, and saying, "It was cheap," paused a moment, put his police badge on his coat, and said to me: "Our man is, I guess, going to Joe McCoy's. I did not take you there. I only want to see who Tom will talk to. It is a mere chance."

As we turned the corner, the man was gone. "All right," said South, and I followed him into a drinking-shop. He nodded to the barkeeper and said cheerfully: "No one wanted, Bill; gent from Chicago to see the town."

The room at the back was thick with smoke, and two thirds full of as rough a lot as I have ever seen. As we came in, our sudden entrance seemed to disturb them. The voices dropped, and South at once said: "Good evening, boys. No one wanted this time; gent from Chicago, seeing the town. Hello, Charley!" This to a ruffian near the door. He spoke to several, and last to me. "This is Tom Swing, Mr. Paxton. An ornament to his profession." Mr. Swing got up, and said very quietly in a level voice, and a not unpleasant one: "I see you still like your little joke, Mr. South; but I am out of the business. The ladies of the prison society have got me a job."

South encouraged this return to morality, and we sat down, calling for lager beer.

South had his back to Tom. I was facing him some twelve feet away. The noise of voices rose. A drunken group in a corner trolled a thieves' catch, and it was easy to talk unheard by our neighbors.

South said to me: "The man with Tom is an old helper of his, a great brute; what we call a yeggman." He rarely used thief-slang, and the word interested me. He explained: "It is the burglar who uses violence. Swing never does. He does not even carry a revolver."

"An unusual, a rare case."

"Yes, sir; but the man is just that. He was a bank clerk and the son of a decent schoolmaster. Don't watch him too closely. What 's the matter? Take care! I think he may have remembered you. Crime does sharpen a man's memory."

"But I must watch him," I said. "Talk to me. Tell stories. Laugh. Do anything." I was excited.

"What 's the matter? Mind-reading? Mr. Stevens, at the library, told me about it."

"Nonsense!" I said. "I want to watch them. Talk! talk!—anything!"

I stared at Tom while South, puzzled, obeyed my order, and did talk, while I considered with intense attention the two scamps. I did not think they suspected me of listening. That, in fact, was impossible. The noise was so great that a policeman looked in and said it would n't do. Then the drunken crowd broke up. Swing, too, rose at last, nodded to South, and went out. His friend also rose unsteadily and left.

"Come," I said; "an interesting study."

South besieged me with eager questions. I contented him with a promise to talk if he would come home with me.

When in my room I called Fernwood out of bed. He asked what was the matter. I said: "Nothing wrong. Dress."

It was one o'clock when we sat down with our cigars. I hesitated as I stood by the mantel, amused at South's eagerness, and foreseeing with anticipative pleasure the relief I was about to give.

"Mr. South, tell the Captain how we found and followed Swing."

"Ominous name," said Fernwood.

When South had our man in the sa-

loon, I took up the story. I said: "I faced the two men, and I was near enough—"

"To hear?" said Fernwood, anxiously.

"No, not a word; but I know what they said."

"You do?" cried South. "I knew it. Mind-reading."

"Yes," I said. "I read their minds."

I was enjoying the excitement of South's face and the queer look of bewilderment on that of my friend.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "Do go on."

"Well," I said, "I gathered enough. They have the will; that is sure, and they saw my reply in the paper."

"Yours?" said Fernwood, bewildered. I had not told him of the letter to me.

"Yes. The short man I could not get at quite so easily, but he assured Swing 'she' was safe, because she did not know its value. I caught bits of his talk. 'Bad thing that, the old fellow dying. He just fell when you grabbed at him; he screamed, and hit the fender knob.' They are puzzled what to do next. That is all I got clearly. There was more of course, but the noise and the smoke distracted my mind. It requires close study."

Fernwood turned to South. "For heaven's sake, let us end this! What will you do? Arrest them?"

South was silent a moment. "Why, Captain, the evidence is good for us, but before a magistrate any shyster of a lawyer would laugh us out of court."

Fernwood looked the disappointment he felt. He, too, was for a little silent, and then said, smiling: "Of course Dr. Alston, who has the acute sense of some animal ancestor, caught fragments of the compromising talk of these men—enough, I dare say."

Mr. South smiled the critical dissent of the better-informed mind.

"Could n't of heard, sir. Mind-reading it was, and nothing else."

"Well," said Fernwood, "no matter. It is all the artillery we have, and we ought to be able to use it."

I watched with an expert's satisfaction the return of mental force in a man so lately stumbling on the boundary of insanity, at times quite hounded over the line by the beliefs of others and the too constant dwelling on one fatal subject. Now he was himself once more, suggestive, resourceful, and courageous.

I checked South with a lift of the hand and waited.

"Suppose," said the Captain, "you arrest Sharkey, as you call him, on a charge of murder and burglary."

"On suspicion?" said South. "We can, but it will only scare Swing. We have no available evidence, and Sharkey will simply shut up like a clam."

"No," said I, "he is the lesser scamp. Jail bird as he is, there is always a competent scare for every crow. Let me see him and tell him what I can make him believe I overheard. It was a confession and far plainer than I have told you. Let me say to Sharkey that we will arrest Swing. Why not even do that at once? Tell Sharkey he had better be first to confess and get a chance to escape the gallows. To have incidentally caused death during a burglary, is, as I understand it, in the eye of the law, murder."

"Yes," said South; "that 's good law. I will see the chief."

"Might work, but don't mention mind-reading, South," said I.

"Of course not. He must think we overheard it—bits, you know. We must find the girl, too. If my plan works, that will be easy."

We had some further talk, and South left us. When we were alone, Fernwood came over to where I stood, set a hand on each of my shoulders, and said: "I am curious as to what you really did when you saw those villains. But first I want to say that I owe to you such a debt of gratitude as never can be paid." His eyes filled, and he sat down, overcome with such emotion as forbids speech.

I, too, was for a moment silent. I had learned to like well the man and the woman. I, whom the chances of life had made a somewhat lonely man, had found a friend.

I said: "My dear Fernwood, when I had seen you a few times I was strongly attracted. It is for me a great joy to have served a man I can completely like and, without reserve, approve. In our day the helpful resources of a friendship are so few. Once you could stand by a friend in battle or express yourself in verse. Now friendship is limited to small material kindnesses, to sympathy, to

money help at need; and that, strange to say, is the sharpest test to-day, and where too many fail. But I am on a subject which is often in my mind. Such a chance as ours has been, is happily rare."

"Oh, yours, yours," said Fernwood, smiling through tears. "Ah, and my dear Anne. I shall leave her to thank you."

"Well, I thank heaven that the chance fell to me. You want to know how I got inside the counsels of Swing & Co.?"

"Yes, indeed."

I laughed. "I shall tell you when we are through with this business."

"Oh, by Jove!" cried Fernwood, with a good honest laugh, "tell me now."

"No, not yet. Now you must go to bed and with an easy mind. I want to put on paper what I gathered. Good-night."

The next afternoon South arrived. Fernwood for the first time had gone out alone on my bicycle.

"We have Sharkey," said South. "Got him easy. The chief is delighted. The man is well scared, and we shall have Swing to-night."

In half an hour I was with South in a cell at the central police station. Sharkey sat on the cot, a sullen brute. He made no reply when South said, "You are in a bad scrape this time."

Then I began. "I sat opposite to you at McCoy's. You talked to Swing about the burglary and the death at Mr. White's house. You said the girl had the will."

He looked at me and made no comment. I went on. "You wanted half of what the will would bring. Swing said, 'One third.' You said, 'More, more; too little.'"

He grew attentive. I saw his hands open and shut uneasily. He was sweating and passed a hand across his forehead.

"Swing said you were counting your chickens before they were hatched, and that you were in liquor. He said the old man's death made it a hard job. You said: 'He just died. No one hurt him.'"

Then Sharkey said, "Guess you think I 'm a fool."

South caught on to this as I did not. The man felt himself clear of murder.

"Stop a moment," South said to me. "Look here, Sharkey. You scared an old man, and he fell dead, and don't you deceive yourself. It is murder. Swing will be taken to-night. He will tell the whole of it to save his neck. Come, doctor. The man is an idiot. He has had the first chance. Now we will give Swing his turn."

We rose, and were half out of the door when Sharkey caught South by the arm. "I 'll tell," he said. "Give me the chance."

"Well," said South, "come to your senses, have you?"

Within an hour we had his statement under oath. It was simple. They had watched the house for several nights; knew there was but one servant, an old woman; had seen that there was a light in a third story usually put out before Fernwood left; reasoned that the front door was left unlocked from within; and had easily entered. They found and handled the silver, and left the tankard on a chair, meaning to return for this spoil. Their plan was to tie and gag the old man, get what they could, and then at last bag the silver. Mr. White may have been awake and heard them, for he was up and held the poker in his hand when they came in. He cried "Murder!" and fell, striking his head on the knob of the fender. As he lay still, they did not trouble themselves to see if he were dead, but by their lantern light broke open the desk and took the money. Then Swing saw the will, and tore open the envelopes. He read it. It was brief. Then he said: "Never mind the silver. This is worth thousands." Sharkey reluctantly yielded, and they went as they came. The news of the death alarmed them. Some further threats about his position at last drew out full knowledge as to the whereabouts of the will.

In the afternoon the girl was arrested, and was easily persuaded to tell where it was hidden—under the carpet in her room. It was resealed by Fernwood's wish and without being read and left in the safe in care of the chief. Swing must in some way have been alarmed, for he was long sought for in vain, but he was at last arrested in St. Louis.

I had anxiously waited until the girl and the will were brought in. I hurried away in a cab to see Miss Musgrave. I told her of the happy ending of our weeks of trial, and driving with her to the li-

brary, sent her up-stairs to give her the joy of entirely relieving her lover's mind.

When, in half an hour, I entered the room, Miss Musgrave rose, saying: "I want to thank our friend, and how can I—"

For my part, I was just a little embarrassed, as I always am by thanks. I said: "Let us all go and dine together."

"Some quiet place," said Fernwood.

"Yes. Trust me."

I think no one of us has ever forgotten that dinner. Gay and glad at first, the talk soon became grave, and at last Fernwood said: "Is it not time, Alston, that we heard about the mind-reading or what it was?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Miss Musgrave. "I am so curious."

"Well," I said, "my sister was deaf and dumb, and when she was taught lip-reading, I took it up and became very expert. It may have some pretty dangerous uses. I try not to use it. The temptations it offers are too great."

"So that was it!" cried Miss Musgrave. "And I really believed it to have been mind-reading."

"Well, is it not?" I said.

As we rose from the table, Fernwood astounded the young waiter by saying: "This is a dinner I shall never forget. I want you to remember it," and gave him a five-dollar note.

I felt more anger at old White's folly than did his nephew; but Miss Musgrave said that with her modest income and the Captain's pay they would be better off than most army officers. They were, in fact, too happy and thankful to feel the loss of what they had never had. I said, however, that as under the will, they would get something, Fernwood must be present when the will was presented for probate.

This took place two days later. The president of the hospital, several trustees, and two or three lawyers were present. The room was crowded with reporters and others, and Mr. Burke was of course present.

The president of the trust company which was the executor handed over the will to the registrar, and made the usual application through the company's legal adviser. The registrar looked it over, and then said quietly to the president of the hospital: "Mr. Daingerfield, I regret to say that this will is no more than waste paper as far as concerns the hospital. It was witnessed and signed on June first. Mr. White died July third. That is thirty-two days after. A few more days of life would have made good his gift to the hospital. Of course, gentlemen, you all know the law. Forty days must have elapsed. The estate goes in totality to the heirs at law."

Daingerfield said: "Incredible, Mr. Registrar. Mr. White was too good a business man to have made such a mistake!" A roar of laughter broke out among the reporters; the lawyers smiled; Daingerfield grew red with anger, and Mr. Burke, beside me, said: "What a glorious bull! I have not lost my time."

"I fear that you will find me correct," said the registrar, repressing his mirth. "By the way, I see that among those who benefit is Doctor Alston. A codicil gives him a hundred thousand dollars."

I looked up amazed.

Mr. Fernwood's lawyer said, "Mr. Registrar, unless there is a contest, which seems hardly possible, my client, Captain Fernwood, is the chief heir. There are no other relatives—none; but this is I presume a matter for the courts to decide."

The faces of Mr. Daingerfield and his friends must have pleased my Captain if he had cared to look at them, as the old gentleman broke out with: "We will fight it to the last. It is a swindle."

Fernwood said: "Mr. Daingerfield, bad manners and an evil temper lost your hospital this estate. Be a little careful what you say. Come, doctor. Good morning, gentlemen."

There was, of course, no contest, and in due season my friend was in possession of some two millions.

My delightful legacy was, as mentioned, in a codicil in which the testator declared it to be an expression of gratitude because of my having saved his life, and made him no charge.

In conclusion, I may say that my friends were married, and that Fernwood sent the hospital a check for one hundred thousand dollars. Then they went away to his post at San Francisco, where later I joined them, and finally became the manager of a fertile mine, a part of the White estate.

OF BEAUTY

BY DOROTHEA DEAKIN

Author of "Georgie"

ROSETTE sat enthroned in her high-backed chair, and I from my usual place gazed and gazed again. Her beautiful, delicate white gown gleamed rose-colored when she moved, and when the light changed on the shimmering satin folds. There was a pink hollyhock bloom in her black hair, and her eyes were maddening; her cheeks were most exquisitely flushed.

"Oh, Rosette, why are you so very, very beautiful?" said I, sorrowfully. She smiled divinely.

"Am I? More than usual, Jerry? Is it my new gown, do you suppose?"

"It 's everything," said I, hopelessly; for, indeed, it was not fair. "And it 's cruel, wicked, unsportsmanlike of you, Rosette."

"It 's a woman's sacred duty to make the most of the looks God gave her," said she, softly.

"Then in this at least you are a dutiful child," I admitted sullenly.

"It 's not entirely the result of cultivation," said she, humbly; "you must admit that I 've a good deal of capital, Jerry."

I looked at her cheeks and lips and hair and eyes, and silently assented.

"I 'm not a made-up thing," cried she, hurt. "It 's not kind of you, Jerry, to suggest that I depend upon powder and paint for the effect!"

"Don't!" said I, and my tone was enough, for she smiled again.

"Most women do," said she. "If you only knew! Women are n't as beautiful as they used to be. They can't be. More of them are pretty and attractive, because they can hide their ugly foreheads with hair now, and have their faces massaged when wrinkles begin. But I don't think the really lovely ones are either so many or so lovely. Do you?"

I looked at her, and answered only with my eyes.

"Now, in the old days—you remember how the beautiful Misses Gunning had to be guarded by soldiers when they walked in the park. And even Lucille's grandmother—you 've heard *that* story, have n't you?"

"No," said I, to please her.

"Well, she was walking with her sister in Plymouth town, and, as they passed a group of officers, they heard one of them say: 'By God! they 're painted!' 'No, sir,' said Lucille's grandmother, turning and sweeping a curtsey—'painted by God.' "

"It 's a very good story," said I, gloomily.

"You 're not very cheerful company to-night, Jerry." She smiled at me. How could I be cheerful when I loved her so, and knew so well that she was not for me? She looked at me steadily for a minute or two.

"Beauty in some ways is a handicap," she said slowly. "Do you know, Jerry, that it seems to me almost as humiliating to be loved for one's beauty as for one's money. And it gives false values for a short time. Money, after all, does n't vanish like one's good looks, with years. How is one to know what one will have left when one's beauty goes? Oh, Jerry," —her voice almost broke,—"shall I, do you think —shall I have anything at all when—when—"

"Rosette!" I caught her hand, but she took it gently away. She always does.

"You 've heard me speak of my sister Penelope?" said she.

"Yes, of course." I sank back to my lowly seat with a sigh.

"She was the beauty, you know, the flower of the flock. She 's ten years older than I, and she 's been married six

years. I adored her, and I never see her now; for she married quite a poor man, and lives at the other end of the world."

"She married for love, did n't she?" I asked, looking wistfully at Rosette.

"Yes—poor darling." Rosette spoke in a low voice. "She was very, very beautiful, Jerry. The Sargent picture of her only half shows how lovely she was. I adored her, and so did most other people. But—if you can imagine such a thing—she was sick to death of admiration, and she wanted to be loved for herself, not for her pretty face. It—it really worried her, Jerry, to be so handicapped by her looks. Daddy wanted her to make a good marriage, and when Sir John Myles proposed to her—by letter, both he and mother did their best to make her say yes. But you see, Dick, our second cousin—Dick Carey—wrote the same day, and he was very poor—as poor—as poor as—"

"As I?" I asked sadly.

"Well, hardly that; but still unspeakably poor. And Penelope liked them both tremendously. She liked Sir John because he was so trustworthy and good and kind and all that sort of thing. She said he was a perfect rock of silent strength. But she liked Dick, too. Principally I think because he *was* Dick, and because he was always there when he was wanted—just as you are, Jerry."

"Rosette!" I half rose from my seat.

"Poor Penelope!" said Rosette, wistfully. "She *did* have a wretched time trying to decide. She used to talk to me about it, because she said I was so wise for my age. I 've always been considered wise, Jerry."

"Go on," said I.

"I advised her strongly to marry Sir John. 'He has all the strength of character,' said I, 'and all the brains.' 'But Dick is such a dear,' said she, 'and so handsome.' Penelope had no balance, you see. 'If you intend to go by mere beauty,' said I to her, 'take your precious Dick then, and starve with him.' 'I don't want to starve,' she said. 'And Sir John is so strong.' That was the way it went on for weeks. I did n't point out to her that Sir John was rich as well as strong, and that he could give her comfort, which, in nine cases out of ten, means happiness; for I knew she had no sense of proportion. When I asked her *which* she really loved, she said she loved them both, in utterly different ways. You may think this is impossible, Jerry, but I assure you that it is not. I know by experience."

"You do, do you?" said I, savagely.

"And then at last," she continued, "I had a really brilliant idea, though if I 'd known how it would work out, I 'd have thought twice before—'Penelope,' said I, 'have you ever thought of wondering which of them loves *you* best?' She said she never had. She supposed they both did as much as was humanly possible. But it set her thinking, and then there was that awful accident with the lamp, and her arms were so badly burned, and the fright made her ill for some time. And every day the two men brought fruit and flowers and sweets for her; but they were not allowed to see her. It was one day, when she was sitting up for the first time, doing her hair before the glass (her hair was auburn, you know, not black like mine and James's), that she leaned her elbows on the dressing-table and said, staring into the glass: 'If my face had been scarred, Rosette!' I did n't say anything, for it had n't, you see. 'If I had been disfigured,' she said in a queer voice, 'I should n't have to make up my mind about—about'— 'Marriage?' I asked her. 'They only love my pretty face, Rosette,' she said in such a pitiful voice that I wanted to cry. I told her that it was all nonsense, that men were not such fools; that they loved her because she was such a dear, and for her pretty ways, and any nonsense that happened to come into my head. I was an ignorant little girl then, Jerry, with a head full of fairy-tales. But she did n't seem to listen, and sat silent for a long time. Then she told me."

"What?" I asked.

"She was going to try their love," she said. "She was going to bandage her face, and cover up her hair, and pretend she was disfigured for life. She said she could never marry a man who would n't go on loving her when she was old and plain."

"What did *you* say?" I asked, with interest.

Rosette frowned.

"Oh, I was silly first, and agreed with her that it was a splendid idea. Then I

thought it over, and, young as I was, I knew that *no* man could stand the test. I begged her to give it up. But of course that made her all the more determined, and she did it. I helped her. We chose a day when every one else was out, and I wrote a little note to each of them, making appointments for both; Sir John first, and Dick afterward. And we kept the servants out of the room, and drew the blinds, and she sat in a corner of the sofa, all bandaged and horrible, with her hair screwed into a tight knot at the back.

"Sir John came first, and I waited and waited, and presently he went down-stairs with the most miserable face I have ever seen. I was peeping over the banisters, and I heard him swearing softly to himself all the way down the stairs. Poor Penelope! I rushed up-stairs and found her in tears. 'What? what?' I cried. She could n't speak for a long time, but at last I made her. 'He says he loves me for the beauties of my mind and disposition,'—she was sobbing dreadfully,—'but I saw the truth in his eyes, Rosette!'

"'Brute!' said I. 'And you 're going on with it? With Dick?' She buried her head into the cushions and just cried. I went away into the garden. You see, I knew that it would be better for her if she were disillusioned about Dick. In half an hour I heard him come striding up the drive, and I waited there under the trees for him to go away again. I waited an hour, two hours, too excited to read, and then I went in."

"*He 'd* stood the test, I suppose," said I, triumphantly, for my sympathies were naturally with the undeserving poor.

Rosette laughed.

"What do you suppose had happened?" said she.

"I suppose he behaved like a decent chap," said I, quickly. "I suppose he took the girl in his arms and told her that he wanted her more than ever now, as I should have done if—"

Rosette shook her head and stopped me.

"When I went into the drawing-room, there was Penelope, in her prettiest dress! The bandages had gone, it seemed, and I 've never seen her look more lovely or more ashamed. 'When—' I began, 'Before he came,' she said. 'When it came to the point, I could n't face a look like —like—in Dick's eyes.' And there he stood beside her, his arm round her waist, Jerry, and her silly head on his shoulder. That 's all. You know the rest. 'We 're going to starve together,' Penelope said, and I could n't have believed that such a prospect could make any one look so happy as it did those two."

"Has the happiness lasted?" I asked slowly.

"I never see them," Rosette said thoughtfully. "You see, they still live at the other end of nowhere, because they 're still—"

"Happy?"

"Starving," said Rosette.

THE RUBBER-TIRED BOY

BY CHARLOTTE WILSON

EVEN Miss Wharton did not care for him. She had meant to; that had been her fixed intention. Miss Wharton had entered late that year; an inopportune attack of typhoid had kept her out for the first month. At the first luncheon-conference at which she was present the Rubber-Tired Boy was the burden of every plaint. There was nothing tangible in the case against him—just a general shrugging of shoulders and dropping of hands, a general giving up of the attempt. He was brought to school every morning, rain or shine, by the coachman; not the smart modernity of a chauffeur, but the conservative elegance of a coachman—that was the glamour that hallowed the Rubber-Tired Boy. Coachman, prancing bays, rubber-tired carriage—these seemed at first to Miss Wharton to constitute the substance of the charge against him.

Miss Wharton rose nobly superior to it. "I have a great sympathy for the downtrodden rich," she declared magnanimously. Later, according to her wont, she explained her position to herself. "The vulgar prejudice against the rich is a form of envy," she said. "Surely it is n't the bairn's fault that he lives in the lap of luxury and rides on tainted tires. For my part, I propose to like the Rubber-Tired Boy." It was she who gave him the name.

And then, when she saw him, he did n't look the part. Perhaps, after all, that was the reason she never could like him. That was well-nigh an unpardonable sin with Miss Wharton. Her taste in boys was wonderfully catholic; but it made certain esthetic exactions. There was, for instance, a straggling, unkempt boy, with sandy hair and furtive, huddled features, who took lizards out of his most intimate pockets during study-period, who was yet one of her special favorites. He was a tinner's son, and the natural product of his *milieu*. The Lizard Boy had tried to tell Miss Wharton a lie one day, and they had been fast friends ever since. For he had slunk up to her desk after school and muttered through his nose, "I told you I never done it to-day, when I done it,"—"it" being something connected with the second appearance of the lizard,—and Miss Wharton had smiled upon him, glorifying dirty hands and tattered grammar alike. It was really deplorable in Miss Wharton, who was the English teacher, but among the things she said that day to the Lizard Boy there was not a word about grammar.

So it was a disadvantage to the Rubber-Tired Boy that he did not look his part. Even his laziness was the slouching vice of a messenger-boy, not the elegant ornament of the gilded youth. Billy Barlowe looked the part of a rubber-tired boy to perfection; but Billy scorned to act it, though he might have done so if he had chosen. But Billy, who was only twelve and small for his age, and, as his mother rightly considered, the most beautiful of all created boys, affected a rough-and-ready appearance, and yearned for a return to nature, never rode in the carriage if he could help it, preferred sweaters to shirt-waists, and ignored caps to such an extent that he lost three a week. Billy would have scorned riding to school as the lowest depth of effeminacy; yet Billy, even in his most elaborate disarray, in his most democratic moments—yea, then more than ever—betrayed his dainty rearing and his gentle blood.

Not so the Rubber-Tired Boy. One might have mistaken him for the tailor's son. It would be hard to describe him,

for he did not look like anything in particular. One definite characteristic he had—a look of downtrodden, injured, hang-dog innocence. For the rest, he was neither fair nor dark, large nor small, —for a boy of fourteen,—ill-favored nor handsome. He was rather languid, rather vacant-looking, and yet obviously no fool. He usually sat with his mouth slightly open. He slouched in his walk. All these things Miss Wharton could have forgiven him, but not that air of being the innocent victim of a conspiracy. She believed it to be a mark of incorrigible crookedness of spirit; it meant knots in the string—knots that would n't come out. Miss Wharton saw at a glance that she and the Rubber-Tired Boy were incompatible. "I 'll never be able to get any work out of him," she said to herself, ruefully. "In the first place, he 's lazy; and, in the second, I 'll never be able to get him to like me."

Nevertheless, in defiance of her sure instinct, Miss Wharton tried. She was right; the Rubber-Tired Boy was rather amused at her than otherwise. He was amused at her because she was a teacher. The very idea of a teacher was amusing to the Rubber-Tired Boy. That a mere inferior, a person who received a paltry salary for instructing him, should assume any degree of authority over him, the Rubber-Tired Boy really thought mildly preposterous. A conscientious teacher was only a trifle less ridiculous than a smattering teacher, a quiet teacher than a violent teacher, a friendly young teacher than a crabbed old teacher. The ridiculousness was inherent in the relation between this pasteboard creature of mock authority and him, the Rubber-Tired Boy. It was expedient, of course, to keep up the little farce,—he somehow brought that impression from home with him,—but, after all, the Rubber-Tired Boy was not of an age greatly to regard mere expediency.

Miss Wharton's nonconformity ended in conformity. She, too, fell into the instinctive gesture of despair when the Rubber-Tired Boy was mentioned: he was something to give up and pass by. She was glad she had not committed herself in the luncheon-conference about liking him; but she was not likely to have done that, for there was a certain veiled sensitiveness among the members of the luncheon-conference on certain subjects. Between Mrs. Meredith and Miss Wharton, for instance, there was a great pedagogical gulf fixed. Mrs. Meredith believed in controlling by compulsion, actuated by a high, impersonal justice; Miss Wharton, by a personal kindness, backed by compulsion. Miss Wharton thought Mrs. Meredith, whom she admired immensely, something of a martinet; and Mrs. Meredith thought Miss Wharton's weak point a tendency to the sentimental. For the most part, Mrs. Meredith's theory worked out like a demonstration in geometry; but she had been teaching fourteen years to Miss Wharton's four. "I think I can work out my theory in fourteen years," Miss Wharton would say loftily to the Principal, after she had succeeded in forcing him, quite against his will, into making invidious comparisons. Miss Willing, a kind, earnest, sweet-spirited soul, did things in a slap-dash, hit-or-miss, unpremeditated manner, and somehow got results by sheer brute personality, Miss Wharton said; for the pupils loved Miss Willing as one of themselves. They loved pretty Miss Armstrong in a proud, protecting sort of way. If they took at times a mischievous delight in exasperating her, it was only one way of showing her that they adored her. Miss Harvey, one of the kindest souls alive, was unfortunate in her temperament, which was essentially flighty and piquant. She aspired to Mrs. Meredith's methods; but hers were not the hands to wield the thunderbolts of Jove. Miss Harvey lost her head at the noise of her own thunder: she cried when she was angry, and the seniors, in consequence, named her "Our Lady of the Check-Book," "Jeremiah," and "Weeping Willa," that being, unfortunately, her given name. Each teacher inevitably knew the weaknesses of every other teacher: the system took care of that. And each teacher vied with the others in her eagerness to gloss over delicate situations, and to keep the sharp corners of her own theory from puncturing the thin surface of anybody else's practice. So Miss Wharton, whose theory included a good deal of the personal element, was not likely to parade it under the nose of Mrs. Meredith, that distinguished embodiment

of abstract justice; and she soon came to congratulate herself upon her discretion in not announcing that premature resolve of hers to like the Rubber-Tired Boy.

Now, there was a "check-system" in force at the Thomas Jefferson School, which had been there from time immemorial. The Principal did not like it, but the higher powers insisted upon it. Could anything be wrong in the sight of the higher powers that had been from time immemorial? That was the golden age of the higher powers—time immemorial. Any precedent that dated back to it was safe from the clutch of impious hands. So the check-system stood. When an offender had five checks, he was sent to the Principal's office; and when he had made that journey three times, he was sent home in disgrace. This was not suspension, however; a note was dispatched to the parent or guardian of the errant child, requesting him to call at the school. There the bewildered and usually indignant parent was confronted with abstract Justice, in the person of Mrs. Meredith; Personal Influence, in the form of Miss Wharton; Discipline for Discipline's Sake, embodied in Miss Harvey; Poise incarnated in Miss Munn—and all the rest. If the parent or guardian chanced to be intelligent and humble-minded, these interviews were usually, in the long run, productive of good; but it was astonishing to Miss Wharton, as she grew in years and the knowledge of parents and guardians, how very rare this required combination proved to be.

Of course the Rubber-Tired Boy would inevitably reach the parent-or-guardian stage; it was only a question of time. His daily walk and conversation had been from the first indefinably insolent. The teachers naturally supposed that a Rubber-Tired Boy would have a rubber-tired mother and father, and were resigned to the impending encounter, merely speculating as to which would come. Experience had led them rather to prefer fathers to mothers. Not that they were, as a rule, more efficient; only that they were a little less likely to prefer the familiar charges, more or less politely veiled, of partiality, conspiracy, and mental incapacity.

As it happened, Miss Wharton knew the parents of the Rubber-Tired Boy by sight. Miss Wharton's aunt, with whom she usually lived during the school months, was out of town that autumn, and no sooner had her deserted niece established herself as a boarder in the cheerful home of a Baptist preacher with a plaintive wife, than she discovered that the big new house next door was the Rubber-Tired Boy's Rubber-Tired Father's own hired house. More properly speaking, it seemed his mother's house; for the father, a big, quiet-looking, intermittent person, with a cigar, was usually out of town on business; and it was the Rubber-Tired Boy's mother who was perpetually rustling out to the shining carriage at the curbstone, with her rich furs and her general air of unimpeachable elegance. Miss Wharton early decided that either the Rubber-Tired Mother had a decided eye for the harmoniously decorative or her dressmaker was a genius. The Rubber-Tired Mother looked her part to perfection. And she acted it, too. The society column was full of her. She was a prominent member of every club of any social importance in the city. She was very busy, the Rubber-Tired Mother. She had two daughters, a little girl with long legs and short hair, and an older one, who was to "come out" the following year, and who came home from boarding-school for the Christmas holidays in frills and feathers even more exuberant, less distinctive and individual, than her mother's. Yes, the Rubber-Tired Sisters looked their parts, too—all but the Rubber-Tired Boy.

Miss Wharton heard a good deal about the Rubber-Tired Family from her landlady. The landlady, too, had frills and feathers—feathers that looked as if they had been surrendered by some world-weary rooster with his last despondent gasp, and frills that never had been really young. She was as gentle a soul as ever sighed, this plaintive preacher's wife, and her every breath was a sigh. She could n't help speaking of the Rubber-Tired Family in a reverent "veiled voice"; but she was as kind to her young lodger as if that young person did not wear her own frills in the sweat of her intellect—so, the lodger put it to herself. The landlady had a receding chin and a tip-tilted nose, and eyes as blue as a blighted flower.

"The Thatchers are such lovely people!" the landlady would say in that reverent voice, turning up her eyes as she dusted the mantel. "Mrs. Thatcher 's going to entertain The Daughters next Wednesday, and she 's asked Evangeline to help serve." Evangeline was the landlady's daughter, and The Daughters, as everybody knows, were the Daughters of the Confederacy. The landlady was a Daughter herself. She was "connected" with Stonewall Jackson, she said, though no one would have suspected her, to look at her, of such stability as to connections, remote or immediate.

Miss Wharton had given the Rubber-Tired Boy some four or five of his fifteen checks, and she waited with a grim internal smile for the visit of the Rubber-Tired Mother. It turned out less of a function than one would have supposed. The Rubber-Tired Mother was, in an elegant and distinguished way, disposed to be conciliatory, with suitable reservations. At least, she had come to treat with the enemy, and knew that it would be inexpedient to insult them; so much her manner seemed to say. Her son looked very much like her, though he was nondescript, and she was handsome. She sat in her rich furs in the Principal's crowded little office, while the teachers, with their tired, resolute eyes and disheveled shirt-waists, came down from their domain above, two or three at a time, to talk to her.

"Everett is such a blunderer!" she said to Miss Willing, Mrs. Meredith, and Miss Wharton.

The Principal, with one ear open, was reading a note Miss Pierce had sent him by a small, red-haired, dogged messenger. One of the Principal's chief functions at these interviews was to make a judicious effort toward reconciling the conflicting statements in which his teachers, in the honesty of their hearts, presented the matter to the bewildered and usually resentful parent.

"Everett is such a hopeless blunderer! His sisters, now, can do much worse things, and yet get out of them. I 've noticed it so often! But Everett is always *caught*."

Miss Wharton smiled a little; the Rubber-Tired Mother seemed to think this a great pity—the root of the difficulty, indeed. "Everett is just like his father," Mrs. Thatcher ended, with a sigh of conjugal despair, "a born blunderer." Her smile, as she made this confidence, was almost friendly.

Afterward, when the Principal had talked with her, and the prancing bays were no longer champing at the curbstone, and there was only the lingering aroma of her draperies in the room, Miss Wharton stretched her arms out before her on the library table and relieved her mind.

"If my husband were a train-robber," she said, "or—or a satyr—I 'd insist that my children inherited all their virtues from him. That 's the fourteenth boy this session that 's 'just like his father.' "

Mrs. Meredith smiled at the tired young face. "But often they *are* like their fathers," she said simply. She spoke as one having authority. Then she turned to the Principal. "We have n't accomplished much, have we?" she said. "Evidently his mother's remedy for Everett's case is not to be 'caught.' "

"I 'd like to 'catch' him," said Miss Willing, with such concentrated vindictiveness that they all turned upon her in speechless surprise. It was the last thing to be expected from Miss Willing. "There never was less of a blunderer," she explained. "That 's exactly what he is n't; he never tells the truth; by accident or design. It is n't in him, so it can't crop out."

"I rather think," said the Principal, slowly, as he gathered up his papers, "that, if Everett comes back, Miss Willing will have her wish. It is n't pleasant, but it 's inevitable, I guess. There seems no way of reaching the chap." With this, the Principal had evidently imparted all he meant to impart that day, and, in answer to questions, only smiled.

In a very few days after the return of the Rubber-Tired Boy, however, it came out. Miss Munn told it at the luncheon-conference. Miss Munn was a gentlemanly sort of teacher, with a sense of humor that could flow very well in certain narrow and well-defined channels: she could appreciate a joke about a mother-in-law, for instance, or a comic picture which represented a very fat man

mistakingly attempting to assume a very thin man's coat. Miss Munn's panacea was Poise. She uttered the word in a throaty voice of absolute finality, with a lingering upon the diphthong which caused a procession of all the words containing it to pass through Miss Wharton's mind and enter into the connotation—oysters, oil, toil, poison, boil, etc. They were surprisingly unpleasant words, and seemed to Miss Wharton to justify her prejudice against Poise. But for Miss Munn, theoretically, there was not a pang of flesh or spirit for which Poise was not the natural antidote. Peyton Brooks, a very small boy with a very deep voice, a person of extreme external dignity, who gave the tone to Miss Munn's room that year, had stated it:

"School hath no sorrows that Poise cannot cure." If Miss Munn suspected—as it seemed sometimes that she did—that she was, after all, rather a burdened, galley-slave sort of person, she humbly confessed that it was because she could not reach her ideal: she was lacking in Poise.

The Rubber-Tired Boy sat in Miss Munn's room, and she narrated the story at noon with shocked excitement. Miss Armstrong heard it with subdued shrieks of laughter, and Mrs. Meredith was so disgusted that she turned her eloquent shoulder to the narrator, thus unwittingly giving Miss Wharton an excellent view of her eloquent nose. Miss Munn and Miss Harvey, of all the group, were the only ones who were conscientious enough to be shocked. The rest could bring disgust and derision, but moral indignation was beyond them.

It appeared that delicacies had for some time been disappearing from lunch-baskets in Miss Munn's cloak-room. The girls to whom the misfortune occurred had reported to Miss Munn, who, of course, with admirable Poise, had reported the matter to the Principal. The Principal at first had advised quiet watchfulness. The girls suspected the Rubber-Tired Boy. There were no cakes and oranges missing during the day or two when the Rubber-Tired Boy was out of school pending the maternal interference. When he returned, the depredations began anew. Finally the Principal, who was a very old bird indeed in such matters, had taken the last step. The girls were told of a plan—a very stealthy and secret one. The girls were delighted. Were they not doing something somewhat unholy, and that at the Principal's own instigation? On this particular day, in accordance with the plan, the cake in their baskets had been liberally bedewed with a drug of mild but certain effect, purchased at the Principal's direction. And that day—the magnitude of the revelation, as she made it, clearly threatened Miss Munn's Poise—that day the Rubber-Tired Boy had gone home during school hours, looking most wofully frightened and—sick.

The whole school rippled with inextinguishable laughter. It was too delicate a subject for open hilarity or for much comment,—even the pupils felt that,—but everybody, somehow, seemed withheld only by delicacy from whooping on the housetop. He was not popular, it appeared, the poor Rubber-Tired Boy, even though the gilded youth among his classmates had, the very Saturday evening before, attended the dance he had given to the Junior Terpsichoreans.

The Rubber-Tired Boy returned to his duties the next day at noon, noticeably white about the lips, but not otherwise improved. That very afternoon he got a check from Miss Armstrong for shutting up Anna Hemingway's pigtail in his book, and then snatching up the book in a paroxysm of studiousness. Instead of the faint squeak he expected, Anna shrieked. However, no more luncheons disappeared; the Rubber-Tired Boy set himself unobtrusively to shirk his lessons and accumulate his next set of checks in a legitimate, orthodox manner.

One evening soon afterward, Miss Wharton had a visitor.

Miss Wharton was unusually tired that night; her face had that odd look—as if color and freshness had been drawn out of it by a piece of blotting-paper—which working-women bring home from their day's work. The big, gaunt room, except for her books, was furnished just as the landlady had delivered it over to her. Its most conspicuous ornament was a wardrobe which looked like a sarcophagus, and which could have contained Miss Wharton and all her works. Miss Wharton was sternly destitute of jim-

cracks: not a photograph was on the mantelpiece, not a silver toilet-article on the dresser.

The Rubber-Tired Mother took in these things mechanically as she talked. The Rubber-Tired Mother talked, and Miss Wharton listened.

The Rubber-Tired Mother wished Miss Wharton to vindicate Everett, and to see that his persecutors were punished. She brought to Miss Wharton, she said, the true story. Did Miss Wharton suppose for a moment that if Everett had really been guilty of such a thing, she, the R. T. M., would even mention it to any one? She was deeply humiliated, as well as indignant, that her son should even be accused of such a thing. If he could not be entirely relieved of the imputation, she did not see how she could let him remain in school. Apparently it was really dangerous for him to do so, in any case. Why, Everett had been *dreadfully* sick. The drift of the defense began to dawn on Miss Wharton. It was Everett's own peanut sandwich, a delicacy of which he was very fond, that had been poisoned. The particular group of girls in question had always been enemies of Everett; jealousy, of course, was the motive. The act was positively criminal. She relied on Miss Wharton to vindicate Everett, and to set machinery in motion to detect and punish the criminals. Miss Wharton promised quite gravely to lay the matter before the Principal.

The Principal smiled.

"The mother is sincere," said Miss Wharton.

"Very likely," said the Principal, smiling. "You may tell her that if she can bring any proof, the offenders shall be expelled."

Miss Wharton delivered the message. The Rubber-Tired Mother received it but coldly. Everett had proof, she said, but he was too honorable to use it; and she never encouraged him to tell on his schoolmates. She hardly saw, she said, how she could let him remain in school any longer.

He remained, however. The Rubber-Tired Boy remained in school until, in the course of nature, he once more reached the parent-or-guardian stage. This time the Principal's summons was abruptly answered by the Rubber-Tired Father.

He was a great, overcoated person, and he did not waste words. He and the Principal stood at the foot of the stairs and talked it out as man to man.

"The little beggar needs a horsewhip," said the R. T. F., quite calmly and remorselessly. "I understand your efforts to straighten him out; that 's all right. You won't be sorry to lose him, I daresay. I 'll send him to a military school; that 's what I 'll do. I 'm away from home most of the time, and he imposes on his mother. She told me that confounded story about the lunch-baskets. His motive passes me. I hope it was pure deviltry." With this charitable remark the R. T. F. bit off the end of his cigar disgustedly, and turned his fur collar up about his big, fresh-shaven neck. "I prefer to believe," he said savagely—"I prefer to believe he was n't hungry."

Miss Wharton's eyes were warm with approbation when the Principal told her the story. "Now I can abandon my pedagogical tub in peace," she said, "for I 've found an honest parent-or-guardian. Did n't I tell you I was superior to class prejudice? I can appreciate the virtues of the rich, if I do live on cove oysters next door. Is n't it curious," she added, after a pause, "that whenever a bad boy is just like his father, his father is eminently satisfactory?"

"That is a hard saying," said the Principal.

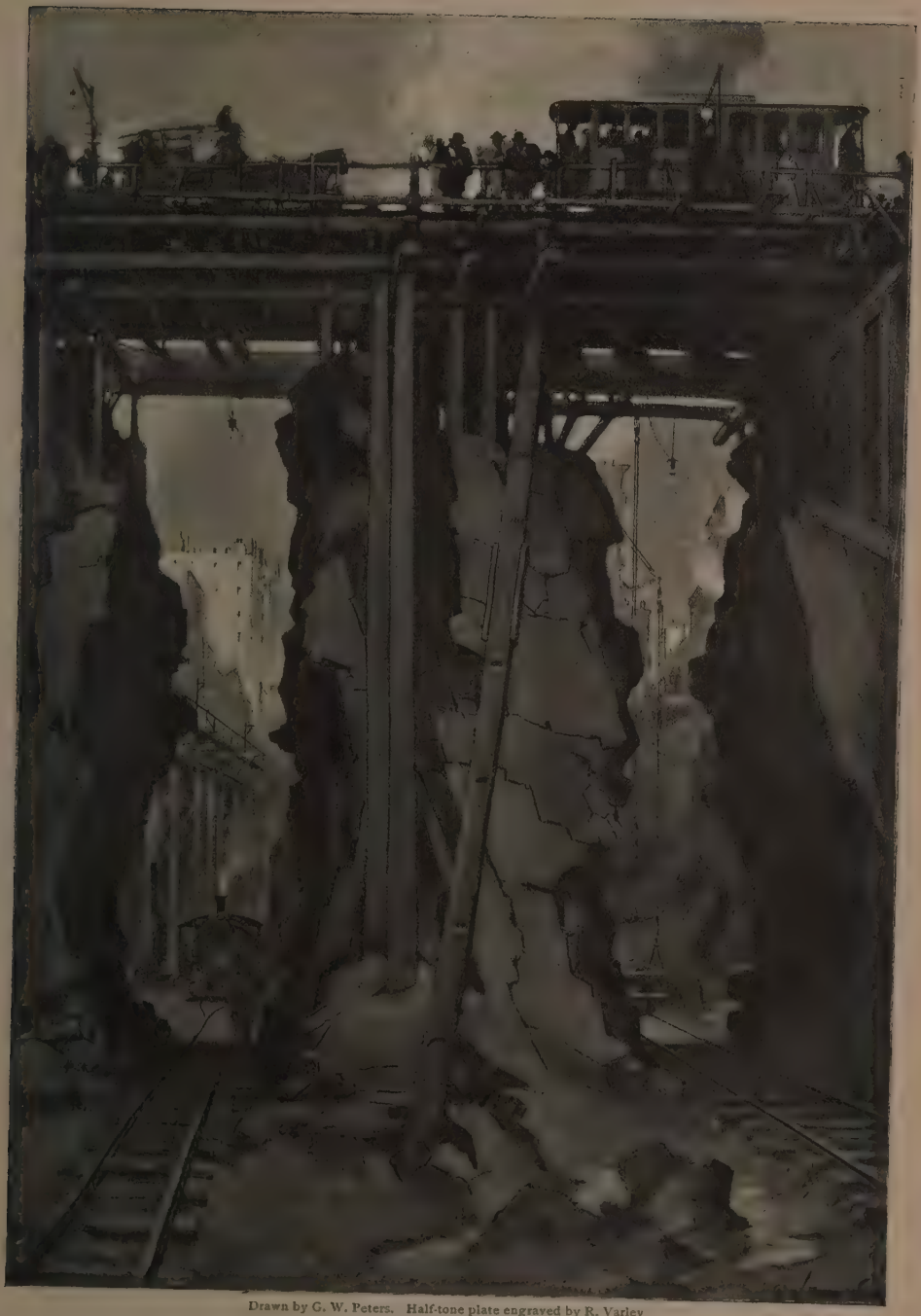
Excavations for R.R. Terminals in New York City.

Pictures by G. W. Peters.

Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

EXCAVATION FOR THE NEW PENNSYLVANIA RAILWAY STATION

The view is west toward the Hudson River from Seventh Avenue and 33d Street. Eighth Avenue is in the middle distance, and Ninth Avenue is in the background.



Drawn by G. W. Peters. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATION EXCAVATION, AT SEVENTH AVENUE AND THIRTY-THIRD STREET, (LOOKING EAST)

Drawn by G. W. Peters. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

VIEW IN THE EXCAVATION FOR THE NEW GRAND CENTRAL STATION
OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILWAY (LOOKING SOUTH)

Drawn by G. W. Peters. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

SINKING THE FOUNDATIONS FOR THE TERMINAL OF THE HUDSON RIVER TUNNEL AT FULTON AND CHURCH STREETS (LOOKING SOUTH)

RAFFERTY THE RECIDIVIST

BY EDWARD J. NOCTON

RAFFERTY slouched down the street, swinging jauntily to the measure of an air that beat a tattoo in his imagination. There was a curl to his lip and a tilt to his jaw that harmonized with his bow-legs and the resolute set of his stocky body.

He was looking for trouble, searching with the pride and consciousness of a strength developed during intervals of sobriety in Noonan's wheelwright shop. Under his flannel shirt his muscles humped and shifted as he shook his clenched fists, apostrophizing his enemies, arraigning all the tribes of puny men with a gusto befitting a giant, inviting them to step up severally and be "floored."

There was not one among them as strong as himself, none that was as supple, and none that could fight as well by half; mind that. It was his privilege to boast, a confidence born of his brawn and intrepidity. Against the ambitions of the pugnacious there loomed his powerful frame, hunchy and formidable in the show of corded muscles, as tough as leather thongs, visible at his arms and neck. To the wise the aspect was generally a sufficient check. Yet there were some to whom this was not enough, as their condition and distress, after the battle, spectacularly attested.

Thus he had gone on, the unbullied of the precinct, the one braggart unwhipped of that quality of justice that the community was anxious to see administered; not by law, for he had too many good traits for that, but by one of themselves. Literally he was spoiling for the want of a beating, and the drubbing, to contain the sting of humiliation, must be administered by a "precinct man." For Rafferty was cunning enough not to venture beyond the purlieus of the district into those confines where his name, being unknown, infused no fear.

In the periods of his rectitude he was almost exemplary. Peaceful and penitent, he kept off the avenue, and slunk shamefacedly along the byways to his work. But these intervals gradually diminished as the grip of drink grew stronger, until now they had ceased altogether. His word was no longer what it was in the days when he kept within the palings of his religious training—days when he participated in the councils of the parish temperance society and conducted himself with decorum.

Loungers nudged one another as he passed on this particular Saturday afternoon, and he chuckled at the glances, appropriating them to the credit of his cleverness and strength. He shrugged his shoulders and his eyes snapped with the keen joy of his fame.

As he usually did at the end of the week, Alexander, the agent from the Organized Charities, stopped at Rafferty's, and as usual found the little family sitting in silence. Their quiescent air of gloom and patience impressed him more than at any other time, though he could not exactly tell why. He had watched Rafferty many months, marking him up regularly in his reports, sometimes as an "intermittent deserter" and at other times as "non-supporter." With a faith and a hope instinctive he had trailed along in the wake of this uncouth man, clinging to every thread of promise, and putting off from week to week that day when he must write opposite the name of Rafferty, "hopeless recidivist."

"It 's the same story, Mrs. Rafferty?" he said.

"Yes," she answered, her eyes on the floor.

"At Grimes's, no doubt?"

She nodded, and the agent shook his head and glanced about the room, his eyes finally resting on the two weary children huddled in a chair. He went out, but came back in a little while, bringing a package of groceries, which he laid on the table.

"Mrs. Rafferty," he said, dropping into a chair and unconsciously tapping the tips of his fingers together, "I 've been coaxing Tom for a long time—longer than any other man on our lists. It 's five years, anyway. The society has been patient and forgiving, and he has repaid this kindness with insolence to me and with shameful treatment of you."

"He never laid hand on one of us—not one," broke in the woman. "He 's good, but it 's the drink."

"That 's it; that 's what I mean," expostulated the agent. "His negligence can all be traced to that. His heart 's in the right place, I know from the time I saw him help old Drummond. It 's few men rich or poor that would give up their coat on a cold night. Don't think that I don't know Tom Rafferty. I do. It 's not even the way with the organization, Mrs. Rafferty, to give up a man because he falls a few times or a score of times. We stick to a man, Mrs. Rafferty, until—well, until, as in Tom's case, we feel that, after throwing us down so often, there is no alternative except to check him up on the list of irrecoverables. Literally, the society will not admit that any one is beyond recall, and it 's a sound principle. It says that all can be reclaimed; it knows all cannot—that is, Mrs. Rafferty, not by the society. Friends accomplish it often after the society has failed."

"If you give him up," she asked with painful directness, "what 's to become of them?"—she glanced toward the chair—"and him? You 've kept him sober for weeks at a time, and that was a help, God knows. If no one tries with him, he 'll never do right at all. And he has tried, Mr. Alexander, he has truly tried, and he may overcome it yet. It 's the insane pride that 's in him. When we were married, and he did n't quite know his strength, and was too bashful to go showing what he could do, he was good. The decency is in him: it 's smothered; it 's hid it is. If he was n't so strong, he 'd be different. If some one could convince him that—that he has n't the power he thinks, that he can't fight at all—it 's a good beating that he needs."

The agent broke from his absorption. "Do you believe that?" he asked.

"I do," she replied.

For several minutes he communed with himself, recalling the incidents of the "case" during the past year—of the number of times he had persuaded Noonan to take Rafferty back, and his plan to have the wheelwright's wages paid to Mrs. Rafferty; of pledges taken and broken; of other influences he had brought to bear, with only a modicum of good. He had been afforded odd glimpses into the souls of saints and wretches in his work, and he had found in the social quagmires of the impoverished an occasional flower blooming fresh and unsullied, as if grown on some fertile isle immune from harm. He had found honor among outcasts, and learned that creatures were often noblest, as well as most abject, in vicissitude.

Naturally he always endeavored to discover the latent virtue in the transgressor, then to ferret out the forces and find the persons whose influence for the uplifting of the offender would prove efficacious. By this process he had rehabilitated homes and reflected credit on the society. But Rafferty's case presented problems antithetical to these; for the application of the ordinary rules had failed to bring results.

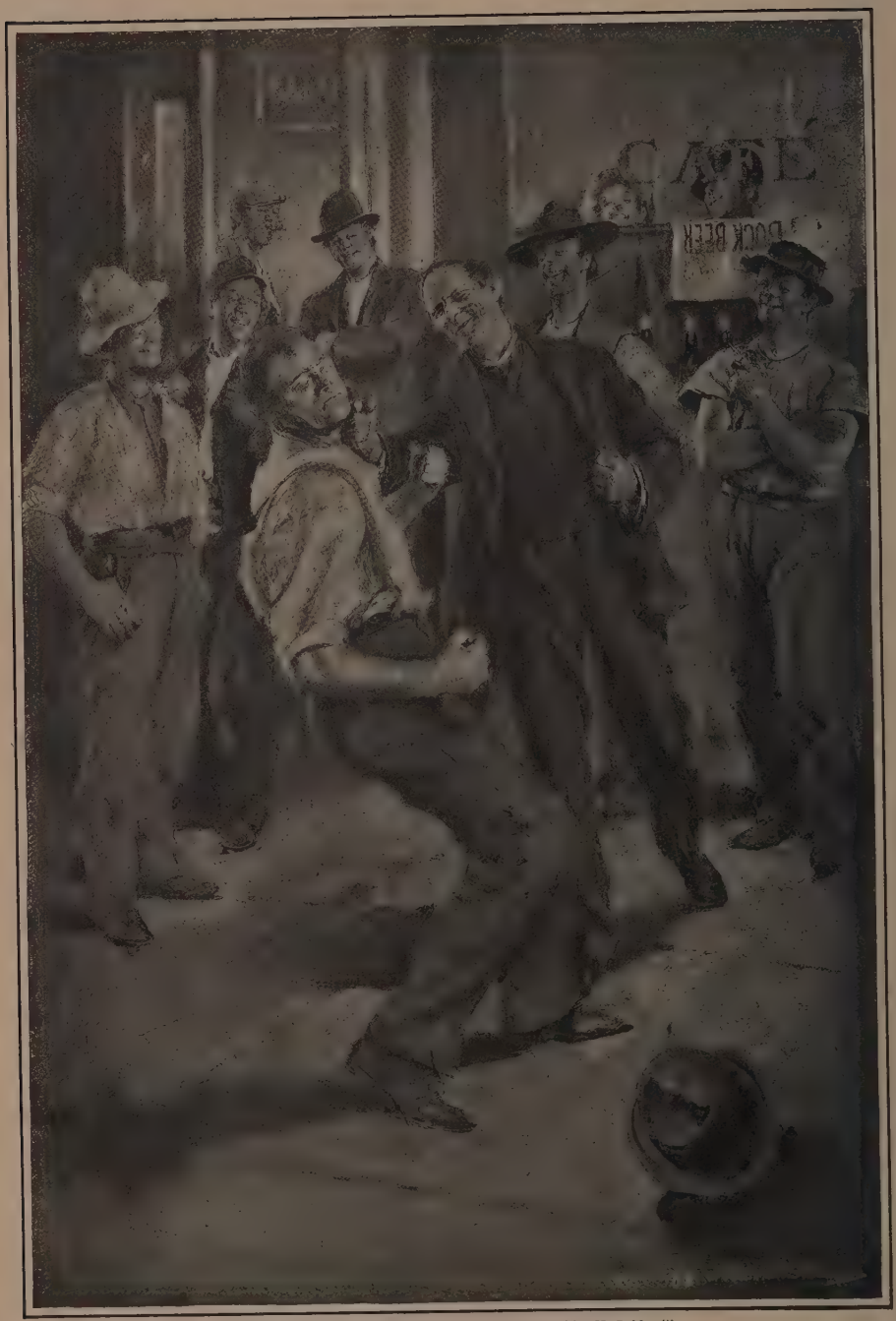
Instead of a virtue for his fulcrum of reform, the agent felt that he must rest his lever on a vice.

"Can I find Father Philip in the rectory at this hour, do you know?" The agent had arisen under the impulse of a new resolution.

"Of St. Bartholomew's, is it you mean?" Mrs. Rafferty inquired, peering at him curiously. "It 's Saturday night, and he 's engaged in the church. You don't want to go there. Did n't you tell me you went to another church? Anyway, he 's generally busy till ten o'clock; that 's an hour yet."

"Maybe I 'll be back," he said, stepping out.

"If it 's the pledge, I can tell you before you go that it 's no use," she



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'CONCEIT AND STIFF NECKS GO TOGETHER'"

called, following him to the door. "The Father 's disgusted with him, he 's broken it so often."

Whenever Rafferty was out, and that was frequently days at a time, she relapsed into a dejection that had become habitual. In these periods her dread hung poised, and would not down. She felt that his taunts would not always go unanswered or his blows unavenged.

THE droning of the Saturday-night crowd in Grimes's filtered through the doors to the street. The place was murky with rank cigars and the foul smell of bad whisky. Knots of men drawled and drank, oblivious to cares beckoning from without. Occasionally the noises resulting from unimportant arguments swelled to a commotion. A dozen rows had been averted. The greater part of the crowd were toilers — mechanics, blacksmiths, teamsters, coal-heavers—whose conversation was of their labor, their bosses, and their tribulations. Songs and oaths multiplied as the hour grew late. Now and then a bit of a jig rattled the floor, and glasses were rushed back and forth from the bar with increasing frequency.

Rafferty was at the far end of the bar, fresh from a nap in a vender's cart, and sober from lack of money. He was at his old trick. Shaking his stumpy finger in the faces of a group of votaries, he recounted the triumphs of a day when, on a wager, he carried the body of a big express wagon across the shop. As he boasted, he strode up and down, dancing on his crooked legs, leaping forward and alighting on his toes, with him an habitual form of emphasis.

The door opened and closed often in that saloon, and little heed was paid to it, but once after it opened, the Rev. Philip Nailor, a bit dazed by the surroundings, stood in the center of the room. The bartender's lips parted; he paused in the act of washing a glass, and his eyes followed those of the priest, who was peering about the room. Silence had displaced the noise. Only the dripping faucets behind the bar sounded like cataracts.

Rafferty drew back in a panic; but the priest walked up to him, looking at him in contemptuous silence.

"Father," Rafferty blurted, inclining his head and respectfully catching the rim of his hat with his thumb and forefinger, "this is no place for the likes of you."

"It 's safer for me than for you, for it 's not doing me the harm," replied his Reverence. "It 's solicitous you 're growing for me, anyway, after dodging me these six months. What 's become of the pledge I gave you in August? Hold up your head—answer! It 's broke, and your wife's heart with it. My, but you 're a brave man and a strong one! It 's no wonder you 're powerful, gorging yourself on food and drink that ought to sustain your family. But you 're not half as strong or as slick as you think. It 's humored you are, and spoiled."

"Don't, your Reverence. I would n't say a harsh word to you. Don't say that."

"My, but yours is the delicate sense that can't stand a thump of the truth! One who has been downed by whisky as often as you ought to be used to hard knocks. The reason you were n't thrashed long ago is because those that were able for you had n't the courage. Any of half a dozen lads in the 'culture' class could throw you. I teach them, and I know. Little Larry Doran could do it."

Rafferty's eyes blazed. He swung full front toward the priest. Doran's father had once outstripped Rafferty in a contest in making a wooden axle, when they were more stylish for carts than now, by dulling the tools of his rival. Rafferty never forgot the trick.

"I can take any three of them—I 'll take four—and bate them," he almost screamed.

"Oh, listen to that!" exclaimed Father Phil, with a bantering grunt. "But, come, Rafferty, I 'll not stay here to disgrace myself. Come out." The crowd, eager and curious, followed them to the sidewalk. "What I told you is true," continued the priest, with engaging frankness, "although you may not believe it. There 's art in it, now, along with brute strength, although I 'm not saying you have n't both. Here, stand off there, and let me see the wonder of you." The priest pushed him back, and the crowd made room with the awe of expectancy. "Keep your temper now, you omadhaun."

Rafferty looked up, dazed, incredulous.

With chastening fists poised, the priest nimbly advanced. A shadow shot across the wheelwright's eyes. A blow on the jaw sent him staggering into the crowd. His surprise was as great a shock when he beheld the priest again advance with a smile forebodingly grim and determined.

"Take that on the mouth, Rafferty—and learn to keep it shut—and—and—that on the chin. Don't be afraid—to try for my face," said his Reverence, feinting; "it 's false modesty. If you hit me, I 'll forgive you. I 'd rather you broke my face than the pledge. Oh, my! but that was a close shave! It was n't piety that caused you to miss me. There 's a—a—stiff neck—for you, Rafferty. Conceit and stiff necks go together." The priest bit his lip to keep his face straight as he sparred. "You 'd—be play—for the boys. I had—no idea—you were so easy. There 's two in the one place. Oh, it 's beyond belief! I 'm sorry now—I did n't save my wind and send—one of the lads—the smallest. Ugh! you could n't hit a—tree, Rafferty! Huh!"

A joyous roar burst from the crowd. It was a noise hoarse with the derisive laughter of men gratified by a revenge long sought. But a sign from the priest, grave now in the didactic rôle he dared assume, instantly hushed the clamor.

"Come, get up, Tom!" he coaxed, bending and softly laying his hand on Rafferty's shoulder. "Sure, that was only a tap. Stand on your legs like—like the strong, invincible man that you are, or used to be."

But Rafferty could not get up. He sat stunned, the aureola of his fame snuffed out, and every bone an ache. The crushing force of the abasement hung like a stone at his heart. He could hear in a vague way those whom his looks had often cowed, chuckling and holding back their laughter in front of the priest. At last he stood up, his mind still confused, his eyes seeking the darkness ahead.

With the back of his hand he wiped the grime and sweat from his face.

"I 'll go home now," he mumbled with childish meekness. "I 'll go home."

The priest had stepped into the shadow of the adjoining house, watching him in silence and secret pity.

"Good night!" he called out as Rafferty started slowly off.

The wheelwright did not hear. Oppression had stupefied him. He lifted his feet with the uncertain effort of one convalescent from ague.

The agent was waiting around the corner. "Well done!" he burst out, grasping the priest's hand. "I saw the whole artistic exhibition. It was fine. You must have broken his heart."

"His head is all right, at any rate, I hope," answered the priest, "and so was your suggestion—if I did n't let go too hard. But I think the hardest knock landed on his pride. I see he 's coming now," he interrupted. "Go to him, Mr. Alexander, and get him home. It 'll be best if he does n't see me again to-night. It will be several days before we can tell if there 's to be any result. But I 've a strong notion," grinned the priest, "that it 'll do some good."

SATURDAY night had merged into Sunday morning when the charity agent shoved Rafferty, the incarnation of aches and gloom, inside his door and disappeared. Mrs. Rafferty, roused from her drowsy vigil, turned up the light. Open-mouthed and ill-humored, she glued her eyes on him, motionless in a chair. His wretchedness stayed her wrath. She folded her arms and complacently drank in the sound of his sighs.

"It was coming to you a long while, Mr. Rafferty," she said dryly. "How many of them done it?"

"Aggie," he asked, unheeding her query, "how old am I?"

"Forty-two." Her lips snapped.

He groaned. "How long have I been carryin' on, fightin'?"

"Fifteen years," she replied in suspense, but outwardly calm and incurious.

"Was I licked once, even once, in that time, Aggie?"

"Not till you got home in the evenin', more 's the pity."

He covered his face with his hands, and his voice sank to a whisper: "I 'll never be able to say it ag'in; I was licked to-night."

"Who were they, the brutes?" she demanded.

He fumbled for a reply, making only a guttural sound, and sank into the inertia

of misery. He drew his hand painfully over his head and set his teeth on edge as he slid farther down into his chair.

"Are you hurt, Tom?" she asked softly.

"Woman," he exclaimed testily, "let me try to gather me senses, won't you!"

"Were there many of them, I asked, Tom Rafferty? If there were n't at least ten, it 's you that 's disgraced and done for," she flared, hoping in her secret heart that he been tossed upside-down by some one as insignificant as Koons, the hunchback cobbler. "Answer! Were there a dozen?" With arms akimbo she waited.

"Aggie dear, there was one," he choked out, "—one, and him no bigger nor you. And worse, Aggie, worse nor all, it was Father Phil!"

"Glory be! Tom Rafferty! The priest, was it? How did he do it; and what did you to him?"

"Nothin', Aggie. I could n't reach him. Sure, he danced about, hittin' me when he liked, and the gang lookin' on laughin'!"

Horror was depicted on Mrs. Rafferty's face. "Do you mean you tried to strike his Reverence? It 's you that has the dark heart, and the luck 'll go ag'in' you, mind now."

"He coaxed me to hit 'im, and tantalized me to thry; then he ducked every blow, and said he 'd forgive me. He kem into Grimes's while I was blabbin'. What 'll we do, anyway, Aggie? We can't stay here."

Crowding into his mind came a long procession from the precinct, men he had overpowered and bullied and ignored. They were smirking, and pointing their fingers at him. He could hear their laughter and the echoes of strange joys from the shop, where the fear of him had been traditional.

"Why, we 'll move, dear Tom," she said, between successive bursts of merriment, holding her chin aloft satirically as the little plot dawned on her. "At all cost, we 'll save your feelings. God bless Father Phil and Mr. Alexander! We 'll move to-night, in our drames. No, Tom Rafferty; we 'll stay here, or you 'll go alone. You 've punished every man within four blocks that dared look cross at you, let alone show fight. Did they move, with their black eyes and skint faces? No, they were manly; they stood their ground; and so 'll you. You 've been downed, and fair; Father Phil would n't do it by a thrick. He learned you you 're only a man, a weak one at that, not the giant that you believed. But don't get downhearted; you have a chance yet." He looked up. "Koons, the little cobbler, has n't trounced you, though you 're in danger." She broke out into laughter. "After Father Phil, thin as a clothes-prop, any one could do it. Look out for the schoolboys, Rafferty; they 'll be taking a punch out of you for cowing their fathers so long."

He winced under her badinage.

"What 'll they say now that me hero is knocked out?" she continued. "You can tell them it took the best man in the parish to do it, Tom dear, and that 'll be the truth."

A cry that had in it the note of a wail escaped him. He hung his head between his knees, with his hands over his face. He was struggling to repress his emotions. His great body shook. Through the grime of his cheeks tears were making ruddy marks. It was remorse, not the anger of a foiled and baffled man: it was the compunction of one who saw as by a jagged lightning streak that his life had been a blunder. While he had ambled along, wrapped in the idea of his greatness, men had seen him as he was and knew him as a fool. He groped out, whispering the name of "wife." He found her at his knee, and took her hand, clutching it in a fervor of emotion.

"Aggie," he moaned, "I was blind before, but it 's passed, if you 'll forgive me. It 's myself I see now; before, I saw another, a *bluagbainne* that any one might trounce. He looked big and powerful; instead, he was a poor, weak ignoramus. I 'll take the pledge—I will. Before, I was dragged to it. You remember I 'd never give you me bold word to quit, for I never was willing to quit for good, though I thried to stop for a while, and was too weak. I 'll quit now. I 'll go with you, by me own free will and desire—and I never broke me word with you, bad as I was, Aggie, did I?"

She raised his drooping head and looked into his face. She saw that truth,

more powerful than he could utter, spoke vauntingly in his trembling frame and beating heart. In the deep, husky voice she caught the note of repentance; in his tears she felt his shame. The transition had come. He put his arm around her and drew her close, the first real caress in years, and her heart swelled until her paroxysm found vent in the cry: "At last, Tom! at last!"

THE TELEGRAMS TO OPPER

BY BEATRICE HANSCOM

Author of "Young Carrington's Career," "Signs and Symbols," etc.

THE Bishop of Oretana was reflecting that it was a long time since he had been East, though the city which he honestly considered East was as honestly considered by a certain, extremely certain, large, and cultivated community on the Atlantic coast as "distinctively Western."

Quite as humorously did the Bishop regard the attitude of many of his relatives in persisting in regarding his episcopal residence in Oretana as a sort of modern martyrdom. "Away out there," they phrased it pathetically, as though it was remotely located beyond Timbuctoo.

It suited the Bishop down to the ground, and from the ground up to the skies. He was wont to state this, in reply to oft-offered sympathy, and to add that if he had not grown up *in* Oretana, he had enjoyed the privilege of growing up *to* it; at which point the recipients of his letters were convinced that his mind must be tuned to spiritual things, since his point of view was obviously not of this world.

Yet in reality he liked his frontier diocese not only because it was his field of fruitful work; he liked it in a physical sense. He rejoiced in the bigness and newness of it; he enjoyed the exhilaration of ozone-impregnated air. Its crudities were entertaining, not appalling; and he found excuse—nay, more, he found use and delight even in the long, desolate rides between parishes, through monotonous miles of fire-scarred forests. He called these his Wilderness Silences, and was wont to quote with joy,

> "And silence like a poultice comes
> To heal the blows of sound."

For the contentions of small parishes are loudly voiced; and in the soothing stillness of the lonely way, he thought out and adjusted differences as delicate and subtle as ever confronted a peace conference.

He lived his daily life with the zestful enthusiasm of a man who stands six feet one in his stockings, is stalwart enough to command the hearty admiration and respect of frontiersmen, and humor-endowed to enjoy the standpoint of isolated rurality and the vitality of its small interests, and soldier-spirited, through several military generations, to regard hardship as part of the day's work, and to be taken with a certain zest.

But sailing in dazzling sunlight; driving across the ice under a sunlight fiercer still; reading—and he read ravenously—in all sorts of ill-lighted places, and with a serene disregard for the quality of the print—all this combined to tell on eyes that the Bishop had regarded as indestructible; and he found, to his surprise, that they were beginning to play him tricks.

"Better write Billy about it," he murmured one day when they had proved more than usually intractable, and forthwith he indited a letter to his old college chum, now Doctor William Ramsden, a specialist of repute.

The telegram which came promptly in return startled the operator, Mr. Opper, a grizzled old war-horse who had considered himself startle-proof.

So sure of mistake was he that he demanded its repetition; and perceiving it still in its original form, puzzled over its ten words until a brilliant solution

occurred to him; and adding an eleventh word and an extra letter, both of which he conscientiously enclosed in parentheses, he seized his hat, and proceeded to deliver the telegram in person.

"Good morning, Opper," said the Bishop, genially, as that gentleman was ushered into the episcopal presence; "I trust I 've not been doing anything rash recently." He smiled good-humoredly; for Opper combined a fierce loyalty to the Bishop's interests with a surveillance designed to ward off all possible dangers which was at times decidedly amusing.

"No, sir. Not this time, sir," said Opper, respectfully, wiping his mouth to hide the pleased grin that decorated it. "It 's this telegram; 'n' I thought I 'd better explain. It come a word shy. Easterners are so close that I expect they would n't use but ten 'f it left out *all* the sense. I won't deny that it puzzled me, but I guess I fixed it right."

The Bishop opened the yellow envelop, and read it with an unbroken gravity.

"*John Gordon King, Bishop of Oretana.*

"Come on (from) you(r) heathen and let me look at you.

"*William Ramsden.*"

"Quite right, Opper," he said pleasantly; "and thank you for coming up with it yourself. I appreciate it."

Mr. Opper, going down the street, feeling, albeit unconsciously, like Sherlock Holmes and Lord Chesterfield rolled into one, congratulated himself that he was the right man in the right place.

"Some op'rators would have butted right in on a Bishop with it just the way it was," he murmured scornfully.

So it was quite as well that he could not have seen the Bishop rolling back and forth on the leather couch in his study, exhausted with laughter.

For the telegram, in its original form, was phrased with the old familiar freedom of rollicking chumship that dated from the days when Jack and Billy had conquered the conquering Cæsar side by side, and wandered with Ulysses on earth, and with Dante in the realms beyond.

THE town took a kindly interest in the Bishop's "going East," and a number of his flock assembled on the station platform to see him off.

Among them he discerned Mr. Opper, keeping carefully in the background. It was just as the Bishop stepped aboard that that devoted adherent slipped forward and touched his arm.

"Beg pardon, sir," Mr. Opper said hurriedly, "but we 're goin' to be anxious about how you 're getting on away off there in the East, and I 'd look on it as an honor,"—Mr. Opper's tone deepened convincingly,—"if you 'd send me a wire now 'n' then—*collect.*"

The Bishop's eyes twinkled appreciatively. He had heard Opper, who was San Francisco born and Oretana bred, express his picturesque opinion of the East as a place of unknown perils, where the sinfully adept bunko-men never ceased from troubling, and the clamor and tangle of traffic gave no moment of rest.

He flashed an altogether genial smile at this guardian-spirit.

"I 'll do it, Opper, now and then, if I have to stay long," he said, in the frankly friendly way which had endeared him to Oretana; "but I won't abuse your generosity by wiring too often."

Not for worlds would he have wounded the feelings of Opper by a refusal.

"There 's no fear of that," said Opper, with a cheerfulness engendered by the thought of those future communications.

The train began to move at a snail-like pace.

"And," said the Bishop, leaning from the vestibule, "I will endeavor not to get into any card games with clerical-looking strangers, Opper."

The twinkle in his eyes was unmistakable now, but it carried so much comradeship that Opper smiled, albeit awkwardly, in return.

"I guess you 're all right," he called; but the train had quickened its speed, and the Bishop was making his way into the car.

"Of course he was born there," Opper meditated, as he turned on his homeward way, " 'n' I 'd back him against most anything in this world—or the next; but those Easterners are terrible slick. Look at the game they played on Simpkins!" (This was an Oretana classic, but does

not belong to the present narrative.) "Yes," concluded Opper, with a relieved sigh, " 's long as I can't be with him, I 'll be glad to get a wire from him now 'n' then."

The Bishop maintained that if it had not been for the thought of the anxious Opper, his trip East would have been unendurably long.

The magazines, which, now that he was genuinely anxious about his eyes, he considered forbidden fruit, had never before shown such alluring covers, and all the authors of whom he was particularly fond (and he had a catholic taste in fiction) had apparently just published a new book for the purpose of being annoying.

Composing telegrams *not* to be sent to Opper became his chief solace.

He appropriated a telegraph-blank and wrote out each of these messages with a punctilious correctness that helped to destroy time; and then, placing the written paper carefully within an encircling rubber band, he would drop the blank into his coat pocket again.

At Cheyenne the temptation became acute to send "Still unharmed" to Opper: at Council Bluffs he grappled with the inclination to forward "Pious stranger asked the time. Showed watch. Feel perhaps imprudent"; while Chicago recorded for a brief instant, "Young widow next seat. Infant called me papa. Changed cars."

An eminently correct-looking, red-headed gentleman, with neatly trimmed burnsides, a gentleman of rotund frame, clad like a Londoner, and topped off with a silk hat which was in itself a guaranty of affluence, stood just back of the gate-man as the crowd surged out; and his manner was the impatient manner of a professional man who was accustomed to keeping people waiting, and quite unused to waiting himself.

Then his face cleared, turned boyish, as a tall man in episcopal raiment came through the gate.

The Bishop had just thought of another telegram to Opper, and he was smiling absent-mindedly and looking unseeingly ahead when he felt his elbow grasped vigorously.

"The Bishop of Oretana, I believe," said the gentleman with burnsides, with a gravity which his dancing eyes belied.

He seized upon the Bishop's suit-case and umbrella with the forcefulness he had been wont to show upon the field in collegiate days.

"The celebrated Dr. William Ramsden, I assume," said the Bishop, no less gravely, as he swung into step; but his smile became exceedingly broad.

"Met by man. Says he 's old friend. Took my grip," he murmured.

Dr. Ramsden swung open the brougham door with a flourish, gave the suit-case to the chauffeur, and seated himself beside the Bishop with the most perfect decorum; but as the brougham started, he smote an episcopal knee with exceeding suddenness and force.

"Hello, you Magnifico!" he said gaily, and his voice had the old familiar ring.

It cut the Bishop's thirty-eight years in two again, and he thwacked back soundly.

"Burnsides and a brougham!" he murmured admiringly. "Billy! Billy! You 've grown respectable!"

"It 's nothing to your lovely black apron and your pretty hat like a pie," Dr. Ramsden returned, with a spurious meekness.

And they swept back into the old-time intimacy as though years had not been, nor honors grown accustomed.

"Hotel! Your eyes have n't affected your mind, I assume? No? I 'm glad to hear that," Dr. Ramsden assured him. "You are visiting me as long as you stay in town, and if you forget it, I 'll have you treated by an alienist for softening of the brain," he threatened, with a frown of abnormal proportions.

"Insisted my going home with him. Threatens asylum. No escape," the Bishop murmured with apparent joy. "But Mrs. Ramsden may think it 's an imposition," he expostulated. "It is n't as though I 'd ever met her, you know."

Dr. Ramsden waved this objection away with a cheerful hand.

"Your past loss is only equaled by your present luck," he stated serenely.

As he sat at the dinner table, daintily laid for three, on the evening of the morning of his first day in the city, the Bishop said to himself that Billy Rams-

den was undoubtedly right in that statement of his.

Mrs. Ramsden was a young woman of decided charm, dark-haired and piquant, and it was evident that she was not only quite as much in love with her husband as he was with her, but that she understood him thoroughly, a combination more infrequent than one would suppose.

She had made the Bishop welcome with a graceful cordiality that had deceived even herself; for though Dr. Ramsden would have been the last to suspect it, she had rather dreaded the episcopal visitation as liable to be hampering.

Since she had seen the Bishop, she had changed her mind, and she herself was smiling now at the remembrance of her least subtle concession to the clerical taste—a copy of the "Spirit of Missions" which she had purchased. She had intended to glance through it at her first unoccupied moment, and pick up a few stray crumbs of knowledge, so that, in any awkward conversational pause, she might display what she characterized as "a gleam of intelligence" on missionary work. Now she decided that this would not be necessary.

"There will not be any awkward pauses," she thought amusedly, glancing at the two men.

Doctor Billy was beaming at the Bishop; and the Bishop, under the stimulus of appreciative listeners, was expanding into anecdote as a flower into bloom.

He had just finished the story of Opper and the unsent telegrams, and the atmosphere had the genial relaxation of mirth.

"Tell us more about Opper," Mrs. Ramsden coaxed. "He 's so lovely!"

"Not outwardly," said the Bishop, firmly. "He 's like nothing but a shaggy watch-dog without a collar—gruff-looking, but kind underneath; loyal and stanch to the core. And he prides himself on never going back on a bargain. The church acquired Opper on that basis, by the way." He leaned back comfortably in his chair.

"Opper was a genial firebrand," he began, "addicted to gaming-tables that were green and drinks that were deadly, but faithful and conscientious as an operator.

"One night two desperadoes came into his office, bound him, and threw him in a corner, and sent such a message to the train-despatcher at Clarion as should induce him to have a certain train stop on a siding near by. They chuckled as their scheme began to work smoothly. To quote Opper: 'Nobody can get us out of this now but the Lord, and protectin' railroads may not be in his department. But it 's my duty to the company to try everything. "Lord," says I, "you help me, 'n' I 'll help you. Get me out of this, 'n' I 'll—I 'll join the church!" 'N' I yanked again, and got a hand out, skinned, but j'ints all workin', and one of them sweet young hyenas kicked a chair over just for exercise, where the other one had throwed his gun, 'n' it fell my way! It was a good deal more than a plain hint. I reckon the Lord said: "He 's honest, but I don't know enough about him to tell how intelligent he is." The coroner, when *he* come in, said he could n't have done better 'n that in two shots himself; but then, I 'd supported him for election, 'n' thet would bias him. I want the Lord to know how I appreciate his interfering, sir,' he said, when he told me. 'I want to do more than my half.' "

It was a very tender humor that was in the Bishop's voice. It was Opper's self he was giving them. Then the deeper note came.

"Opper has been doing his full half," he said, with entire seriousness, "for six years, faithfully, honestly."

There was a little silence which threatened to prolong itself unduly. It was Mrs. Ramsden who broke it. "To the health of Mr. Opper," she said, raising her sauterne glass.

"A bumper!" added Doctor Billy, with emphasis.

"So," said the Bishop, lightly again, as he put down his glass, "Opper considers that taking care of me is a vital part of the bargain, and his anxiety over my Eastern peril is entirely genuine. If he had seen the liberties you took with my eyes this afternoon,"—he turned chaffingly to Doctor Billy,—"you would probably have been incapacitated for several months."

"Served you right, if I 'd blinded you, for the way you 've abused them," Doc-

tor Ramsden returned cheerfully. "Remember, that I said I 'd straighten you out all right *if* you stopped all reading for a month," he said firmly, "and did as you were bid."

"But what *shall* I do?" the Bishop demanded pathetically.

"I," said Mrs. Ramsden, gaily, "will teach you 'The Idiot's Delight.' "

"Which is—" the Bishop inquired with interest.

"A simple game of solitaire," she replied, "so simple that you can think out great thoughts independently while you 're playing. I 've designed frocks that were dreams of loveliness—"

"That I can well believe," said the Bishop, with conviction.

"And Billy was really puzzled over a man's eyes once," Mrs. Ramsden went on, with the air of one making an astounding statement, "and right in the midst of 'The Idiot's Delight' he suddenly made up his mind just what it was."

"And was he right?" the Bishop inquired teasingly.

Mrs. Ramsden flashed him a laughing reproach.

"He is *always* right," she asserted lightly; but back of the lightness there was the accent of conviction—a conviction which Doctor Billy always found immeasurably restful: for, like many men of surface jollity, he had unexpected and unfathomable deeps of introspection, and an unlimited ability for self-torture along the lines of wondering if he had done everything possible for a case.

"I am a willing pupil for 'The Idiot's Delight,' " the Bishop stated emphatically.

"I can't permit it," said Doctor Ramsden, solemnly. "Think of Opper! I should feel it on my conscience to telegraph Opper: 'Fascinating party teaching Bishop card game. Idiot's Delight. Wire Instructions. Stranger.' Opper would understand *party* to be feminine and singular, I assume," he chuckled, as their mirth subsided a bit.

"Perfectly," the Bishop assured him as he finished copying the telegram in its turn. "I think Opper would probably start East."

The demure little waitress summoned the Doctor to the 'phone.

"It was for the distinguished stranger within our gates," he announced, coming back. "And I promised to induce you to accept. The Soldiers' Home. I look after their battered old optics, you know," he explained to the Bishop, "and when I was out there yesterday, I told them you were coming. They remember your father as though it were yesterday, and you will never be anything but the Major's son to them. Hennessey begged me to ask you to come out to-night and talk a few minutes before their Keeley Club about your father's campaigns."

"Their what?" gasped the Bishop.

"Keeley Club," Doctor Ramsden repeated. "Saloons flourish around the Home, and to old fellows with a small pension and nothing to do of course they are a lure. We 've established a canteen that supplies good beer in limited quantity, to offset them in one way, and we 've bought the right to use the Keeley Cure, for another. Then, to popularize it, we 've organized the graduates into a Keeley Club, with pleasant rooms where they can read and smoke and hold their weekly meeting for business and entertainment. You 'll go, won't you?" he urged. "We can spin out in ten minutes. They would be no end pleased."

"Of course I 'll go," said the Bishop, promptly, for the memory of his soldier-father was very dear to him.

THE business meeting was already going on when they arrived, and were escorted to the platform. The room was full of old soldiers, and proceedings were being conducted with a ponderous gravity which argued an unfaltering conviction in the importance of the club.

It is possible that in the presence of their distinguished guest they were even more than usually solemn in the desire to be adequately impressive; and it is certain that the chairmen of various committees, all Hibernian, reeled off their reports with a deliberate gusto which threatened to shatter permanently the constitution of the letter *R*.

Toward the last of these, it was plain to be seen that the President, Mr. Hennessey, was slowly swelling with repressed speech. At intervals he swallowed with an aspect of severity which indicated that only that radical measure prevented his eloquence from escaping before its hour.

Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'MET BY MAN. SAYS HE 'S OLD FRIEND'"

Doctor Ramsden, watching him with inward joy, felt that it was only merciful when time finally unleashed the dogs of oratory.

"Comr-r-rades af the Cloob," Mr. Hennessey began, "Peace has her-r-r victories no less r-renowned than War-r-r." He paused majestically, with an evident relief after the onslaught. Then, with flashing eyes and a chest that suggested an accordion in excited action, he resumed the attack.

"When we luk back upon the car-redor-rs af hist'ry, who do we foind sthandin' by, and shuportin' the leaders af the people? What w'u'd Moses have done without Aar-ron, or-r the King av France widout Ri-shee-loo?"

No one apparently caring to solve this dual conundrum, Mr. Hennessey resumed: "We who have not faalterred in folley-in' through the daanger-rs and har-ror-rs av battle, the glorious Flag av our Country—"

Here Mr. Hennessey was obliged to stop until the applause was in some measure stilled.

"We ric-cognize the mil-i-tar-ry jaynius av a distinguished fath-ther, ray-appearin' in a different for-rom in the ca-reer av his distinguished son who is prisent before us. I have the 'anner," Mr. Hennessey concluded, "to inthroduce to you wan who needs no inthroduction, The Bishop av Oretana."

Here Mr. Hennessey sat down and wiped the moisture from his empurpled countenance.

The Bishop spoke simply of the campaigns they knew so well, and they followed him with the relish for familiar detail which is inherent in those whose interests are all in the past.

When he sat down, applause came unstintedly.

It swelled again enthusiastically as some diplomatic son of Erin proposed a vote of thanks; and it was stilled only by the sight of Mr. Hennessey, rising from the chair, and advancing to the edge of the platform with the light of an unfaltering purpose in his eyes.

"In ex*trar*dinary circumstances, ex*trar*dinary measures are permissible," he began. His dramatic pause allowed the full meaning of this to penetrate their minds. "And suspinding the ar-r-dinary rules av parliamentary procedure,"—Mr. Hennessey rolled the phrase with relish,—"the Chair-r proposes that *shtandin',* in token av unanimous consint, we do here and now elict the Bishop av Oretana, in evvi-dence av our estame, a loife-member av our Cloob."

Up swept the Club on legs of decrepitude, but spirits of gallantry. And if it had been applause before, now it was tumult. The Bishop, bowing his thanks, forbore to glance at Doctor Ramsden; and that gentleman regarded a crack in the floor with the concentrated attention he might legitimately have bestowed upon an eye with an entirely new disease.

Even when, final hospitalities over, he accompanied his friend to the brougham, silence held between them; and when, swallowed up in the friendly shelter of its darkness, the Bishop recovered enough to say faintly, "This is no place for an innocent Westerner," the Doctor only gasped: "Don't talk. Can't afford to have a stroke here. Let me see my wife first." And sinking back into his corner, continued to shake with subterranean laughter.

Mrs. Ramsden looked up from her magazine as they came in, the Bishop's expression an odd mixture of dazed astonishment and incredulous mirth, and her husband plainly spent with laughter.

"What *have* you been doing?" she demanded with interest.

Doctor Ramsden sank in a conveniently handy arm-chair.

"Some," he said weakly, "have honors thrust upon them." He gave himself up to the joys of narrative. "A loife-mimber av the Cloob," he finished; and rocked back and forth in exhausted glee.

"You planned it, Billy," Mrs. Ramsden accused him reproachfully, though her eyes danced and her lips curved mirthfully.

"Never!" sighed Doctor Billy. "I could n't have thought of anything so soul-satisfying."

The Bishop was at Mrs. Ramsden's desk, writing industriously.

He looked up with twinkling eyes.

"How is this," he demanded, "for a telegram to Opper? 'First night in city. Elected member of Keeley Cure Club.' "

"Woof!" ejaculated Dr. Billy. "I 'm

getting jealous of Opper," he complained, when he could speak. "Why does n't some one send *me* a telegram? Why can't I have some fun?"

Mrs. Ramsden sped across the room.

"Oh!" she said in transit, "I quite forgot it. It is n't a telegram, but it 's a lovely letter. At least the envelop is, with a gold crest on the back, with an excited animal pawing the air. And it 's postmarked Monte Carlo. Whom do you know at Monte Carlo, Billy?" she queried, as she gave him the letter.

"Used to know one of the croupiers for a brief season," he affirmed, "but I did n't suppose he would remember raking in my modest shekels. Perhaps they are issuing invitations to the game these days. Might as well be invited to lose your money at roulette as at bridge, for all I can see."

He held the envelop off and gazed at it critically.

"Do open it," coaxed Mrs. Ramsden.

"And lose all the fun?" demanded the Doctor. "Find out that it 's just an advertisement from some hotel, when now it might be anything."

"Will you open it, or shall I?" demanded Mrs. Ramsden.

"Oh, if you insist," he gave in; and extracted the letter from its sheath.

Mrs. Ramsden and the Bishop, watching the astonishment, stupefaction, and ensuing enjoyment depicted on his countenance, felt that indeed the letter might be "anything."

"What do you think?" he demanded, looking up at last. They did n't think, of course. They were waiting to know what to think. "You remember Dick Ryerson, Jack? Dashing Dick, we called him at college; and of all harum-scarum daredevils—yes, of course you do. Well, it 's from him. Old rolling stone that he is, he 's wound up his picturesque career by becoming private secretary to the King of Belvideo, Otto VIII, and a sweet Bohemian pair they must be."

"And that," said Mrs. Billy, breathlessly, "is the royal crest!"

"It is, sweet child," said Doctor Billy, gravely. "It represents the feeling of the Belvidian Parliament when Otto sends them the list of the kingly expenditures. In spite of all the pains he takes to liven up Belvideo, it 's far too quiet to keep him there more than is absolutely necessary. Monte Carlo is more in his line. It seems that he 's frightened over his eyes, and Ryerson says he distrusts all European specialists, feeling that certain potent powers might consider him safer if incapacitated. 'So I boomed my celebrated American friend,' Ryerson says in parenthesis, 'and his Majesty requests you to come to Monte Carlo at once, assuring you of his willingness to pay whatever fee you may deem commensurate.' '(Belvideo pays, anyway. It does n't worry us.)' That 's another parenthesis. Otto evidently does n't look over Ryerson's letters," the Doctor commented. "As well as all expenses for yourself and suite," he finished with unction.

"Ryerson has evidently forgotten that we spell it s-w-e-e-t," he murmured; "but he means you, my dear. And we 'll go," he announced, "on the first outgoing steamer. A month's vacation appears to be just what I need. And from what Ryerson says of the regal eyes, it ought to be a very interesting case." His voice trailed off preoccupiedly, as his professional instincts took the ascendency, and absorbed him in that portion of the letter.

"Splendid!" said Mrs. Ramsden, suddenly starry-eyed.

"Yes," said the Bishop; but there was lonesomeness in his tone. It smote upon Dr. Billy's inner consciousness, and the chord of the old good comradeship vibrated in response.

"Look here, old man, why don't you come along?" he demanded. "You can't use your optics enough to amount to anything, anyway, and the trip would do you good."

"Do come?" coaxed Mrs. Ramsden, alluringly. The Bishop hesitated.

"You really ought to be where Billy can see how you are getting on," she urged. For that wistfulness in the Bishop's tone found its way to her heart.

"I will," said the Bishop, resolutely.

"I leave for Europe with my suite, including a bishop, to-morrow afternoon," affirmed Dr. Billy, with a gesture mockly grandiose.

"That will give me just time to go to the bank, and arrange about some money," said the Bishop, cheerfully; "for of course I shall not impose upon the royal generosity. By the way, Billy," said the

Bishop, from the door of his room a moment later, "I must write one letter—to my archdeacon, you know."

"Write it in the dark, then. He 'll understand. And you 've used your eyes enough for to-day," the Doctor said decisively.

The Bishop looked at his trunk, and his suit-case, and the various things he had strewn about the room. Some of the things it would be absolutely foolish to cart about Europe for a month, and certain papers and documents that he had meant to attend to himself a bit later would best be sent to the archdeacon to look after. He began to sort them out.

He glanced at the well-appointed desk. Surely it would n't hurt him to write *one* letter.

He meant to write just a short one, but it strung out in spite of him. His postage-stamps were in his pocket-book, and that suggested clearing out his pockets. He smiled broadly as he came upon a yellow blank on which a number of loose leaves were banded. He slipped them out, and wrote carefully on the next sheet, "Telegrams to Opper." He tore it out, and laid it on the top of the rest.

Then the next blank coaxed. The episcopal smile broadened. He wrote gleefully. Then he opened the door. He really could n't keep it till morning.

There were lights in Mrs. Billy's sitting-room opposite, and voices. "Here 's just one more," he called to them gaily. Then he read distinctly:

"Going to Monte Carlo with Cheerful Pair to see King High."

Dr. Billy appeared in the doorway. His grin was appreciative, but he shook his head disapprovingly.

"What did I say about those eyes of yours!" he demanded. "Lights out!"

"To be sure," said the Bishop, backing into his room again, conscience-stricken; for certain queer twinges reminded him of his recent disobedience. He put the title-page outside, snapped on the rubber band, and tucked the package in one of his long envelops. "I must clean up some of this muss to-night," he murmured.

He came across a pad of the Oretana & Pacific Express Company, and slipped it in another long envelop. That could go back to the archdeacon.

He put his arm across his tired eyes for a second. "I 'll pack in the dark," he declared remorsefully. When he had turned off the lights, there was still a faint grayness in the room from a light that crept in over a transom. It served splendidly.

It was just before he tumbled into bed that he picked up an envelop from his desk, and put it in his coat-pocket, where it would be handy when he wanted it, and he tucked another envelop into an already bulky parcel on the table. Nor did he dream then, nor for many days to come, that the envelop that he slipped in his coat that night contained the express company's pad, and that within the package to the archdeacon of Oretana reposed, within its precisely similar envelop, a yellow package neatly addressed "Telegrams to Opper."

II

The Archdeacon of Oretana was a fussy little old gentleman, so rotund of frame and so fluent of prattle that he suggested a cheerful and beneficent bumble-bee. He was a good little man, nice and neat in mind and body, untroubled by ambition, and unvexed by the world, the flesh, or the devil.

The mainsprings of human action remained an inexplicable mystery to him, and he met all emergencies with one of two ejaculations, either, "Dear! dear! how astonishing!" or "Well! well! it may be for the best."

He wrote neat, dry, little sermons on the Mosaic dispensation, which were at least mercifully short; and read for diversion the "Lives of the Saints." He was an indefatigable parish visitor; and, it is perhaps superfluous to add, got on less well with men than with women.

He buzzed into the telegraph office one morning with even more than his ordinary vivacity.

"Good morning, Mr. Opper," he said briskly, "I have a wonderful piece of news for you this morning. Our dear Bishop has gone abroad with some friends."

His pink-and-white countenance was flushed with the excitement of the communication, and his china-blue eyes were almost expressive.

Opper wheeled instantly in his swivel-chair.

"Gone *where?*" he demanded sharply, his somber gray eyes alert at once.

"To the south of France, Mr. Opper. Dear! dear! how astonishing!" twittered the Archdeacon. "I received a letter from him this morning, saying that he would be gone a month, and that he expected his eyes would be much benefited by the trip. It will very materially increase my responsibilities, Mr. Opper, very materially, indeed, but I shall be very glad to put my shoulder to the helm until such time as our dear Bishop is restored to us in the fulness of health and strength."

"The south of France," repeated Opper, mechanically, oblivious of side issues. "Thet 's pretty fur away," he commented anxiously. He got out of his chair and came forward to the counter, running a hand through his long, grizzled locks as he was wont to do when puzzled or perplexed.

His gray flannel shirt fell away from his strong, sinewy throat, and clung softly to his broad, muscular shoulders.

"It 's most *too* fur," he finished simply.

"I *think*," said the Archdeacon, fussily, "that I shall feel justified in asking the Reverend Mr. Binns of Red Neck to spend next week with me, and assist me in adjusting various matters of importance. Mr. Binns is a young man, but very zealous, very zealous."

Opper, resting his hands heavily on the counter, was gazing unseeingly across the room.

"Of course he was awful busy," Opper went on slowly, "but I should be peacefuller in my mind 'f I 'd heard from him."

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the Archdeacon, "I nearly forgot it. You did, Mr. Opper. You do. A bundle came from him this morning by express, and in this envelop I found a package of telegrams, apparently addressed to you. 'Telegrams to Opper,' was written on the one outside. Naturally, I looked no further, but decided to bring you the package at once. I thought I put them in this pocket. No? How annoying, if I should have left them on my table after all! Ah, here they are!" He produced them triumphantly. "I said to myself," he went on in his neat, cheerful, stilted little way, "doubtless the dear Bishop has sent some communication to Mr. Opper which he wishes me to hand him at once; and so writes it, 'Telegrams to Opper,' because he is always so keen for a joke. If it contains anything of general interest, you will let me know, I am sure. Bless me! It is time for matins! Good morning, Mr. Opper."

"Mornin' " said Opper, mechanically, as the little man bustled out.

He held the yellow package tenderly.

"He did n't forgit," he said softly. "But why did n't he use the wire?"

He snapped off the rubber band and read the first message.

" 'Cheyenne. Still unharmed.' That was his jolly, I reckon," he chuckled.

He read the next one twice, and shook his head.

"Askin' the time 's an awful old dodge," he murmured. " 'N' *we* give him that watch. He 'd feel awful bad."

At the third, his brow corrugated.

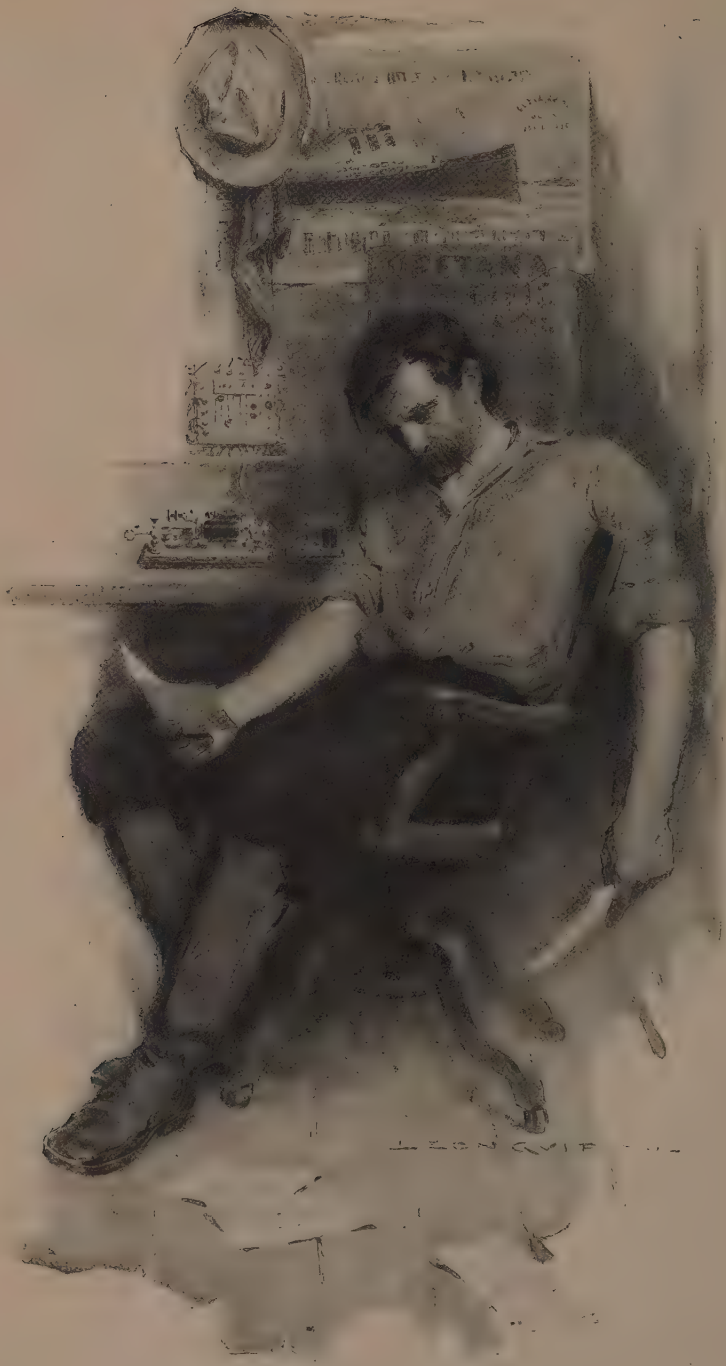
"I wonder," he meditated, "whether that 'young widow' 'n' the 'pious stranger' ever happened to exchange any remarks. Don't sound right, some way."

He noted by the first word on the next page that the Bishop had arrived at his destination. "Says he 's old friend," he read in a horrified whisper. "There 's a gang of 'em! He should n't have gone alone!" He spoke savagely into space.

Then " 'Insisted my going home with him. Threatened asylum. No escape!' " He struck his fist savagely on the counter. " 'N' I jus' got it!" he whispered hoarsely.

" 'Fascinating party teaching Bishop card game.' Ah," he cried savagely, "Goin' to make it pleasant for him now! Threatenin' business did n't work, 'n' the lady takes a hand. She 's losin' her vallyble time! He 's the straightest man alive! 'Idiot 's Delight. Wire Instructions, Stranger.' 'Idiot's Delight,' can't mean *him*. He 's playin' with 'em to gain time; but this stranger don't know that. Sees a crooked game. How 'd he know about me? Why, it 's jus' 'Telegraph-Operator, Oretana City.' Thet pair saw him though, 'n' got hold of it."

" 'First night in the city. Elected member Keeley Cure Club.' No!" he cried unbelievingly, protestingly, doubt-



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'HIM!' HE SAID SIMPLY"

ing the evidence of his own eyes. He sat down heavily.

"Drunk,"—his voice rasped raucously, —" 'n' gloryin' in it!" His eyes smoldered somberly; his shoulders dropped, sorrow-stricken.

"Him!" he said simply; and the anguished monosyllable showed the height and the depth. He picked up the last sheet wearily. What did anything matter now!

" 'Going to Monte Carlo with Cheerful Pair to see King High.' Corralled!" he said dully, "by a pair of poker sharps, plannin' some cussedness over to that French hell!"

" 'N' these," he said, holding the loose sheets off at arm's length, "how 'd I get 'em at all? He must have found out they wa'n't sent, and got hold of 'em, and stuck 'em in unbeknownst. Thet 's it!" he cried excitedly. "They let him fix up an easy story to send back to the church, but he wanted Opper to know the truth—Opper thet he 'd been callin' on fer advice and help. 'N' it 's too late! He 's off in foreign parts!" he groaned. "I can't save him now."

"I won't hev it!" he shouted suddenly, truculently. "He 's got to be saved!" He stood up and stretched out his brawny arms.

"Lord!" he said, with reverently closed eyes, "I 've got to save him. Show me the way! You helped me when my hands was bound and my feet was bound; 'n' they 're free now, 'n' there 's work I 've got to do. Show me the way!" Faith rang in his tones, and the feryency of his appeal demanded, nay, claimed as its right, an immediate response. He opened his eyes. They sought eagerly; and rested on a picture hanging on the office wall. It was an advertisement of a certain line of transatlantic steamers; and they represented an ocean greyhound speeding through waters of intense blue.

"Thet 's it!" he shouted exultantly. "I 've got to go! And thet 's the way! I 'll bring him back. His life sha'n't be sp'iled. Somebody 's slippin' most of the time, 'n' if the Lord c'n keep from gettin' discouraged, the rest of us ought to. This is your business as much as mine, Lord," he said conversationally, " 'n' I reckon we c'n pull it out all right between us. Patch it up 'n' make the best of it. Can't be quite the same as before, though. Even you can't make things unhappen thet have happened. But if you could, 'n' 't wa'n't no more trouble to you, if you'd just unhappen it, 'n' take it out of me *hard,* instead, I 'd be so glad I 'd *laugh.*"

He sat quite still, expectantly, for a moment. Then he rose and shook himself as a St. Bernard might have done. "I reckon that was asking *too* much," he remarked. "Well, I 'm glad I 've got fifteen hundred in the bank. It may take it all."

He swept his private effects into a drawer and locked it; caught up a crimson silk scarf, and knotted it fiercely under his chin, as a concession to Eastern conventions; rammed his arms defiantly into his buckskin coat; and wiped off his broad-brimmed hat with a hasty swish of his elbow.

He began to plan ahead. He could stop at Tredmore's office, and arrange for some one to take his place for a month. Tredmore was an old friend of his. There would be no trouble about that. Mentally he sped eastward until it was almost a shock to hear his own office door open, something fall on the desk behind him, and a brisk slam announcing prompt departure. He turned mechanically. There lay a long, white envelop, addressed to him in the Bishop's handwriting. He tore it open savagely.

An inner envelop fell on the floor heavily.

If he began to read in the anguish of a dry-eyed grief, it was not long before surprise came: his face relaxed. It was a long letter. The Bishop had been in his most jovial mood. He had gone into details. One by one those messages were cleared up. Catastrophe became cheer. Chuckles began; though with them Opper wiped away the tears that relief brought. He picked up the envelop on the floor, and took from it the Express Company's pad. He fished out the telegrams and their envelop. Their similarity explained that. "He mixed those babies up!" he murmured with relish.

It was only when he sat back in his chair to consider the matter more calmly that his eyes went as far as the steamship picture. He whistled expressively.

"To think," he said slowly, "I had so little faith in a man I 'd knowed so well

thet I *offered* to have things fixed up as I did at first. S'pose I 'd stopped there, 'n' the Lord had let me. 'N' it had been that way! Ain't it lucky," he demanded with conviction, "thet I asked him if he could just as well unhappen it 'n' take it out of me! And he did! MY! my! what a square game it is!" He smiled a smile of intense satisfaction. He picked up the telegrams again, to read them more lingeringly, punctuating their perusal with frequent bursts of merriment.

The Bishop's intuition had been quite right when he decided to send them, with full explanations, to Opper. The good comradeship it implied, that was the great thing. He held the last one in his fingers, and his smile became the vague introspective smile of a mind in creative process.

"There ain't no one quite like him," he murmured affectionately. "Think of his thinkin' of 'em! 'N' think of his thinkin' to send 'em on to me to enjoy! He don't forget his friends, no matter who he 's with. I wonder," he queried suddenly, "if he 'll get introduced to the King? Like as not he 'll get to know him real well." It was while he was meditating on the possibilities thus opened up that the great thought struck him.

"Telegrams bein' the fashion," he remarked with intense joy, "I reckon I 'll send one. A cablegram. I feel like blowin' myself off to something good 'n' expensive. 'N' I c'n get his *ad*dress from Little Pink Cheeks there."

And he proceeded to indite what was probably the most unecclesiastical cablegram that ever reached an appreciative and fun-loving Bishop on foreign shores;

If you 've got a Cheerful Pair with you, don't be afraid to see King High.
Opper.

MINE ENEMY

BY ANNIE PIKE GREENWOOD

HE smiled beneath the thing which made me quail,
And bore him bravely on that blighting day.
God made mine enemy to me a light;
For he could bear, while I had heart to fail.
How can I falter in the weary way,
Knowing mine enemy would walk upright?

TO THE SEA

BY WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

THE earth is our mother, but thou—thou art father of us and of time;
For all things now were not when thou wast strong in thy prime.
There was silence first, and then darkness, and under the garment of these
Was the body of thee in thy might, with its infinite mysteries.
And God alone was aware of thy presence and power and form;
And out of His knowledge foresaw His will in thy calm and storm.
Answering unto His will, He gave thee lordship and crown,
And bade the kingdoms of man to worship thee and bow down.
For earth He made out of dust, for change and defeat in the blast;
But thee He made eternal, through æons and æons to last,
Unmarked by sun or wind, and supreme where thy waves are tossed;
Not an inch of thy beauty to perish, nor an ounce of thy might to be lost.

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THE LADY IN THE SILVER DRESS

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(THE CENTURY'S AMERICAN ARTISTS SERIES)

COME AND FIND ME

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS

Author of "The Magnetic North"

XII

"WAS it—*could* it be?" Bella asked mutely, with wildly beating heart. Hildegarde, too, was wide-eyed and pale, though even in the dusk, plain to see the vigorous, upstanding figure was not a bent old man's. Bella felt the happy blood come flooding back about her heart, only to ebb again with a suddenness so mighty, that it seemed to withdraw from her not gladness only, but volition and all feeling—to want to carry out life itself upon its backward tide.

For the man had trodden down the flowers in the border, and pushed his way through the syringa thicket. He stood at the open window, looking in.

"Well, Mr. Louis Cheviot," said Mrs. Mar, with an affectation of calmness, "where did *you* drop from?" And then Hildegarde's helmeted figure rose up like some spirit of woman out of another time. But she stood quite still, and she looked as if she knew she was dreaming.

Cheviot vaulted over the low sill, and came toward her with eyes of wonder. "What 's all this for? Why are you like that?" He had grasped her hand.

"That absurd thing on her head? It was to show the boys. A ball—"

"Are you *sure* you are you?" Hildegarde found her voice at last.

"Much surer than I am that you are you. I saw your light from the street, and I felt I could n't possibly wait to go round and ring the bell. I thought I must come and look in and see what you were like; though I must say I did n't expect—" He was shaking hands with Mrs. Mar now, but he looked over his shoulder at the tall, white figure, and past it to Bella. "I believe I 've succeeded in scaring at least one of the party. How do you do, Bella? Feel me. I 'm not a ghost."

"My dear boy," interrupted Mrs. Mar, speaking in her most matter-of-fact tone, "sit down and tell us all about it." She, at all events, was not too agitated to put her marker in the book before she closed it, and she took up her crochet.

Hildegarde was still standing there, with her helmet in her hand. "Are you —are you alone?" she asked.

"Yes, alone."

"I suppose you 've heard nothing of Mr. Mar?" said Mrs. Mar, who had never in her life been heard to refer to that gentleman in any more intimate fashion.

"Oh, yes, I have." Cheviot sat down, but Hildegarde still stood there. "I was with him between five and six months."

"With father! Has he been to the Klondike, too?"

"No; but I 've been to Golovin."

"Your last letter, nine months ago, said you were coming by the next boat," Mrs. Mar arraigned him.

"Yes; but I had n't heard from Hildegarde when I wrote that."

"What difference did that make?"

"The difference of my following her suggestion to look out for Mr. Mar. I had to go to Golovin to do that."

"Is that where he is now?" demanded his wife. "Why on earth has n't he written?"

Cheviot felt in his inner pocket as he said: "No, Mr. Mar 's at Nome."

"At Nome!"

"He—he 's not ill?" faltered Hildegarde.

"No; on the contrary, he 's better than he 's been for years."

"Then what on earth 's he doing at Nome?" demanded Mrs. Mar. "Why did n't he go to the place he 's been talking about for—"

"He did."

"Well?"—and then with a peculiar incisiveness—"What 's he got to show for it all?"

Cheviot did not wonder that Mar would rather not return to face that particular look in the polished onyx eyes. "I don't know,"—he hesitated,—"that there 's very much to show—as yet."

"That *ought n't* to surprise anybody." The lady turned the highly polished stones in her head with an added glitter.

"When is he coming home?" asked Hildegarde, with a pitiful lip.

"Perhaps next summer."

"Perhaps!" echoed the girl.

Even Mrs. Mar stopped crocheting a moment. "Hush, Hildegarde. Let him tell us. Have you just come? have you had anything to eat?"

"Oh, thank you—in the train. First of all, I must give you the letters he 's sent." He handed one to Mrs. Mar, and one to Hildegarde. Another he laid on the table under the lamp. It was addressed to Messrs. Trennor and Harry Mar. Mother and daughter hurriedly read and exchanged letters.

"Well, Miss Bella, how 's the world treating you?" Cheviot talked away in his old half-ironic fashion to the pale girl putting away a heap of tangled silver thread, and other odds and ends, in a work-box.

Mrs. Mar's eye, grown harder in the last moments, fell upon the envelop under the lamp. She did not scruple to tear it open; but there was little enlightenment even in the epistle to "the boys."

"He says you 'll give us the particulars." Mrs. Mar flung the notice at Cheviot, as if plainly to advertise her intention to hold him responsible if those same particulars were not reassuring.

Cheviot told briefly how he had found Mr. Mar at the mission, how an eavesdropper had overheard their private talk, and how Mr. Mar reached his journey's end only to find that the thirty-year-old secret had been filched from him, and other men, who had n't known about it three days, had gathered in the harvest.

"Not all—surely father got *something?*"

"By the time he reached Anvil Creek he found it staked from end to end."

Mrs. Mar was plying the crochet-needle with a rapidity superhuman. "Of course he 'd be too late," she said with a deadly quietness. "Give him thirty years' start, and he 'll be too late."

"It was an outrage that a handful of men should have been able to gobble the entire creek," said Cheviot, hurriedly. "The laws will be changed beyond a doubt. They 're monstrous. Every miner has been able to take out a power of attorney, and he could locate for his entire family, for all his friends—even for people who don't exist."

"And those missionaries took it all!"

"Not the missionaries. They were chivied out of the game by a reindeer herder they 'd let into the secret. It 's too long a story to tell you now, but the herder gave the missionaries the slip, and got word to some friends of his. The rascals formed a district and elected a recorder. By the time we got there, there was n't an inch left for the man who 'd discovered the gold."

In the pause, Hildegarde hunted wildly in her mind for something to say—something that would prevent her mother from speaking; but the girl's tongue could find no word, her mind refused to act.

Fortunately the story had reduced even Mrs. Mar to silence.

"In the end Christianson and Bjork did n't fare much better than Mr. Mar, though I believe they got something. But the herder and his friends are millionaires."

It was more than one of the company could bear. Mrs. Mar got up and left the room.

Cheviot met Hildegarde's eyes. There was that in his face that gave her the sense of leaning on him in spirit—of being in close alliance with him.

"Poor, poor father!" she said in a half-whisper. "Does he take it dreadfully to heart?"

"Well, you can imagine it was n't an easy thing to bear."

"No; but why is n't he here? We 'll all help him to bear it."

Cheviot looked at the door through which Mrs. Mar had disappeared. His eyes said plain as print: "Will she?"

"But father must come home!" Hildegarde broke in on the eloquent silence, as though upon some speech of Cheviot's. "What is he thinking of? He does n't mean—"

Her agitation was so great she hardly noticed that Bella had finished putting the things away in the work-box, and was leaving the room. The moment she had shut the door: "He can't face it," said Cheviot.

"Oh, but that 's madness. He must be told that we—that I— he *must* come home. Why it 's the most dreadful thing I ever heard of in my life—his bearing it all alone." Her tears were falling. "Tell me—there 's nothing in the letters. Louis,"—she leaned forward,—"you and I always tell each other the truth, don't we?"

"I 'm afraid so," he said with his old look.

"Then tell me *what 's* in father's mind. What has he said to you?"

"That he will stay up there till—somehow—he has either made his pile or made his exit."

The girl laid her head down beside the shining helmet on the table and wept convulsively.

"I had to tell you." Cheviot had come close to her, and his voice was half-indignant, half-miserable.

She put out a hand and grasped his arm: "Thank you. You—you have been good. His letter to me says that you—that you—Louis,"—suddenly she lifted her wet face,—"I *am* 'unendingly grateful.' "

"Well, I hope you 'll get over it." He drew his arm out of her grasp, and walked about the room.

Hildegarde followed him with tear-wet eyes that grew more and more bewildered. "I can't understand how you 're here. I thought navigation would n't be open for a month."

"Nearer two."

"Then how—how—"

"I came out with dogs over the ice."

She stared incredulous. "*How* did you come?"

"Round the coast of Norton Bay, down across the Yukon, and over to the Kuskoquim, and then by the old Russian route to Kadiak Island."

"How in the world did you know the way?"

"Part of the time I had native guides."

"Was n't it a very terrible journey?"

"I don't know that I 'd do it again."

"And when you got down to Kadiak Island?"

"I waited a week for the boat."

"They run in winter?"

"Yes. Kadiak comes in for a swing eastward of the warm Japanese current. The boats ply regularly to Sitka."

"It must have taken you a long time to do all that first part on your own two feet."

He did n't answer.

"When did you see father last?"

"On the morning of the 8th of December, when I cracked my whip over my dog-team, and turned my back on Nome."

"Heavens! Why that 's—"

"Over three months ago." Most men would have paused a moment for contemplation of their prowess or at least of their hardships, but Cheviot was ready to put his achievement at once and forever behind him—ready not only to imagine the general interest somewhere else, but to lead the way thither. "To be exact, it was three months and sixteen days ago; but he was all right when I left him, and he had supplies."

"Has he any friends?"

"He 's got a dog he 's very thick with and he 's got a comfortable tent."

"A tent in that climate?"

"It 's all anybody has. No lumber for cabins, little even for sluices, hardly enough for rockers, to rock out the dust, you know. Wood is dearer than gold."

"A tent!"

"I assure you, there was only one thing he was really in want of."

"What was that?"

"Some way to get word to you. He knew you 'd be anxious. He wants you not to take his failure to heart. He thinks a great deal about that—because he says you helped—"

"Yes, yes."

"He wanted me to make it quite clear to you that, in spite of everything, he was n't sorry he 'd tried it. And you

must n't be sorry, either. You must write to him, Hildegarde, and reassure him."

She nodded, and turned away her face, and she put up her hand like one who could not bear much more.

"He was *afraid* you were fretting about him. I never saw him more awfully pleased and glad than when I made up my mind to come out over the ice."

"That appalling journey! You did it for him?"

"No, I did n't."

He waited as if for a sign; and then, speaking almost surlily: "I did it for myself," he said. "I 'd been away long enough."

"Yes," said Hildegarde; "yes, indeed."

"I could n't bear it any longer, sitting there in the dark and cold and the—" she raised her eyes—"the—oh, it 's not such a bad place as people make out—if you are n't eating your heart out to know—"

"What 's father doing?" she asked hastily.

"Waiting to hear from you. Waiting, like everybody else, for the ice to go out."

"What will he do when the ice goes out?"

"He 's got some claims," Cheviot lowered his voice to say. "He does n't want anybody but you to know, for fear there 's nothing in them. But as soon as the frost is enough out of the ground to yield to pick and shovel, he means to rock out a few tons of gravel and *see.*"

"Do it himself!" Then, as Cheviot did n't answer at once, "It 's simply dreadful! It 's—I can't bear it!" She hid her face.

"Don't, Hildegarde! I wish you would n't cry."

"Are you going back there?"

"No; oh no. I 'm not even going back to the Klondike."

Mrs. Mar opened the door behind them. "It must be hours since you made that miserable meal in the train," she said. "Come in here and have some supper."

Cheviot would have declined, but that he knew he must some time submit to a tête-à-tête. Best get it over.

After the dining-room door shut behind her mother and Cheviot, Hildegarde still sat there. The only movement about the white figure under the lamp was the salt water that welled up constantly and constantly overflowed the wide, sad eyes. The handle of the other door turned softly; a girl's face looked in.

"Bella!" The motionless figure rose out of the chair, and the one at the threshold came swiftly in. "Bella,"—the voice was muffled,—"my father—my father does n't mean ever to come home."

The incoming figure stopped. "Do the letters say that?" Bella asked, awestruck.

"No; Louis says so."

"Well, I think it was very heartless of him."

"No, it was n't. I made him. It would have been infinitely worse to be always waiting."

"To be always waiting is perhaps the worst," said Bella, with lowered eyes.

"Yes, that is worst of all."

Bella roused herself, and came nearer to her friend. "But for Mr. Mar—why, it 's impossible. Don't you believe it, dear. It 's absurd to think—"

"He 'll never come back. You 'll see, he 'll never come back, unless—"

"Unless—"

"Unless"—Hildegarde cleared her tear-veiled voice—"unless some one goes and brings him home."

"Louis Cheviot?"

"Don't you see he 's failed? He 's been enormously kind, he 's been wonderful, but he could n't get my father to come home."

"Are you thinking one of the boys might—"

Hildegarde shook her head. "They could n't make him."

"Who could?"

Hildegarde looked round the room with eyes that again were filling. But they came back to Bella's face. "Father would do it for *me,*" she said. "Don't you know he would?"

"Well," said the other, staring, "if not for you, for no one."

"Yes, yes, he 'd do it for me." Hildegarde moved about the room with a restlessness unusual in her. She went to each window in turn, pulled down the blinds, and drew the curtain; and still she moved about the room. Excitement had drunk her tears. Her face was full of light.

Bella did not stir, but no look or move

of Hildegarde's escaped her. She fixed her eyes on the gleaming dragons that crawled at the hem of Hildegarde's skirt. The voices in the next room were audible, but not the words.

Across the street, the tireless female had again struck up her favorite march.

"You 'd have to go alone," Bella said presently.

"Yes, I 'd have to go alone."

"It 's an awful journey."

"I suppose so."

"Yes; and the people—the roughest sort of people."

"I would n't be afraid—at least not much."

"*I* should n't dare to."

"No, no; you 're younger. And, besides, even if I were the younger, I 'm the one who could do it." Not often that Hildegarde laid herself open to a charge of arrogancy. "Yes," she said, with rising excitement; "I could do it; only" —and the high look fell—"it costs a great deal."—She stood quite still, looking down upon Brunhild's shield, which showed on the dark carpet like a pool of gleaming water. Still that maddening piano over the way!—"The boys would n't help me," Hildegarde thought out loud. "They 've already—they 'll be disgusted enough as it is." She sat down, still with her eyes on the shield, as if she did n't dare lose sight of it a moment. "Of course, mother would n't dream," after a little pause,—"and Louis would say I was mad. But I must think, I must think." She dropped her tilted chin on her hand, and still, like one hypnotized, she stared at the metal disk shining there in the shadow. "I must find a way. Father shall not be left up there another winter."

Nothing more, till Bella brought out quite low the words: "I could get you the money."

"*Bella!*" Hildegarde dropped her hand and sat back. "Would you?"

Instead of answering, "I would n't dare to go myself," Bella said.

"Oh, *you* could n't possibly,"—had Bella really meant that she might lend,— "even if there were any need of it, *you* could n't go." Hildegarde's lips only were saying words; her mind was already faring away on an immense and wonderful journey that she—*she* was competent to undertake. "You are n't the kind, anyway," she wound up bluntly, coming back.

"Nobody would think you were the kind, either—nobody but me."

"Yes, yes. You 've always understood that I was n't a bit like what people thought." And, indeed, few who supposed they knew Hildegarde Mar but would have been surprised at the look in her face to-night, for once betraying not alone a passionate partizanship with her father's stranded and embittered existence, but the glow that even the thought of "going to the rescue" may light in a generous heart, and reflect in the quietest face.

"You could do anything you meant to," said Bella, marveling a little at the new beauty in her friend—"anything. But this— you 'd have to be very brave to go on such a—"

"No, I would n't. I *long* to go."

No great surprise to Bella, this admission that Hildegarde the reticent, the cold, was really burning with all sorts of eagerness that had never been suffered expression.

But there was something more here to-night. Like many another, Hildegarde could have gone through hardship and suffering for the sake of any one she loved; but the look on her face, as she sat there under the light, revealed the fact that this journey Bella shrank from even thinking of, that Hildegarde herself had called "appalling," made yet its own strange appeal to the girl apart from love of her father, independent of the joy of service.

"You think if I did it, it would be because I 'm brave and a good daughter —and things like that. No, it 's none of those things. It 's because, while other people have been going to New York and to Mexico, to London and to Paris, and—and—the farther places— while they 've traveled north, south, east, west, I 've sat here in this little house in Valdivia and sewed, and planned a garden, and heard everybody else saying good-by—and listened to that woman over the way playing 'Partant pour la Syrie,' and have still stayed here, and sewed, and gardened, and only *heard* about the world. I 've done it long enough. I 'm going to the North, too!"

Hildegarde stood up with eyes that looked straight forward into space. A movement from the other seemed to bring the would-be traveler back. "If anybody will help me," she said, turning her eyes on Bella's face.

The younger girl was on her feet. In the silence the two moved toward each other. Bella lifted her arms and threw them about Hildegarde's neck. "I 've told you I 'll help you."

"I love you very much already, but if you 'd do that for me—" the shining eyes pieced out the broken phrase.

Bella turned her graceful little head toward the dining-room door. Cheviot had raised his voice. But they could n't hear the words.

"There 's only one thing,"—Bella spoke in a whisper,—"just think a moment—all these hundreds of miles with a dog-team over the ice, in an Arctic winter! If anybody else had done such a thing, we should never have heard the last of it. The world would n't be long in having another book on heroism in high latitudes. But we all know *that* man,"—she moved her head in the direction of the voice,—"we 'll never hear of it again. He 's done that gigantic journey just for you"—Hildegarde disengaged herself—"to be with you again. And here you are planning to go away. It is n't my business, but—I think you 'll be making a terrible mistake, Hildegarde, if you—"

Her friend turned from her with unusual abruptness.

"He 's nicer than ever," Bella persisted. "He 's charming. I always said so."

"And I always said"—Hildegarde stopped and looked at Bella with an odd intentness—"you 're a nicer girl than you used to be."

"Thank you," said the other, smiling faintly; but she saw that she had failed.

"And I don't mean because you 're willing to help me in this."

"What do you mean?"

"There 'd be only one thing that could prevent my letting you lend me the money."

"Well, you certainly need n't worry about paying it back."

"It would take two or three years; but that could be managed now that Trenn and Harry want to give me an allowance. It is n't that."

Bella waited, wondering.

"It is that I could n't take a great, great help from you, and go so far away, carrying anything in my heart that—that I 'd kept hid—anything that concerned you."

A quick fear leaped into Bella's face.

"For one might n't come back, you know," the other added.

"There 's only one thing we 've never straightened out," said Bella, "and that 's *my* tangle."

"I have my share in the thing, I mean. But I said you could n't do now—what you did—when you were little."

"Oh!" Bella drew a sharp breath of relief. "When I was little! I know, *I* was a beast."

"You told Louis Cheviot about the altar, and the patron saint; about—"

"Yes," said Bella, hastily. "It was pretty mean of me, but I was only twelve."

"It was n't only when you were twelve." Gratitude, common prudence, should have bridled Hildegarde's tongue, but there was something of the Judgment Day about this hour. Hearts must needs be opened and secrets known. "It was after," she went on, driven by this new necessity to leave nothing hidden if she was to take Bella's help. "It was six years after, when you were eighteen. You had gone away knowing quite well how—how I was feeling about—you knew how I was feeling. Yet you could write pretty heartlessly, considering all things, that gay letter about your engagement. You could write with that insincere air of expecting me to be as happy as you were—"

"You surely see it would have been unpardonable of me to have sympathized with you. I *had* to assume you did n't care. You would have done the same."

"No, I would n't."

Bella looked at her. "That 's true," she said quite low. "You would have shown that you were sorry for me, even in the middle of being happy yourself. You could have done it and not hurt. But I could n't. I did n't know how. The nearest I could come to it was just to pretend I thought you 'd got over it—that you did n't care any longer."

They looked at each other a moment without speaking. Bella, with quivering face, glided forward.

"Dearest, dearest,"—she took Hildegarde's hand, she caught it to her breast,—"you are n't going to let him—the other—spoil *two* lives!"

"At least I 'm ready to risk what 's sure to happen."

"What 's sure to happen?"

"His coming while I 'm away." Hildegarde flung out the words with a passion Bella had never seen in her before. "Yes, that 's what will happen. I shall have waited for him at home here all my life *till* this summer. And this summer, while I 'm gone, he 'll come to Valdivia. You 'll see! He 'll come."

XIII

No prevision of Hildegarde's as to Cheviot's disapproval of her plan approached the degree to which he fought against her going to the North.

Mrs. Mar, secretly dismayed at her husband's willingness to stay away indefinitely, was not ill content for once to see the "stolid Hildegarde" stirred to action. It satisfied a need in the mother that the daughter had never ministered to before. Hildegarde was the sort of girl who could take excellent care of herself, and her health was superb. She had no important concerns, as the boys had, to chain her at home. She was not the mother of a family, or even President of the Shakspere Society. The welfare of the Hindus would be wholly unaffected by her departure. The journey was quite unlike that terrible one involved in going to the Klondike. It could be made in a comfortable ship, the whole of it by sea. Her mother would go with her to the steamer, and Hildegarde would stay on board till her father met her at the Alaskan port.

But they had all reckoned without Cheviot.

He refused to take the idea seriously at first, and when he did,—oh, he was serious enough then!

"The maddest scheme that ever entered a sane head!" She had no conception of what such a journey was like. The ships were the most uncomfortable in the world,—freight-boats with no accommodation for women,—the food appalling; the company—oh, it did n't even bear talking about!

But Cheviot did talk of it,—to Bella,—when he discovered her complicity, and so effectually he talked that she withdrew her support.

Hildegarde was speechless with indignation. What spell had he cast that Bella could "go back" on her word? Truly a thing to depend upon—Bella's friendship.

"Oh, please try to understand. I was always frightened at the idea, even before Louis told me—"

"Why should you be frightened?" said Hildegarde, sternly. "It is n't as if I were a rescue-party, and my little journey were to the other side of the world. I should n't sail from Norway, and I should n't catch up with anybody in Franz Josef Land."

"Hildegarde! You 've never spoken to me like that before in your life."

"Well, I can't say you 've never failed me before."

Bella, with flushed face, got up to leave the room. "You think I 'm backing out only because of what Louis says; but I meant to tell you it would have been terrible to me to be responsible for your going, after what you said that night Louis came home."

"What did I say?"

"That this summer, while you 're gone—"

"Well?"

"There will be news."

"You mean from—"

"Yes,"—Bella steeled herself,—"as soon as I 'd got you out of the way."

Hildegarde winced. Rather dreadful that she should have said that to Bella; too like what the average male critic would expect. "Did I say *you,* Bella? I only meant Fate."

"You were sure he would come this summer. Stay and see."

"It 's only if I 'm not here that John Galbraith will come."

Hildegarde had a final interview with the arch culprit, Cheviot.

"I had no idea you could be like this," she said toward the close.

"Then it 's as well you should know."

It ended in a breach. He came no more to the house. Hildegarde passed

him in the street with lowered eyes. And Bella had gone home.

THE spring went creeping by.

Now June was gone, even July; still no news.

"You see," said Hildegarde, dully, "father is n't coming back."

August was waning—not even a letter; and from that other more terrible North no syllable of the tidings that, to reach those two waiting in California, must come round by the Old World, and all across the New.

"He is dead," Hildegarde said to herself, and it was not of Nathaniel Mar she thought.

The boys had generously sent their father both money and advice. He was recommended to use the sight draft on the Alaska Commercial Company for the purpose of buying his home passage by the very next ship.

At last, when the season was drawing to a close, news! Not that expected, but something no man had looked for. Gold had been discovered in the sands of the Nome beach.

Men who had been stranded there, arriving too late for a claim on the creeks, a broken and ragged horde, were now persons of substance and of cheerful occupation—that of "rocking out" from fifty to a hundred dollars a day upon the beach at Nome. The gold was not here alone, but under the moss and the coarse grass of the tundra. It clung to the roots when you pulled up the sedgy growths. It was everywhere. What was the contracted little valley of the Klondike compared with this!

"The greatest of all the New World gold-fields has been found. A region vaster than half a dozen Eastern States, sown broadcast with gold dust and nuggets. Easy to reach and easy to work."

Here was the poor man's country. If you did n't want to rock out a fortune for yourself, you could earn fifteen dollars a day working for others.

"The beach for miles is lined with miners' tents. Anvil City (hereafter to be called Nome) is booming."

"Building lots that six months ago were worth nothing, to-day bring thousands of dollars.

"Where, a year ago, was only a bare, wind-swept beach on Bering Sea,—one of the most desolate places to be found on earth, beside which the Yukon country has a fine climate,—there is to-day a city of several thousand people, surrounded by the richest placer-diggings the world has seen."

The gold-laden miners, returning to Seattle by the last boats of the autumn, told the reporters with a single voice: "The world has known nothing like Cape Nome."

Tongues went trumpeting the mighty news, pens flew to set it down, and the telegraph-operators flicked the tidings from one end of the earth to the other.

The word "Nome," which had meant nothing for so long to any man but Mar, became a syllable of strangest portent, stirring imaginations that had slept before, heralding hope to despairing thousands, setting in motion a vast machinery of ships and strange devices and complicated human lives.

New lines of steamships bought up every craft that could keep afloat; companies were formed to exploit the last new gold-saving device; men who had fallen out of the ranks returned to the struggle, saying: "After all, there 's Nome."

"And this is the moment Mr. Mar will naturally choose for turning his back on the North." It was so that his wife successfully masked her secret anxiety for his return. It was as if she resented so sorely her growing uneasiness about him; fought so valiantly against the slow-dawning consciousness of the share she had in his exile, that she must more than ever veil secret self-criticism by openly berating him. Above all, she must disguise the impatience with which she awaited his return "this autumn at the latest." "Now," she would say—"now that even he could n't fail to make a good thing by staying, he—oh, yes, to be sure, *he 'll* come hustling home!" If only she had been the man!

One of the last boats brought a letter. There *was* gold in the beach sand, Mar wrote, but every inch was being worked over and over, and its richness had been exaggerated. The place was overrun with the penniless and the desperate. The United States military post established there was powerless to maintain law and

Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'I KNOW YOU 'LL DO YOUR BEST FOR ME,' HILDEGARDE SAID ANXIOUSLY"

order. Drunkenness, violence, crime were the order of the day. The beach was a strange and moving spectacle.

"Spectacle! He goes and looks on!" was Mrs. Mar's way of disguising her dismay. He returned the boys' money, "since it was sent for a purpose so explicit." He was "staying in."

Other letters, brought by the same steamer, told what Mr. Mar had omitted to mention: that typhoid fever was at work as well as those gold-diggers on the famous beach. Men were dying like flies.

THE third winter came down, and the impregnable ice walls closed round "the greatest gold camp on the globe."

"Typhoid! Even if he escapes, he will stay up there till he dies, unless—" Hildegarde was glad she had not yet bought anything for the coming season. In spite of her brothers' allowance, she would become a miser, hoarding every coin that came her way. She would make her old gowns do, even without Bella's transforming fingers. She thought twice even about spending car-fare. To eke out her resources, she would sell Bella's beautiful presents, and the first boat that went north in the spring should carry Hildegarde to her father—or to his grave.

It was gray business waiting for this first summer of the century. What news might one expect from a man lost four years ago between Norway and Franz Josef Land? What from that other in the nearer-by North, where men dug gold and fought typhoid? What fatality was it that made of all hope and all desire a magnetic needle? Hildegarde remembered how Bella to the question, "Why do you suppose there 's this mania among us for the North?" had answered: "I don't know, unless it is that we have the South at home. Perhaps Hudson Bay people and Finlanders dream of the equator. I don't know. But I 've heard that nothing so afflicts a Canadian as hearing their country called "Our Lady of the Snows." I think there never was such a beautiful name. But it may be because I live with orange-blossoms all about me."

Certainly it was harder waiting without Bella. Together each year they had hoped for news. Now, apart, they feared it. Oddly enough, what helped Hildegarde through the heavy time was the establishment of an understanding, half-incredulous, wholly unavowed, between her and her mother. Mrs. Mar was on her side, else why did she save up every newspaper reference to the new gold camp to read aloud as Hildegarde sat at her sewing?

But if there was anything about typhoid in the paper, Hildegarde had to find it out for herself. Little by little she knew that, however deterred her mother had been by Cheviot's onslaught the spring before, she was either consciously or unconsciously coming to look favorably on Hildegarde's old plan.

What the inexperience of the girl could not guess was that Mr. Mar's absence had taught his wife several things, and that lady had no inclination to gather another year's harvest of the bitter fruit. If Hildegarde could get him to come home, Hildegarde ought to be supported, in spite of Cheviot and the boys. But real confidence between them was so little easy that Hildegarde said nothing to her mother of her plan to raise money by selling the beautiful necklace and the hair ornaments and things that Bella had from time to time brought home to her from abroad. Hildegarde would go to a man she could trust—"the family jeweler," as they called the person whose high office had been to restore the pins to brooches that Mrs. Mar's energetic fingers had wrenched off, and to mend Mr. Mar's grandfather's watch-chain when it broke, as it used, two or three times every year.

To the family jeweler, then, Hildegarde took her box of treasures. "What are they worth?"

The little man screwed a glass in his eye and examined rare stones and Renaissance enamel with an omniscient air.

"I know you 'll do your best for me," Hildegarde said anxiously.

"Of course, certainly, Miss Mar. Not very new are they?"

"New! Oh, no, they 're old and very valuable."

"Yes. H'm. Yes."

"I need all you can possibly get me for them, Mr. Simonson."

"I 'll examine them thoroughly, Miss Mar; and let you know."

As she went out, there was Bella coming down the street. Acting on an impulse, Hildegarde turned off the main thoroughfare, pretending not to see. But it made her heart sore to think: "Bella in Valdivia, and not with us! I not even to know!"

Miss Wayne went into the familiar Simonson's. "Was that Miss Mar who was here a moment ago?"

"Yes."

"Oh, is it broken? That 's the necklace I got for her in Rome."

"No; not broken. I suppose you don't remember what you gave for it?"

Miss Bella put on her most beguiling air, and took the old man into her confidence. She would buy the things herself, and pay him a commission, and he was not to say but what a San Francisco dealer had made the two-hundred-dollar offer.

When she got back to her hotel, she telegraphed to Cheviot.

The next day that young gentleman had an interview with Hildegarde's brothers down at the ranch. They were even boisterously of Cheviot's opinion. They would simply refuse their consent to their sister's undertaking such a journey. But to Cheviot's anxious sense they spoke too airily, too certain they could prevent the abomination.

"Don't antagonize her, you know," warned Cheviot. "Make her see the reasonableness of our—of your objection." And the boys agreed.

Even before Cheviot had made money in the Klondike and come home to be made a partner in the bank, the Mar boys had looked upon him not only as a probable, but as a highly desirable, brother-in-law.

They soothed his natural indignation at Hildegarde's foolishness, and they told him they 'd meet him at the bank after giving her a talking to.

They were late for the appointment, and the moment they appeared in the room behind the public offices Cheviot saw they had not prospered.

"Hildegarde 's the most pig-headed creature in the universe," and a few more illuminating details.

"But why did n't you tell her—"

"I told her everything. Water on a duck's back."

"But what did she say?"

" 'Women have done it before.' "

"It 's not true," cried Cheviot, jumping up. "The world has never seen anything comparable to what this year's rush to Nome will be. The mob that will be going—"

"She quotes the Klondike. 'That was worse,' she says; 'yet there were women among the men who got there, lived there, and came home.' Damn it! it 's true, you know."

"It is n't true. The Klondike was a totally different proposition. The people who got to the Klondike the year of the rush were all picked men. A few women, —yes, I admit, a few women,—God help them! But the mob—a rascally crew enough, lots of them—but they were men of some means, men of brawn and muscle and mighty purpose, or simply they did n't survive. If they were n't like that, they turned back as thousands did, from Juneau, from Skagway, from Dyea, or they fell out a little farther on. Did n't I see them on the Dalton Trail and the Chilcoot Pass, glad to lie down and die? I tell you, only the hardiest attempted it, and only the toughest survived. *That 's* the sort of pioneer that peopled the Klondike. Nome 's another story. Nome 's accessible by sea. Any wastrel who can raise the paltry price of his passage can reach the American gold-fields. Any family disgrace can be got rid of cheap by shipping him to Nome. Any creature who 's failed at everything else under the sun has this last chance left. Be sure he 'll go to Nome—*with Hildegarde!* Good God! Drunkards, sharpers, men, and, women, too, (oh, yes, that sort!) and people hovering on the border-line of crime, or well beyond it—*they 'll* fill the northbound ships. Hildegarde *alone* with such a crew!" Cheviot jumped to his feet. "I 'd infinitely rather a sister of mine were struggling with a pack on her back over the Chilcoot Pass, along with the Klondike men of '97, than see her shut up on board a ship with the horde that will go to Nome."

He walked up and down the little inner office, his eyes bright with anger and fear. And he added terrors not to be put before the girl herself—but for the mother, if Hildegarde should be obdurate. "Make her understand that Nome

this summer will be the dump-heap of the world."

"I did," said Trenn, distractedly. "I gave her my opinion of what they were like—those other women she quoted who had gone. It was n't even news to her!"

"What! She accepted that?"

Trenn looked profoundly humiliated. Any nice girl would have pretended she could n't credit such a state of things, even if she 'd heard them hinted. But Hildegarde had said gravely: "Yes, I know what you mean—dreadful women have done it for horrible ends. It 's that that makes me ashamed to hesitate. Can't a girl venture as much for a good end as those others for—"

"Oh, Hildegarde 's mad!" said Trenn, with a flush on his handsome face.

"Nevertheless, she 'll go," said Harry.

"But Mrs. Mar. What 's she about!"

Cheviot went to see.

"You surely don't mean to let her go?"

"My good man, I 'd like nothing better than to go myself."

"Then why don't you?" demanded Cheviot, rudely.

Another woman might have pointed out that she was in her sixty-second year. No one would have expected such an excuse from Mrs. Mar. There was something in her face Cheviot had never seen there before, as with obvious unwillingness she brought out the answer: "Hildegarde can do this errand best—at least as far as concerns her father. Of course," —she recovered some of her native elasticity—"if *I* went, I 'd get a claim, too. You 'd see. I 'd come home with a fortune. I doubt if Hildegarde does, though she has more in her than I 've sometimes thought. Hildegarde won't come to any harm."

Cheviot, too outraged for the moment to speak, got up and looked blindly for his hat. When he had found that, he had also found his tongue. "The only comfort I can see in the miserable affair is that she 'll find two hundred dollars is n't nearly enough. There is n't a place on the globe where living costs as much as it does at Nome."

"She 's been saving up her allowance for a year."

Cheviot threw down his hat. "I tell you, it would be mad for an able-bodied man to go with less than a thousand dollar's margin."

"Hildegarde can't raise anything like that; but she 'll have enough to get her there, and something over."

Cheviot looked at her. "You mean she 's ready to go without even enough for her return expenses?"

"She says she can leave the question of returning."

"Knows her brothers will send out funds to get her back!" groaned Cheviot, beginning to walk up and down. "And she, *Hildegarde*, 's willing to embarrass her father by being a charge on him?"

"She won't stay long. And Nome lots are selling for thousands. Her father has at least the land his tent stands on."

Cheviot struck his hands together in that startling, if infrequent, way of his. It made even Mrs. Mar rather nervous. "Go and argue with her yourself," said the lady, with raised voice and a red spot glowing on each cheek. "I should n't be able to move her. I never have been able to move Hildegarde. That 's the worst of these quiet people."

"You say that, and yet you are n't really opposing her."

"Me? No," said Mrs. Mar, fixing him with unflinching eyes. "*I 'm* making up the deficit."

Cheviot had never before longed to murder a fellow-creature. "You realize, of course," he said quietly, "she is n't even sure of finding her father alive." Angry as he was, when he saw the look that thrust brought to Mrs. Mar's face, he was sorry he had presented it so mercilessly. "What she 'll probably find," he hurried on to say, "is that Mr. Mar has gone to the Casa da Paga. That was his plan. Or the Fox River—or God knows where."

"If she goes as far as Nome, she 'll be able to go still farther," said Hildegarde's mother, though her voice was n't as steady as her words implied.

"I understand you, then, at last,"—Cheviot stopped before her with anger-lighted eyes,—"You are ready to see a young girl—"

"Not every girl."

"A girl like Hildegarde."

"Precisely; one like Hildegarde. She can do it."

"Poor Hildegarde!" burst from his

lips, and the implication "to have a mother like you," would have pierced many a maternal breast; but it glanced off Mrs. Mar's armor, and fell pointless.

"Hildegarde Mar"—with an air of defending her daughter from Cheviot's low opinion of her—"is a person of considerable dignity of character."

"Do you think it necessary to tell me that?"

"Singularly enough, yes. And to add that I who know her best have never yet seen her show any sign of not being able to take proper care of herself."

"Under ordinary conditions; but, as I told the boys—"

"A woman who can't take care of herself under conditions out of the ordinary, can't take care of herself at all."

Again Cheviot opened his lips, but Mrs. Mar, grasping the arms of her rocking-chair indoctrinated the purblind man: "The truth is, that a girl in good health, who has n't been kept in cotton, and who has n't been scared by men's going on as you 're doing, is far abler to cope with life than—than—" She pulled herself up an instant, seeming to feel that, after all, man is hardly worthy to know the whole truth upon these high themes. But she thought extremely well of Cheviot, or she would never have permitted him to speak to her as he had done. And he loved Hildegarde. "The truth is," she went on, "Hildegarde is quite right about this. There 's no reason why she should n't go half as strong as the reason why she should."

"The reason! You think it 's on account of Mr. Mar. It is n't. Bella will tell you Hildegarde *wants* to go on this degrading journey. She said everybody had traveled about and seen the world but her. She had never been farther than Seattle to see Madeleine somebody."

"That 's true."

"You see! Hildegarde is full of curiosity about—things."

"Why not?"

"Oh, why, indeed! But the fact opened my eyes to how much—how little Mr. Mar's welfare has to do with her crazy scheme."

"It has n't opened your eyes very wide, Louis." Mrs. Mar shook her head with the air of one looking back over a long road painfully traversed. "Nobody shrinks more from a fuss and a falling-out than Hildegarde. This winter, without Bella, and without you, and without —it has n't been easy for Hildegarde. She would have given in about Nome long ago but for—" Mrs. Mar suddenly leaned forward again, speaking hurriedly: "Somehow or other Hildegarde *knows*. I believe she 's known all along."

"Knows what?"

"What her father meant to do."

"About not coming home?"

"Yes."

"She knows that because I told her."

"You knew it!"

"Yes."

"And yet"—she gripped the arms of the rocking-chair, and her eyes shone—"you come here to get me to prevent the only step being taken—"

"No. Only to protest against Hildegarde's taking it. Good Heavens!"—he was losing his self-control—"Hildegarde is—"

"Well and strong, and no such fool as you seem to think."

He set his square jaw: "A little young for such a—"

"Twenty-six."

"You forget or don't know she 's also —attractive."

"Attractive!" Mrs. Mar repeated, with a weight of contemptuous meaning. "Since what you imply is so little a credit to your sex, I may be allowed to say she has shot at a mark with her brothers, and, if it 's necessary, she can carry a revolver."

"Good God! And you 're her mother!"

Mrs. Mar sprang to her feet. "Yes, I 'm her mother, and that I did n't myself suggest her going to get her father to come home is only that I 'm under the spell of the old foolishness about women. The fact is, that we 're much better able to look out for ourselves than men are. Yes; stare as much as you like! It 's so. You 're all *babies*, I tell you—and if the women did n't look after you, you 'd be *dead* babies!"

Cheviot snatched up his hat a second time and walked to the door. Mrs. Mar, seeing him going off like that with never another word, and with that fixed wretchedness on his face, quickly crossed the room and took hold of his arm, as his

hand was on the door-knob. "Hildegarde is only going to do in a more open way what women are always doing," she said.

Cheviot turned angrily, but so astonished was he to see tears on her face that he stood speechless.

"Some woman said it in a magazine the other day," she went on, "but every woman who 's good for anything is doing it."

"Going to Nome!"

"Going out to the battlefield in the evening to look after the wounded."

(To be continued)

A NEW DISCOVERY IN EGYPT

THE RECENT UNCOVERING OF THE TOMB OF QUEEN THIY

BY ARTHUR E. P. WEIGALL

Chief Inspector of Department of Antiquities, Egyptian Government

READERS of THE CENTURY for November, 1905, will remember the remarkable illustrated article by Henry Copley Greene giving an account of the discovery of the tomb of the parents of the famous Egyptian queen, Thiy, under the auspices of the American explorer Mr. Theodore M. Davis. The additional success of Mr. Davis in his recent discovery of the tomb of Queen Thiy herself, for which he has been searching, is herewith described by Mr. Weigall, who has had the good fortune to be an eye-witness of both discoveries. Mr. Weigall's sketch of the character of Queen Thiy and of the period in general reveals the extraordinary significance of this discovery.—THE EDITOR.

THE excavations in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes, which for the last few years have been financed and directed by Mr. Theodore M. Davis of Newport, Rhode Island, on behalf of the Egyptian Government, have led to the discovery, on January 9, 1907, of the tomb of Queen Thiy, the wife of Amenhotep III and mother of the "Heretic King" Akhnaton. It will be remembered that in 1905 the discovery of the tomb of Yuaa and Thuaa, the father and mother of Queen Thiy, rewarded Mr. Davis's labors;[1] and it has thus been a matter of particular satisfaction both to Mr. Davis and to the Government that the same excavations should now have brought to light the tomb of the great queen. Every one who has studied ancient Egyptian history will readily admit that the reigns of Queen Thiy, her husband Amenhotep III, and her son Akhnaton, form one of the most absorbingly interesting periods of human history in early days. Akhnaton has aptly been called the first *individual* in history; that is to say, the first person into the workings of whose mind one may now look; and it is generally admitted that his character was formed under the influence of his mother, Queen Thiy. The finding of the tomb of this great queen may therefore be said to be the most important discovery as yet made in these excavations.

Mr. Davis, his assistant Mr. E. R. Ayrton, Mr. Joseph Lindon Smith, and the present writer, entered the tomb on January 9, and at the time of this writing, the task of preserving the antiquities is in full progress. The work in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings is

[1] See the illustrated account by Henry Copley Greene of this discovery in THE CENTURY for November, 1905.

very different from that in most other excavations in Egypt. In digging out a temple, town site, or ordinary cemetery, the antiquities come to light in ones or in twos, or in small groups; and the interest, though prolonged, is not often intense. The excavator does not always know the nature of his finds until he has pieced them together in his own work-room, and has studied them in his library. But in such digging as Mr. Davis is doing, after the slow removal of the accumulations of stone and rubbish has continued for many weeks without any reward, suddenly some morning a tomb is sighted; and within an hour or so one is brought face to face with the early ages, and a comprehensive view of some hitherto obscure period of history is obtained. For the first few days of the work of recording a discovery of this kind, one lives, as it were, in the past; and before the first interest has faded, and the slow and often tedious work of removing the antiquities to a place of safety has begun, one has received an impression of the life and deeds of the dead king or queen, and a glimpse of their personality, which no book study and no disconnected discoveries could ever give. It is this passing impression that one is disposed to record here, while the discovery is only a few days old, and while Queen Thiy lives again in the imagination as the beautiful heroine of an almost fairy-like story. Before this article is read, her mummy, in a glass case, and docketed with a numeral, will be exposed to the eyes of the curious in the Cairo Museum.

Thiy was born at a time when Egypt was at the height of its power. The kings of Palestine and Syria were tributaries to the Pharaoh; the princes of the sea-coast cities sent their yearly impost to Thebes; Cyprus and even the Greek islands were Egyptianized; Sinai and the Red Sea coasts as far south as Somaliland were included in the Pharaoh's dominions; and the negro tribes of what is now the Sudan were his slaves. Egypt was indeed the greatest state in the world; and Thebes was a metropolis at which the ambassadors, the merchants, and the artisans, from these various lands, met together. Here they could look upon buildings undreamed of in their own countries, and could participate in luxuries unknown even in Babylon. The wealth of Egypt was so enormous that a foreign sovereign, who wrote to the Pharaoh asking for gold, mentioned that it could not be considered as anything more valuable than so much dust by an Egyptian. In the tomb of Queen Thiy even the nails which held some of the wood-work together were made of gold; and in more ordinary tombs of this period a surprising amount of that metal is to be found. Golden vases in vast quantities adorned the tables of the king and his nobles; and hundreds of golden vessels of different kinds were used in the temples.

The splendor and gaiety of the court at Thebes remind one of the tales from the Arabian Nights. One reads of banquets, of splendid festivals on the water, of jubilee celebrations, and of hunting parties. When the scenes depicted on the monuments are gathered together in the mind, and the ruins which are left are there reconstructed, a life of the most intense brilliancy is shown. This was, of course, a development of the period, and was not a condition of things which had been derived from an earlier régime. The Egyptians had always been a happy, light-hearted people; but it was the conquests of Thoutmosis III that had given them the security and the wealth to live luxuriously. The tendency of the nation was to break away from the old, hardy traditions of the earlier periods of Egyptian history; and virtually no other public body, except the priesthood of Amen, held them down to ancient conventionalities. This priesthood, however, was sufficiently wealthy and powerful to exert a vast influence on any movement of thought. Almost every noble and official occupied some honorary sacerdotal post in the temple of Amen, and the institution could lay by the heels any person, even the Pharaoh himself, who too openly set convention at defiance. Thus, while the king and his nobles made merry and amused themselves in sumptuous fashion, the god Amen and his representatives towered over them like some somber bogie, holding them to a religion which they considered to be obsolete, and claiming its share of royal wealth.

Thiy's father Yuaa held the honorary position of superintendent of the sacred cattle of Amen, but, unlike most of the

Egyptian nobles, he had no closer connection with the Amen priesthood. His face is somewhat Semitic in type, and there is some probability that he was a foreigner who had settled in Egypt without entering much into public life. Thuaa, on the other hand, has a purely Egyptian face, and may have been the daughter of some well-to-do Theban. Thiy inherited all that was good-looking in her parents' faces. The mouth and chin of her profile are exactly similar to those of her father; the short upper lip, the disdainful mouth, the prominent chin, are unmistakably derived from him; while the small nose and smooth forehead remind one of the type of Thuaa. Even in the conventionalized portraits it can be seen at once that she was beautiful, and when the imagination endows her again with the black hair, the lustrous eyes, and the fresh, dark complexion of the youthful Oriental, one may well understand that she found favor in the king's sight.

Egypt at this time was passing through an age of romance. The most passionate poetry was written by the youths of Thebes to their lady-loves, and the latter put into verse the troubles of their hearts. The marriage of young King Amenhotep III to Thiy, who was probably very young also, must have been the outcome of one of these romances; and the fact that the young girl at once took her place as the recognized consort of the Pharaoh, although her birth was neither royal nor particularly noble, seems rather to indicate that Amenhotep loved her with all that devotion of which the Egyptian poets tell.

About the time of his marriage, Amenhotep built a palace on the western bank of the river, on the edge of the desert, under the Theban hills; and here Queen Thiy held her brilliant court. The palace was a delicate structure of brick and costly woods, exquisitely decorated with paintings on stucco, and embellished with delicate columns. Along one side ran a balcony on which were rugs and many-colored cushions; and here the king and queen could sometimes be seen by their subjects. Around the dados of the main halls were scenes in which wild ducks swam through the marshes, and cattle frisked through the long reeds, while, overhead, flights of doves were depicted, and gaudy butterflies hovered against a blue sky. Gardens surrounded the palace, almost at the very gates of which rose the splendid hills. On the eastern side of the palace the king later constructed a huge pleasure-lake especially for the amusement of his much-loved queen. The mounds of earth which were thrown up during its excavation were purposely formed into irregular hills, and these were covered with trees and flowers; and Thiy, as she floated in her barge, which she had called "Beauties-of-Aton," could well imagine herself in those hilly countries of Asia of which she must have heard many fine tales. In all the world there are few places more beautiful than the site of this lake and palace, now known as Birket Habu. Here one may sit for many an hour, watching the changing colors on the wonderful cliffs, the brown and the yellow of the rocks standing out from the blue and the purple of the deep shadows. In the fields which now surround the ruined palace, where the royal gardens were laid out, one obtains an impression of color, of beauty, and of gaiety—if it can be so expressed—which is not easily equalled. The continuous sunshine and the bracing wind render one intensely awake to natural joys, and it is not difficult to understand how Queen Thiy and King Amenhotep, floating on their sparkling lake or walking in their dazzling courts, began to turn involuntarily from the solemn gods of their fathers, and to seek some more tangible, sunlike creator.

No one can look at the face of Thiy's father, Yuaa, without being impressed with the strength displayed in every feature; and in considering the origin of the great religious revolution which took place at the end of the reign of Amenhotep III, by which the god Amen was replaced by the Egypto-Asiatic god Aton, one could not feel justified in omitting him from the argument. It is generally admitted by Egyptologists that there is a possibility that Yuaa, and hence his daughter Thiy, were of North Syrian origin; and it is felt that the first impetus toward Aton worship may have been derived from the mind of this strong-faced old man.

The desire of the court for a change of

religion is understandable. The cult of the god Amen, as had been said, was so hedged about with conventionalities that free thought was impossible. The upper classes, however, were passing through a phase of religious speculation, and they were ready to revolt against the domination of a priesthood which forbade criticism. And apart from all question of religion, the priesthood of Amen had obtained such power and wealth that it was a very serious menace to the dignity of the throne. For political reasons alone, it was, therefore, desirable to push the priests of the sun into a more prominent position. The sun-god Ra was at this time the most powerful god after Amen, and he had already been identified with, and worshiped under the name of, Aton. This Aton was a great god in Syria and Palestine, and Queen Thiy, if she was of Syrian extraction, as seems likely, must have dreamed of an Egyptian empire bound by the ties of a common religion. The god Amen in Egypt had been associated with Ra, and was at this time generally called by the double name, Amen-Ra; and in bringing his qualities as a sun-god into greater prominence, Queen Thiy and King Amenhotep showed at first no enmity toward Amen, but only a desire to suppress as much as possible that part of the dual god which did not appeal to the peoples of the empire outside of Egypt.

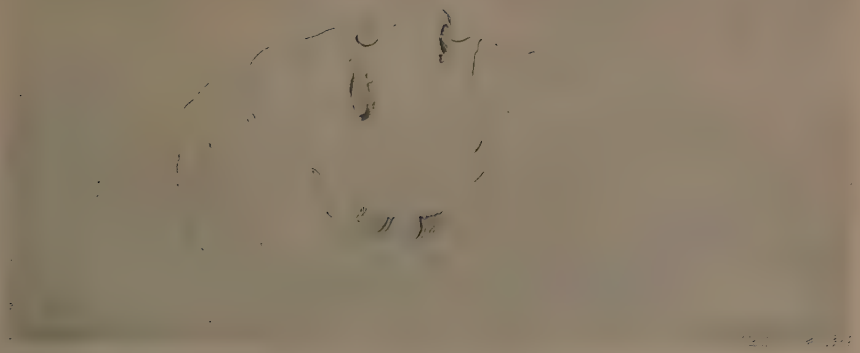
In Amenhotep one may see the lazy, speculative Oriental, too opinionated and too vain to bear with the stiff routine of his fathers, and yet too lacking in energy to formulate a new religion. On the other hand, there is every reason to suppose that Queen Thiy possessed the ability to impress the claims of Aton upon her husband's mind, and gradually to turn his thoughts and those of the court away from the somber worship of Amen, "the Unknown God," into the direction of the brilliant cult of the sun. Those who have traveled in Egypt will realize how completely Egypt is dominated by the sun. The blue skies, the shining rocks, the golden desert, the verdant trees, all seem to cry out for joy of the sunshine. The extraordinary energy which one may feel in Egypt at sunrise, and the deep depression which sometimes accompanies the black nightfall, must have been felt by Thiy also in her palace at Thebes.

Shortly before Amenhotep made the great pleasure-lake for Queen Thiy, he had married, for state reasons, the Princess Gilukhipa, daughter of the king of Mitanni; but this does not seem to have affected Thiy's position in the least, and she remained the first lady of the land until her death. There is so much to indicate that the king's devotion to her lasted throughout his reign that one is inclined to regard all the radical changes which took place in Egypt during his lifetime as largely due to her influence.

The changes in the style of portraying the human figure at this time were surprising. The conventional lines which had been developed by the artists of nearly two thousand years before had, up till now, been regarded as the only ones admissible; but under Queen Thiy these lines were considerably modified, and a greater attempt at naturalness was effected. One of the first-known specimens of the new art is a scene in which a certain Autha, who very significantly calls himself the superintendent of the artists of Queen Thiy, is shown in the act of painting a statuette of Princess Baktaton. He himself, his assistants, and the statuette, are all drawn in fairly natural poses, and with lines which would not have been admitted a few years before. The subjects selected by the artists are more festive and happier in tone than those of earlier times, and reflect more closely the gay temperament of the nation.

In this merry court, rebelling against the old religion, and groping for some more tangible, more happy philosophy, Queen Thiy gave birth to her son and heir, Amenhotep IV, afterward known as Akhnaton. For the first years of his life he was, no doubt, much under the influence of Yuaa, and his earliest ideas of religion may have been derived from his grandfather's lips. Before the child had lived for many years, however, Yuaa and Thuaa died, and were buried in a fine sepulcher in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. This tomb, as has been said, was discovered by Mr. Davis in 1905, and the exquisite furniture[1] which had been buried with the bodies gives one an idea of the luxury of the period.

[1] Reproduced pictorially in The CENTURY for November, 1905.

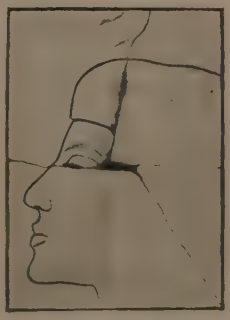


Drawn by Joseph Lindon Smith

HEAD OF THE MUMMY OF YUAA, THE FATHER OF QUEEN THIY

Many of the objects bear the names of Amenhotep III and Thiy, and seem to have been their contributions to the funeral equipment. Curious serio-comic dancing figures and other grotesque carvings, found in this tomb, contrast strangely with the stiffer decorations of earlier times, and one sees again the trend of thought in the gay, flower-decked palace at Thebes.

As the years passed, the power and influence of Queen Thiy increased. Never before had a queen been so freely represented on all the king's monuments, nor had so fine a series of titles been given before to the wife of a Pharaoh. During the whole reign of Amenhotep III, which lasted until both he and Thiy were well over fifty years of age, the queen continued to hold the most unusual degree of honor and power. At Sedeinga, far up in the Sudan, her husband erected a temple for her, and in distant Sinai a beautiful portrait head of her was found. All visitors to Thebes must have seen her figures by the side of the legs of the two great colossi at the edge of the western desert. Of Gilukhipa, however, who was a princess by birth, one hears almost nothing at all: Queen Thiy relegated her to the background almost before the marriage ceremony was over.



From a relief found at Tell El Amarna by Professor Petrie

HEAD OF QUEEN THIY

By the time that Amenhotep had reigned for thirty years or so, he had ceased to give much attention to state affairs, and the power had almost entirely passed into the hands of Thiy and her son, who now must have been some twenty years of age. Already between them they had brought Aton into the foreground, had modified the art, and had developed a tone of thought which can hardly be considered as purely Egyptian. The court was now more brilliant than ever, and Queen Thiy, with her beautiful face, presided over scenes of festivity of indescribable splendor. Thoughtful persons, however, were beginning to look askance at the sallow, ascetic young man who soon would be their Pharaoh; for already he had formulated a philosophy of joy and happiness which, in its intensity, had made him contemplative and almost joyless in manner. The death of Amenhotep III would, it was felt, give the youth the opportunity of forcing this philosophy upon the court, and no one could yet say whether it would increase or quell the gaieties then in vogue.

A year or so later the death of the king occurred, and he was carried to his tomb in a lonely valley which leads off that valley where lay his ancestors and his parents-in-law, and where Thiy's

tomb was already being prepared. Amenhotep IV was immediately proclaimed king; and although still a young man, the influence of his mother and the whole tendency of the court had aged him considerably, so that he was at once capable of acting for himself. He was not a strong man physically, and the lines of his emaciated face show plainly his ascetic nature.

There were three ideas which had impressed themselves upon his youthful mind, and which most Egyptologists believe him to have derived from his mother. First, the vanities and the conventionalities of the age had imbued him with an intense desire for truth in all things; secondly, the pedantic philosophy of the Amen priesthood had sickened him of the unnecessary solemnities of life, and had set him hunting for real joy; and thirdly, the teaching perhaps of his mother had led him to the belief that the sun was the only true God and creator. Truth, happiness, and sunshine were thus the keynotes of his philosophy and his religion; and these ideas he now began to promulgate with the greatest energy.

At first he showed no great hostility to Amen, but contented himself by building temples in honor of Aton in the vicinity of the Amen temples. Thebes he now called the "City of the Brightness of Aton." After a few years, however, he found his position so continuously assailed by the influences of the former régime that he decided to retire from Thebes and to build a new capital at the modern Tell el Amarna, in middle Egypt. It seems that Queen Thiy was again the instigator of this movement, for her name appears alone in an inscription in one of the quarries from which stone was taken to build the new city, as though the work were carried out under her orders. Her own affections, however, were all for her beautiful palace at the foot of the Theban hills in the depths of which her father, mother, and husband lay buried; and it is probable that she still continued to live there.

The royal family now definitely broke with the priesthood of Amen, and the king, taking up the quarrel with energy, renounced his name Amenhotep, and called himself Akhnaton, "The Glory of Aton." Before long he issued orders that the name of Amen should be erased from every stone or document where it occurred; and visitors to Egypt at the present day may find the persecuted name hacked out of every monument which then existed.

It would be impossible here to give more than the faintest idea of the new religion. While Queen Thiy probably held the people loyal at Thebes, Akhnaton created his new city, and filled it with all the luxuries then known. The buildings were so beautiful, as they sparkled in the sunlight, that one of the nobles of the time speaks of the city as being "like a glimpse of heaven."

Before the king had reigned more than six or eight years, he had given up every thought except that of his new creed, and it seems almost certain that he made a vow never again to pass out of his new domain. The city was surrounded by several great landmarks, and in the inscription on each of these he says, "I shall not pass beyond this mark for ever and ever." In his beautiful palace, more charmingly decorated even than that at Thebes, he himself taught the priests their hymns of praise to the sun, whose rays were believed to be the actual source of all life; he himself showed the artists in what manner to portray the human figure, caring no whit for its beautification, but only demanding that the lines should be true to nature; he himself explained to the nobles that in decorating their tombs with scenes from life, they should select those which would best convey a sense of happiness. His love of truth led him to order his artists to depict their Pharaoh not as a sublime god, but as the lean, unhealthy man that he was; not sitting rigidly upon his celestial throne, but playing with his children in his palace or languidly leaning upon his staff. In the reliefs on the walls of the tombs one sees young sheep represented as skipping for joy, and cocks flapping their wings and crowing to the sunrise. In the hymns which he himself composed he constantly speaks of the happiness of all creation. "The birds flutter in the marshes," he writes; "all the sheep dance upon their feet. The ships sail up-stream and down-stream. The fish in the river leap up before thee, O sun, and thy rays are in the midst of the great sea." In a land so

sober as Egypt and so conventional, one is amazed at the freedom and the originality of the new régime.

Queen Thiy many times visited Tell el Amarna, and in one case a record has been left of her inspection of a building erected in her honor. But she was now past middle age, and while Akhnaton was still at the height of his originality she died. Akhnaton showed his devotion to her by presenting the furniture for the tomb, and in the inscription on the outer coffin one reads that "he made it for his beloved mother."

From a photograph

GOLD NECKLACE FOUND IN THE TOMB OF QUEEN THIY

The tomb, which is situated on the east side of the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, was entered by a steep flight of steps leading down to a broad, sloping passage, at the end of which was the fine burial chamber. On passing into this chamber, a great box-like shrine, or outer coffin, was to be found, occupying the greater part of the room. The door to the shrine was in two panels, and was made of costly cedar of Lebanon, covered with gold. Scenes were embossed on it, showing the queen standing under the rays of the sun. The shrine was also made of cedar, covered with gold; and on all sides were scenes of Aton-worship. Here Akhnaton was shown with Thiy, and the life-giving rays of the sun streamed around their naturally drawn figures. Inside this outer box stood the coffin, an exquisite combination of gold inlaid with lapis lazuli, carnelian, and other costly materials. An inscription giving the name of Akhnaton, "the beautiful boy of Aton," ran down the front of the coffin, each hieroglyph being composed of inlaid stones set in gold. The usual funeral furniture stood at the sides of the room: gaily colored boxes, alabaster vases, faience toilet-pots, statuettes, etc. When the great queen had been embalmed, she was carried from her palace up the winding valley to the tomb, and the mummy, wrapped in crackling sheets of gold, was laid in the coffin. The golden doors were closed and bolted; the outer doorways were walled up; and an avalanche of stones, let down from the chippings heaped near by, obliterated all traces of the entrance. Akhnaton had

From a photograph

VULTURE DIADEM OF GOLD FOUND ON THE HEAD OF THE MUMMY OF QUEEN THIY

paid the last tribute to the originator of the schemes which he had carried into effect, and his last link with Thebes was now severed. He seems to have lived a very pope in the Vatican, while his neglected empire tottered outside.

There are few historical records so utterly pathetic as the letters sent to Akhnaton from the outposts of his dominion. The Asiatic nations, taking advantage of the Pharaoh's absorption in his religion and his hatred of war, wrested one city after another from his helpless allies. Time after time the forsaken generals wrote to him, asking for help; but the messenger, travel-stained and weary, heard only the rolling psalms of praise to the sun issuing from the cities, instead of the bugle-calls of the troops they so desperately needed. The commander of the great fortress-city of Tunip wrote to the Pharaoh a letter in which he says: "Tunip, thy city, weeps, and her tears are flowing, and there is no help for us. For twenty years we have been sending to our lord the King, the King of Egypt, but there has not come to us a word; no, not one." The commander at Jerusalem writes: "Let the King take care of his land, and let him send troops. For if no troops come in this year, the whole territory of my lord the King will perish."

From a photograph

CANOPIC HEAD FOUND IN THE TOMB
OF QUEEN THIY

But no army was despatched. Akhnaton, shut up in his sacred city, preached his doctrine of joy, and at the same time adopted more and more the life of an ascetic. Egypt was paying dearly indeed for her religion of happiness, and that romance which brought Amenhotep III and Thiy together had led to more stupendous results than ever the boy and girl could have dreamed. One feels that in Akhnaton all the force of Yuaa's character, and all the effeminacy of Amenhotep's nature, had combined for the overthrowal of Egypt; and when, after a reign of seventeen years, he died, it is with a feeling of relief that the revival of Amen-worship is seen, and the court is found returning to Thebes.

The desertion of Akhnaton's sacred city followed rapidly, and a very few years after his death the Theban priests and officials began to speak of him as "that criminal," and obliterated his name both from the inscriptions and from their memories. Some of these persons went up to the Valley of the Tombs and excavated the sepulcher of Queen Thiy. They threw down the walls of stone, wrenched the golden doors off their hinges, and entering the shrine, lifted out the inner coffin and mummy, and placed it on one

side. They then hacked out the name of Akhnaton in the inscriptions, and destroyed his figure in the scenes. Queen Thiy's figure and name, however, they left untouched, for her influence in the revolution had never been publicly recognized; but, nevertheless, they had such lack of love for her memory that they did not scruple to strip the tomb of some of its furniture. One panel of the gold-covered door and one side of the outer coffin they dragged out of the tomb and up the passage; but near the entrance they abandoned their work, and left these two pieces lying across the ruins of the wall which had blocked the mouth. They then carefully walled up the doorway again, out of some tardy feelings of respect for the dead, and hid the steps and mouth of the tomb with stones.

The empire which Queen Thiy's influence had helped to ruin continued to dwindle for years; but, although it never regained what it had lost, it was pulled together again under the vigorous policy of the first kings of the Ramesside family. A tomb of one of the later Ramessides was constructed near that of Queen Thiy, and the chippings from its excavation were thrown over the mouth of the latter, and thus further hid it from view. When Mr. Davis's systematic clearance of the valley had laid the place bare, it was found in the same condition as that in which it had been left by the post-Akhnaton officials. The front entrance was walled up, and the passage beyond was blocked by the gold-covered woodwork lying on the rubbish, not more than two feet from the roof. At some time or other the water from a great rain-storm had soaked through into the tomb, and the wood was in a very rotten condition. It was, therefore, necessary to bridge it with stout planks, and over these the excavators crawled, their backs scraping the roof as they did so. The excitement of entering a newly opened tomb is naturally considerable; but when the first inscriptions to be seen revealed the fact that

From a photograph

THE HUMAN SHAPED MUMMY COFFIN OF QUEEN THIY AS IT WAS FOUND

The wig is of wood; the face is of gold; the body is of gold inlaid with lapis lazuli, carnelian, and glass. Near the left side of the coffin are sheets of gold. Beyond the head of the coffin small toilet utensils may be seen in the rubbish.

MOUTH OF THE TOMB OF QUEEN THIY, GUARDED BY EGYPTIAN POLICEMAN

the tomb of Queen Thiy, which had been so long sought for, had been found, a glamour was added to the moment which will not easily be forgotten by any of the party. Inside the tomb chamber the gold-covered coffin and outer coffin, gleaming in the light of the electric lamps, formed a sight of surprising richness; and the present writer, who had the good fortune to assist at the opening of the tomb of Yuaa and Thuaa and of other great tombs discovered in recent years, cannot recall a more impressive sight than this. The mummy of the queen protruded from beneath the lid of the beautiful coffin, which was made in human form. A vulture-headed diadem of gold could just be seen passing around her head, and one could see here and there the shining sheets of gold in which the body was wrapped. There must have been thousands of dollars worth of gold-foil and leaf in the chamber, and the post-Akhnaton officials seem to have carried away many of the portable gold ornaments, probably amounting to many times that value. In a recess cut in the wall of the chamber stood four fine canopic vases of alabastrum, containing the queen's heart and intestines; and in one corner of the room there were several charming little pots and toilet utensils of blue glazed ware. One of these, in the form of a graceful girl carrying a pot upon her shoulder, is perhaps the most perfect specimen of miniature figure-molding known in Egypt. Broken alabaster vases and dishes lay about, amidst the debris from the fallen entrance-wall, or half-hidden under the fragments of fallen plaster from the ceiling.

The air in the room at first was bad, and the heat great; and the lack of oxygen made the chamber by no means a pleasant place for those who had to work there at once in order to copy the inscriptions, and to paint, photograph, and list the objects. After the tomb had been opened for a few hours, the air, of course, became very much better; but its bad effects on the antiquities was at once discernible. Even before the first quick record had been finished, some of the scenes on the gold showed signs of dropping to pieces.

Mr. Joseph Lindon Smith was soon at work painting some of these scenes, and within a few hours the most expert photographer obtainable in Egypt was on the spot. Washes of varnish, etc., were applied in order to hold the gold together; but one had to proceed with the utmost caution in everything which was done. In order that the work might be carried on slowly without the fear of robbery to hasten it, an iron door was affixed to the entrance which could be securely padlocked, and some policemen were stationed over the tomb; while the writer, Mr. Ayrton, Mr. Smith, and others, slept at night at its mouth. It was not until January 25 that the lid of the coffin could be moved and the mummy seen.

The body was dreadfully broken, and the face had entirely fallen in. Only the forehead and the lower jaw, with its full complement of well-shaped teeth, remained. Around the skull still lay the magnificent gold coronet, in the form of a vulture with spread wings, the body of the vulture resting on the front of the head, and the tips of the wings meeting at the back. Around the neck there was a necklace of gold and stone ornaments, but this was somewhat broken. Evidently it had been of secondary importance, for there were fragments of far finer and more elaborate jewels lying near the body. One pendant picked up in the rubbish bore the numeral 17, as though it had formed the seventeenth piece of a great necklace. On the much-broken wrists were gold bracelets, but these were not of very good workmanship. It is to be hoped that most of the antiquities will be able to travel to Cairo, though their fragile condition makes it difficult to deal with them. Probably much of the rotten woodwork, and even some of the fine reliefs on the gold-leaf, will have to be left in the tomb, which will be closed with Portland cement. It is very satisfactory to know, however, that Mr. Davis is preparing a complete publication of the discovery, in which any objects which fall to pieces will have been amply recorded as they were first seen.

The reader will have realized from the above sketch of the queen's life how important a position she holds in Egyptian history, and if some idea has been given of the interest felt by the excavators as they found themselves descending into her tomb, and as they viewed the remains of her glory, the writer's object will have been accomplished.

THE PALACE OF AMENHOTEP III, HUSBAND OF QUEEN THIY

BY ROBB DE PEYSTER TYTUS

[Even before Mr. Theodore M. Davis took up his important excavation work in Egypt, another American, Mr. Robb de P. Tytus, had been engaged in interesting work of a like nature on the palace of Amenhotep III, at Thebes. As a supplement to Mr. Weigall's account of Mr. Davis's work, one phase of Mr. Tytus's will be of interest here.—The Editor.]

As the site for his palace, Amenhotep chose the edge of the desert to the west of the city. The position was an ideal one. To the west the pure desert stretched away, the abode of the wild life in the hunting of which his soul rejoiced; to the north rose his great temple, towering above the intervening palms and acacias; while to the east a cooling lake supplied water for fragrant gardens and formed an immediate foreground to the great temples and buildings of eastern Thebes seen dimly across the green levels of the luxuriant plain.

The complete dimensions of the palace are still undetermined, but the main enclosure was at least a quarter of a mile in length, with a width of half that. The walls of sun-dried bricks were of sufficient thickness (from three to four feet) to keep the interior cool, while rivulets of Nile water, flowing from tank to tank, where grew lotus and other blossoms, kept the air fresh and fragrant. The exterior wall, frescoed in dun coloring, was pierced by a large gateway, through which the chariots drove into the spacious courtyard, from which another gate led to the offices and stables placed at some distance behind the palace. From this court a broad passage, flanked by guard-rooms where the household troops lolled, extended to the first or principal apartment of state. To the right were places for the scribes; to the left, waiting-rooms for those seeking audience, fragrant with flowers and tinkling waters. Through more passages and many rooms one came to the great banqueting-hall, a description of which might perhaps give an appreciation of the whole pile.

Picture a room one hundred and thirty feet long, by forty wide, where painted and carved columns supported the roof and gave an exaggerated measure to the perspective. On the floor a pictured lake of lotus lilies lapped the placements of the pillars, and adorning the walls a dado of plants sprang upward, framing hunting scenes in the desert or the presentment of some "familiar" deity. Higher, pendent lotus-petals, intertwined with the gorgeous persea fruit, were painted, and led the eye upward to the ceiling, picked out in blazingly pure coloring only half-seen in the semi-darkness cloaking the cornice.

Down a long vista might be seen the throne of the king, glinting dully with solid gold, while gorgeous carpets formed spots of color here and there on the cool pavement, while, dominating all, blazoned in lapis lazuli, the great vultures held the names of the king under their wings. To the right and left opened the bath-rooms, eight in number, and beyond these the dressing-rooms; while still farther in the side recesses lay the sleeping apartments.

The baths may have been used either before or after the banquet, but probably at both times.

Although in Crete a contemporaneous bathing pool has been excavated, so far as the writer is aware, these baths of Thebes are the oldest (*circa* 1400 B.C.) individual tubs as yet discovered.

All were virtually alike. The rooms were roughly twenty-six feet long and thirteen wide, with walls beautifully decorated. The ceiling, ornate with intricate designs of vivid coloring, was supported by two columns of painted wood resting on sandstone bases, while the concrete floor, covered with rugs or matting, stopped abruptly six feet from one end of the apartment. At this point a cross partition of sandstone about two feet high was run, beyond which was the tub proper, the partition forming one side and the walls of the room the other three. The bottom of the compartment so formed was of pure white sandstone, upon which the bather stood while a slave sluiced water over him from a porous jar, which, like the present-day *goollah,* kept the water cool and refreshing. From this floor the waste water ran through a cement duct, or pipe, to a sandstone tank three by two by one and one half feet, sunk in one corner of the room.

In the only tub found *in situ* in its entirety, the bottom was of two levels, from the lower of which, sunk some five inches, ran the cement pipe to the drainage tank. The position of the doorways was in all cases the same. The opening from the dining-hall being at the end farthest from the bath, while the one into the dressing-room was placed in the center of the opposing wall. Through the latter one passed to the dressing-room, a large apartment,—in one case twenty-six feet square,—where a reclining-chair placed on a dais received the bather.

Here slaves waited to anoint and massage the refreshed body, while exquisite frescoes of flying birds, rising from lotus or papyrus blossoms, lured the eyes upward to the cool air blowing through the wet hangings of sweet-smelling grasses which formed the sides of the clearstory, or skylight, above.

The sleeping apartments beyond were much more simple in decoration, as befitted places of repose, and were, as far as at present ascertainable, lighted by artificial means only.

WHITMAN IN OLD AGE

FROM HORACE TRAUBEL'S RECORD

FOLLOWING are further extracts from Mr. Traubel's daily record of conversations with Walt Whitman in his old age, in Camden, N. J., the first instalment of which was published in THE CENTURY for November, 1905.—THE EDITOR.

July 20, 1888.

AS to criticisms of his style Walt said: "I care little for a man's means so the end comes around in its time. You might tell your friend Morris, the point is, not to prove your possession of a style, but to move the people along the line of their nobler impulses. The style will readily enough accommodate itself.

"Napoleon did n't study rules first: he first of all studied his task. And there was Lincoln, too; see how he went his own lonely road, disregarding all the usual ways,—refusing the guides, accepting no warnings; just keeping his appointment with himself every time. I can hear the advisers saying scornful things to him. They offered him ready-made methods. But Lincoln would only retort: 'I want that battle fought—I want that battle won: I don't care how or when; but fought and won!' . . ."

July 22, 1888.—Walt talked about the War itself: "As the period of the War recedes I am more than ever convinced that it is important for those of us who were on the scene to put our experiences on record." W. said the Harlan piece sent to the printer the other day was his "first public expression in that matter," adding: "And even that I put forth, not because it has any personal significance, but for its bearing on the events of its day—as one evidence of the curious things thrown to the surface in an era of major disturbance. There is infinite treasure—oh! inestimable riches—in that mine. And the secret of it all is, to write in the gush, the throb, the flood, of the moment—to put things down without deliberation—without worrying about their style—without waiting for a fit time or place. I always worked that way. I took the first scrap of paper, the first doorstep, the first desk, and wrote, wrote, wrote. No prepared picture, no elaborated poem, no after-narrative, could be what the thing itself is. You want to catch its first spirit—to tally its birth. By writing at the instant the very heart-beat of life is caught. My place in Washington was a peculiar one—my reasons for being there, my doing there what I did do. I do not think I quite had my match. People went there for all sorts of reasons, none of which were my reasons: went to convert, to proselyte, to observe, to do good, to sentimentalize, from a sense of duty, from philanthropic motives: women, preachers, emotionalists, gushing girls: and I honor them all—all: knew them, hundreds of them, well, and in many cases came to love them. But no one—at least no one that I met—went just from my own reasons—from a profound conviction of necessity, affinity—coming into closest relations—relations, oh! so close and dear!—with the whole strange welter of life gathered to that mad focus. I could not expect to do more for my own part at this late day than collect a little of the driftwood of that epoch and pass it down to the future."—W. full of fervent reminiscences, still kept on: "Life is seen more richly in Washington than at any other one point on this continent, taking it all in all—except, perhaps, if we include the great Southern bar-rooms: for instance,

those in New Orleans—the acre-large bar-rooms—in which come all classes, for talk, discussion: and the listeners, too, silent, inarticulate. I have known men in such places to be speaking to a group of a hundred and more people, spontaneously gathered together—several groups like that—no one group interrupted by any other group. Some of this life was mad, wild, hellish, to contemplate—to diagnose."

W. said: "That reference [by Ernest Rhys] to the Millet pictures made me homesick. I, too, have seen those pictures—seen them in that same place [in the house of Mr. Quincy Shaw]. Millet excites all the religion in me—excites me to a greater self-respect. I could not stand before a Millet picture with my hat on."

Wednesday, July 25, 1888.—"Hicks [Elias] was a greater hero than any man Carlyle celebrated in his book. But it does not surprise me that nobody has written him up: he was not sensational—he was too commonplace—too much like the rest of the people in his bravery to be taken for an official hero. I would have had a lot to say about his democracy. There were features in his mysticism with which I had little sympathy, but the purport of his message had my entire approval. Hicks was in the last degree a simple character—carried no aureole or shrine about with him—liked to be taken for one of the crowd. He kept a house over his head and a little money in bank. He was not irresponsible—he did not default in his obligations: he lived the plainest life and he paid his bills."

July 25, 1888.—"If you take a pinch of the best Irish salt you get the best salt of the earth,"—said W., again referring to O'Connor and O'Reilly. Then he talked of his paralysis and the blood poisoning that led up to it. "The surgeons there in the hospitals got on to my trouble before I did myself. I seem to be remarkably constituted in one way—for being slow to affect things or be affected. I would never take a disease in a hurry—never make a convert in a hurry—and so on, so on. The trouble at Washington was the culmination of an unusual sympathetic and emotional expenditure of vital energy during those years '63–4–5: partly this and perhaps directly from the singular humor of a New York lad there in the hospitals who demanded to have me—would accept no one but me—to see him through his trouble—a whim quite frequently encountered in sick people. I attended to him—bound his wounds—did everything possible for him. He was an extreme case—an awful case—dangerous at any time as a charge. The effect upon me was slow, though one of the surgeons there finally called my attention to my own peril. He said that what would have made itself manifest in most others at once took a long time to appear in me. Even now, when they give me medicine which in other men acts in an hour or two, it sometimes takes a day or two for that medicine to take effect."

July 26, 1888.—Giving me an old Burroughs letter he said: "That is like a visit to John: it is just as if I took a trip with him into the woods. I can taste his fruit—I can hear the birds sing. It is an old letter—it has been about this room now many a year. John was fresh at Esopus then: he had a tussle there at first—but he has won out: he is a master vine-dresser these days: and all the time his grip on himself has grown firmer—his intuitions have grown cuter. John is a wood wizard: things come out of their holes—present themselves—ask for orders—when John goes into the woods." W. had written on this letter: "ans. May 21."

Esopus, N. Y., May 17, '74.

DEAR WALT: I rec'd a magazine (the Galaxy) from you yesterday, which I have been peeping in a little to-day, but the day has been so beautiful and the charm of the open air so great that I could not long keep my eyes on the printed page. The season is at last fairly in for it, and the fruit trees are all getting in bloom. My bees are working like beavers and there is a stream of golden thighs pouring into the hive all the time. I can do almost anything with them and they won't sting me. Yesterday I turned a hive up and pruned it, that is cut out a lot of old dirty comb; the little fellows were badly frightened and came pouring out in great consternation, but did not offer to sting me. I am going to transfer a swarm in a day or two to a new style of hive. I spend all my time at work about the place and like it much. I run over to M. to look after bank matters for a day or two then back here.

The house is being plastered and will be finished during the summer. The wrens and robins and phoebe birds have already taken possession of various nooks of it, and if they are allowed to go on with their building I must stop mine. During that snowstorm the last of April the hermit thrush took refuge in it. We are surrounded with birds here and they are a great comfort and delight to me.

Your room is ready for you and your breakfast plate warmed. When will you come? I know the change will do you good and your presence would certainly do us good. We are counting on your coming; do not disappoint us. I will meet you in New York if you will tell me when. Let us hear from you soon. Ursula sends love.

As ever,

John Burroughs.

W. said further about J. B.: "Did you stop to take a second look at that line in the letter, 'a stream of golden thighs pouring into the hive'? John's power is in his simplicity. He writes well because he does not try to write." "Do you mean that a man should not be deliberate? Your writing is deliberate enough." He replied: "I may say it this way—that we should try to secure expression but that we should not try to make an impression." "But don't expression make an impression?" "I see I have not said the thing very well myself. Let me say it another way. We make one sort of impression by sincerity and another sort of impression by trickery. I mean that we should not try to make an impression by trickery." Seeing I was satisfied he went on about Burroughs: "John never bowls you over with any vivid passion of speech—it is not in him to do it—but he calms and soothes you—takes you out into the open where things are in an amiable mood. John might get real mad—his kettle boil over—but his language would remain conciliatory. William O'Connor under the same excitation would blow fiercely and leave his mark on the landscape." "But don't both ways lead to clear weather?" He laughed. "Yes, they do, and I was about to say so, but you took it out of my mouth. Why do you take all the good things out of my mouth?"

Saturday, July 28, 1888.—This is the Margaret S. Curtis letter W. gave me yesterday.

Washington, Armory Sq hospital,
Sunday Evening Oct. 4

DEAR MADAM: Your letter reached me this afternoon with the $30 for my dear boys, for very dear they have become to me, wounded and sick here in the government hospitals.—As it happens I find myself rapidly making acknowledgement of your welcome letter and contribution from the midst of those it was sent to aid—and best by a sample of actual hospital life on the spot, and of my own goings around the last two or three hours—As I write I sit in a large pretty well-filled ward by the cot of a lad of 18 belonging to Company M 2d N Y cavalry, wounded three weeks ago to-day at Culpeper—hit by fragment of a shell in the leg below the knee—a large part of the calf of the leg is torn away, (it killed his horse)—still no bones broken, but a pretty large ugly wound—I have been writing to his mother at Comac, Suffolk Co. N Y. She must have a letter just as if from him, about every three days—it pleases the boy very much—he has four married sisters—them also I have to write to occasionally—Although so young he has been in many fights and tells me shrewdly about them, but only when I ask him. He is a cheerful good-natured child—has to lie in bed constantly his leg in a box—I bring him things—he says little or nothing in the way of thanks—is a country boy—always smiles and brightens much when I appear—looks straight in my face and never at what I may have in my hand for him—I mention him for a specimen as he is within reach of my hand and I can see his eyes have been steadily fixed on me from his cot ever since I began to write this letter. This youngster is no special favorite—only a needful case—it will not do at all to show partiality here—there are some twenty-five or thirty wards, barracks, tents, &c in this hospital—This is ward C, has beds for sixty patients—they are mostly full—most of the other principal wards about the same—so you see a U S general hospital here is quite an establishment—this has a regular police, armed sentries at the gates and in the passages &c,—and a great staff of surgeons, cadets, women and men nurses &c &c. I come here pretty regularly because this hospital receives I think the worst cases and is one of the least visited—there is not much hospital visiting here now—it has become an old story—the principal here, Dr. Bliss, is a very fine operating surgeon—sometimes he performs several amputations or other operations of importance in a day—amputations, blood, death are nothing to him—you will see a group absorbed in playing cards up at the other end of the room.

I visit the sick every day or evening—sometimes I stay far in the night, on special occasions. I believe I have not missed more

than two days in the past six months. It is quite an art to visit the hospitals to advantage. The amount of sickness, and the number of poor, wounded, dying young men is appalling. One often feels lost, despondent, his labors not even a drop in the bucket—the wretched little he can do in proportion.

I believe I mentioned in my letter to Dr. Russell that I try to distribute something, even if but the merest trifle, all round, without missing any, when I visit a ward, going around rather rapidly—and then devoting myself more at leisure to the cases that need special attention. One who is experienced may find in almost any ward at any time one or two patients or more who are at that time trembling in the balance, the crisis of the wound, recovery uncertain, yet death also uncertain. I will confess to you madam that I think I have an instinct and faculty for these cases. Poor young men, how many have I seen and known—how pitiful it is to see them,—one must be calm and cheerful, and not let on how their case really is, must stop much with them, find out their idiosyncrasies—do anything for them—nourish them—judiciously give them the right things to drink,—bringing in the affections, sooth them, brace them up, kiss them, discard all ceremony, and fight for them, as it were with all weapons. I need not tell your womanly soul that such work blesses him that works as much as the object of it. I have never been happier than in some of these hospital ministering hours.

It is now between 8 and 9 evening—the atmosphere is rather solemn here to-night—there are some very sick men here—the scene is a curious one—the ward is perhaps 120 or 30 feet long—the cots each have their white mosquito curtains—all is quite still—an occasional sigh or groan—up in the middle of the ward the lady nurse sits at a little table with a shaded lamp, reading—the walls, roof &c are all whitewashed—the light up and down the ward from a few gas-burners about half turned down—It is Sunday evening—to-day I have been in the hospital, one part or another, since three o'clock—to a few of the men, pretty sick or just convalescing and with delicate stomachs or perhaps badly wounded arms, I have fed their suppers—partly peaches peeled, and cut up with powdered sugar, very cool and refreshing,—they like to have me sit by them and peel them, cut them in a glass, and sprinkle on the sugar—(all these little items may-be may interest you)

I have given three of the men this afternoon, small sums of money—I provide myself with a lot of bright new 10 ct and 5 ct bills, and when I give little sums of change I give the bright new bills. Every little thing even must be taken advantage of—to give bright fresh 10 ct bills instead of any other helps break the dullness of hospital life.

I said to W.: "What you said the other day about Burroughs I think also applies to you. This letter is alive all through—every word of it. It carries me back with you into that old experience. I think I can see you there writing in the hospital and see that boy looking as you and smell the medicines." W. broke in: "Good for you if you can do all that: good enough for me! My main motive would be to say things: not to say them prettily—not to stun the reader with surprises—with fancy turns of speech—with unusual, unaccustomed words—but to say them—to shoot my gun without a flourish and reach the mark if I can. The days in the hospitals were too serious for that."

August 1, 1888.—"I can see where John's [Burroughs] charm should be for a young fellow of your years and tastes: he is a big man just calculated to do a peculiar work. He is a child of the woods, fields, hills—native to them in a rare sense (in a sense almost of miracle). My own favorite loafing places have always been the rivers, the wharves, the boats—I like sailors, stevedores. I have never lived away from a big river."

Took up Brinton's suggestion that W.'s philosophy "lacks in definiteness." "Well, it is true, I guess—indeed, true without the shadow of a doubt: the more I turn it over the more convinced am I. Of all things, I imagine I am most lacking in what is called definiteness, in so far as that applies to special theories of life and death. As I grow older I am more firmly than ever fixed in my belief that all things tend to good, that no bad is forever bad, that the universe has its own ends to subserve and will subserve them well. Beyond that, when it comes to launching out into mathematics—tying philosophy to the multiplication table—I am lost—lost utterly. Let them all whack away—I am satisfied: if they can explain, let them explain: if they can explain they can do more than I can do. I am not Anarchist, not Methodist, not anything you can name. Yet I see why all the ists and isms and haters and dog-

matists exist—can see why they must exist and why I must include all."

Referring to the Enchiridion sent W. by Rolleston: "Epictetus is the one of all my old cronies who has lasted to this day without cutting a diminished figure in my perspective. He belongs with the best—the best of great teachers—is a universe in himself. He sets me free in a flood of light—of life, of vista. Even the preface of that little book is good—Rolleston's little book." Was Epictetus a youthful favorite? "Yes, quite so—I think even at sixteen. I do not remember when I first read the book. It was far, far back. I first discovered my book-self in the second-hand book-stores of Brooklyn and New York: I was familiar with them all—searched them through and through. One day or other I found an Epictetus—I know it was at that period: found an Epictetus. It was like being born again."

His Epictetus has been all underscored with purple pencilings. He has inscribed it: "Walt Whitman (sent me by my friend the translator T. W. H. Rolleston, from Dresden, Saxony) 1881."

August 3, 1885.—". . . You will like what John says about 'style'; it is very deep—oh! very deep: I guess nothing goes below it: it is the last foundation on the last foundation."

West Park, N. Y., Dec. 31st, 1885.

DEAR WALT: A happy new year to you, and many returns of the same. I was right glad to get your letter and to know your eyes were so much better. I feel certain that if you eat little or no meat, you will be greatly the gainer. It will not do to take in sail in one's activities &c unless he takes in sail in his food also.

We are all pretty well here this winter so far. I have just sent off the copy for my new vol: I think I shall stick to Signs and Seasons for the title, as this covers all the articles.

[W. S.] Kennedy sent me his article on The Poet as Craftsman. I liked it pretty well; what he has to say about you is excellent. He wanted my opinion about the argument of the essay, so I told him that I never felt like quarreling with a real poet about his form; let him take the form he can use best; any form is good if it holds good poetry and any form is bad if it holds bad poetry. I would not have Tennyson or Longfellow or Burns use other forms than they do. If a man excels in prose he is pretty sure to use good prose. Coleridge is greater in prose than in poetry. Poe is greater in poetry than in prose. Carlyle tried the poetic form and gave it up.

I hope you will keep well and that I will see you before long. How much I wish you was here to eat a New Year's dinner with us. I wrote to Herbert Gilchrist the other day. These must be dark days for him and Grace. To me a black shadow seems to have settled on all England since I read of the death of Mrs. Gilchrist. . . .

With much love

John Burroughs.

Saturday, August 4, 1888.—In the progress of W.'s disease this has been one of his worst days. Till three o'clock—all through the morning and the hours of the early afternoon—he "felt utterly exhausted—sick in head and body—with everything promising another spell except the spell itself." To-night complains of being "melted and weak, though better. . . ." Went on: "I have been incessantly thinking of that fearful, frightful tragedy in New York—that terrible fire in the tenements last night. I often wonder how the people in those foul rookeries manage to exist anyhow in such weather. I have often been accused of turning a deaf ear to that side of life—of being too unconcerned—of treating it as if it was not. Lately, as I have sat here thinking, it has come upon me that there must be some truth in the charge—that I should have studied that stratum of life more directly—seen what it signifies, what it starts from, what it means as a part of the social fabric. I have seen a lot of the rich-poor—of the people who have plenty yet have little—of the miseries of the well-to-do, who are supposed to be exempt from creature troubles. One of the painful facts in connection with this human misery—a fact insisted upon by the men who know most and who know what to do with their knowledge—is that the evil cannot be remedied by any one change, one reform, or even half a dozen changes and reforms, but must be accomplished by countless forces working towards the one effect. Hygiene will help—oh! help much. But how will we get our hygiene? I am quite well aware that there are economic considerations, also, to be taken into account. It strikes me again, as it always has struck me, that the whole business finally comes back to the good body—not back to wealth, to pov-

erty, but to the strong body—the sane, sufficient body."

I said: "You don't expect the sane body in the tenements, do you?" "No—I do not. The tenements are hot-beds of disease—scrofula, syphilis—everything, almost: disease just fattens in the tenements. You have touched the nerve of the trouble." "Then is n't it possible to produce social conditions which will make the sane body possible?" "Surely—surely: that is the problem. I think all the scientists would agree with me, as I agree with the scientists, that a beautiful, competent, sufficing body is the prime force making towards the virtues in civilization, life, history. I think I now see better what you mean when you speak of the economic problems as coming before all the rest and though I have not stated it in that extreme way myself I do not doubt your position: I have great faith in science—real science: the science that is the science of the soul as well as the science of the body (you know many men of half sciences seem to forget the soul)."

August 4, 1888.—"Dowden has a wonderful passage in his letter—a passage about death. Read it to me again, won't you?—just that one bit. The whole letter is human—it is not the letter of one literary man to another but of one simple man to a man as simple as himself. Won't you read the letter?" I answered: "Yes." "I like to get all my relations with people personal, human. I hate to think I can possibly excite any professional feeling in another." I read the whole letter again to myself and the particular part he asked for aloud to W.

Winstead, Temple Road, Rathmines, Dublin,
Oct. 4, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. WHITMAN: . . . It was a real sorrow to us, dear friend, to hear of the loss of your little nephew and namesake. A friend of mine, Harold Littledale, watched this summer by the side of a little sister (about twenty years younger than himself) who died, and he told me that in the presence of death and with its consciousness enveloping him it was words of yours which expressed the deepest truths of the hour and the event. Littledale is President this year of our principal society of students in Trinity College, the Philosophical Society, and I believe his opening address, which is the event of the session, is to be partly concerned with your poetry. It was a great satisfaction to me this year, also, to get a kind of confession or self-revelation from one of the most promising men in my class of the really saving and delivering power of your writings when he was lapsing in that lethargy and cynicism which is one of the diseases of youth in our *Old* World, if not in your *New* one—(but in both I should suppose).

I have done too little this last summer. I copied out about 200 pp. of verse, and am about to have them published. I will send you a copy, but I doubt whether you will care for them—I don't claim to be an "Answerer," but I do assert a right to be one of the tribe of the singers—"Eye-singer, ear-singer, head-singer, sweet-singer, parlor-singer, love-singer," or something else. And these have their place and *raison d'être.* Probably my next bit of work will be the arranging for publication a volume of essays on 19th century writers, including Tennyson and Browning, Victor Hugo, and the Westminster article (somewhat altered) on your poetry. . . .

Always affectionately yours,
Edward Dowden.

I repeated to W. that phrase—"the really saving and delivering power of your writings," and he repeated it back again, and still again, finally saying of it: "It has gospel beauty and beat: I hope I deserve it—oh! deserve it, deserve it!"

Sunday, August 5, 1888.—"This is the kind of weather from which people want to escape somewhere, anywhere, only to get off—to get beyond the ordinary tones and semi-tones of life. It is a study—a profound study—the play in life as much as the work in life—and it is all right, too, that the people should go—should have the gala-days. They talk of the extravagance of the people. Nonsense. The people spend their money—help each other—save something—are generous, sacrificial—in so far as they can be are most lavish. Sometimes you don't pay too much for play if you pay your last cent for it."

August 5, 1888.—I asked W. whether he had read Browning's Paracelsus. He talked then of Browning: "You should read 'The Ring and the Book.' That, at least, would repay anybody who had the leisure to read. Browning is in some respects utterly free—free not to explain:

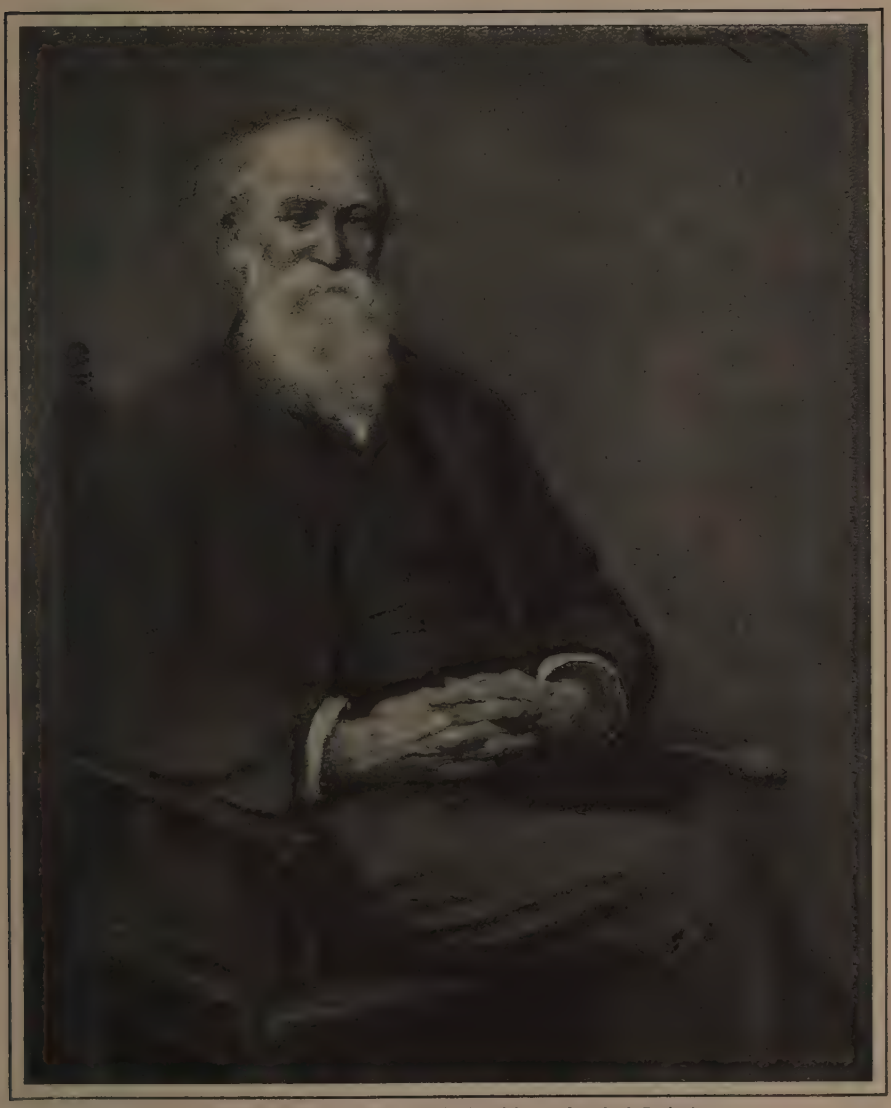
free to put down his statement where it may be seen and then let the world find its own way to a meaning—free of the desire to be at once or ever understood. Browning was also free of humor as an architect of verse, though I feel that his freedom here drifts him rather towards an angular than a facile result. Browning has what O'Connor calls 'elements'—powers of the first class—virility, fiber. I think it would mean a hard tussle for any one to take Browning up in the bulk—attempt to take him in in the large—the whole of him for better or for worse. I don't believe I could do it. I don't find Browning's technique easy—it beats me sore, bruises me—though I don't make much of that: the fault is mainly my own. I have friends who dose themselves with Browning to the bitter end and regard him as the most vigorating influence in the modern world of books.

"Browning is full of Italy—knows it—writes of it— has something of its air, its sky, in his work, his soul. And there is even to me a great charm in Italy, in things Italian, in the simple Italian emigrant, in so far as I can get the feel of the country at this distance. When I got sick that time and went down to the Staffords' on Timber Creek, there was a gang of Italian laborers came along to work on the narrow gauge railroad then just being laid: a number of Italians came, all sorts—they lived in huts there, accessible, of course, to me, and I, as you may well believe, only too ready to seize the opportunity and prospect among them a little. Oh! the good talks we had together! We became almost intimate. I found in them the same courtesy, the same charm, the same poetic flavor that have always been associated with Italy and things Italian. I often read of accidents on the road—accidents in which the little Italians are the main victims. They are accorded but scant sympathy—nobody seems to care: it makes me sad and mad—riles me. Yes, they are the 'd— Dagoes'—always so harmless, quiet, inoffensive. Italy seems in some things to represent qualities the exact opposite of qualities we cultivate here in America: the Italians are more fervent, tenderer, gentler, more considerate—less mercenary: it runs through the whole race, cultivated and ignorant—this manifest superiority."

W. always gets exasperated when he reads a protection argument. He said: "I believe in the higher patriotism—not, my country whether or no, God bless it and damn the rest!—no, not that—but my country, to be kept big, to grow bigger, to lead the procession, not in conquest, however, but in inspiration. If Patrick Ford rightly reports himself in his North American Review article when he attributes the miseries of Ireland to English free trade, then Pat Ford is the biggest fool of the whole lot of fools—then Pat Ford is the prize fool of our time. As for Ireland, who can point out the queen bee in the clusters of reasons for her condition? The reasons come by many ways, mysterious reasons, plain reasons—each reason important with other reasons—no one reason telling the whole rank tale." . . .

W. gave me a war-time letter from B. P. Shillaber. Asked me if I knew Shillaber. I was familiar with his Mrs. Partington fictions. Had also visited him once at Chelsea with Sidney Morse. W. said: "That interests me. Some day you will have to tell me about it. They say he was a good deal of a man. You will remember about the soldier Babbitt he mentions in the letter—I asked some one up there (was it the Curtis or the Wigglesworth women?) to look him up. Shillaber found him—found that he remembered me (God bless 'im). Do you know, Horace, such things as that—just little things, insignificant things—are the big things of life after all? Babbitt did n't say I wrote beautiful poems or did anything that people looked at, but just 'brightened up' on hearing my name mentioned. Ain't that a thousand times better than writing poems—just that—to brighten up those who suffer?" "Except it happens that the poems also brighten them up." "Well, that is a reasonable amendment. But the man always comes before and always remains after the poem."

Monday, August 6, 1888.—"The Herald man was over late this afternoon—Browning, their Philadelphia representative. He wanted something from me on Sheridan. At first I said it was impossible—really felt that it was out of the question—but after he had gone I turned



From the painting by Orlando Rouland. Copyright, 1906, by Orlando Rouland
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

John Burroughs

the matter over in my mind and after all wrote a dozen lines or so, which I have just sent up to the post office by the nurse here—glad, to be sure, as I am, to squeeze a word or two for Sheridan out of the damning lethargy of these trying days. Sheridan was in many respects our soldier of soldiers—was the most dashing of the lot—though as I sit here nowadays I am wondering if the whole soldier business is not cursed beyond palliation."

August 7, 1888.—Found a little picture of Emerson on the floor. Recognized it as a waif from Morse's collection worked with when he was here. Smeared with clay. W. said I "might as well have it as consign it again to the floor, where it seems destined to remain," explaining: "I picked it up a dozen times and put it on the table here but it always seems to get back to the floor. It is a noble little bit of portraiture—shows Emerson at his best: radiant, clean, with that far-in-the-future look which seemed to possess him in the best hours. Emerson's face always seemed to me so clean—as if God had just washed it off. When you looked at Emerson it never occurred to you that there could be any villainies in the world."

Wednesday, August 8, 1888.—Gave him to-day Herald containing the Sheridan piece. "I don't know too much about Sheridan, personally: we met, met several times, but that is all. You know I don't enthuse over him or over any military man—simply military man—any more than over a sword, a cannon, a bomb-shell. Sheridan had Napoleonic dash, nerve—as a soldier was a good one. He was psychically an uncommon character—had military philosophy as well as military ardor—was always cool in action, never lost his head, always knew what to do when the unexpected turned up."

I said to W.: "It is interesting about Shillaber that though he was so broken up by his sympathies when he visited the hospital to see Babbitt for you he was real game when he was sick himself. When Morse and I visited him in Chelsea he was all gone to pieces, room-fast, waiting to die, but he was full of reminiscence, fun, even of a certain kind of hope." This interested W. "I see what it all means—it is in accord with my own experience with men: a man of heart often suffers more pain seeing sickness than being sick."

Thursday, August 9, 1888.—He sat much of the day across the room from the bed, working in a mild way. His raw product is about him, on the table, the floor, in boxes and baskets, on chairs, and pretty nearly all things he may need are within reaching distance. At his foot is the pitcher of ordinary (never iced) water, which he takes up from time to time and draws from copiously. Books are piled promiscuously about—his will remains on the box-corner where he placed it when it was drawn up—letters, envelopes, are scattered over the floor—autographed volumes hang on the edges of the table-leaves, chairs, the sofa—everything seeming in disorder. My impression of W.'s appearance at this date is a favorable one: though it is clear enough that his recent severe trials have added burdens to his life. His face is not so full as it was: he has nervous irritations: there are lines, down-lines, never until now in his cheeks. His complexion, though often as ruddy and strong as it was a year ago, is less to be depended upon, is unstable. W.'s room is a large one, considering the house—it has three north windows—one door opening from it into the hallway, another into a connecting apartment. In this latter (he never works here) are most of his stored papers, books, and with them the Morse heads—three or four of them—and boxes more or less laden with letters, &c. Often he points me about the rooms: "Poor as these are, they are a comfort to me—my own—giving me freedom: such freedom as I am competent yet to enjoy. Why, then, should I leave them now for strange scenes—scenes in which I might gain much but would surely lose much more."

"Did you ever notice," W. went on, —"or perhaps you have n't (you 're younger than I am)—that the bitterest, most severe, most malignant, conservatives—old conservatives—are made up of men who in their youth were the extremest radicals—radicals of radicals? I don't know what will become of you—no doubt you will come out all right—but that has been the history of some of

the best friends of my own youth—men who started with me—the best of them." I quoted Emerson: "The old conservative is the young radical gone to seed." W. exclaimed: "How good! how good! And dear Emerson, too. Well, there was a man who never lost his youth."

Happening to pick up an illustrated paper containing some Tyrolean pictures which attracted him, he got right off on another subject: "These great hills are wonderful but not exceptional—you don't need to go to Europe to find them. Take the Rockies, for instance—they sweep along the horizon like cloud: to the novice they would be no more than grand cloud effects: sometimes they even puzzle the initiated. You know what worlds live in the cloudlands—worlds as real as ours while they last. We do not need to travel to find these worlds—they are always just where we are. Cross the Delaware almost any night and you will become a discoverer: there are no wonders anywhere greater than the wonders you see right over your head as you cross the river in the boat. When I was in Denver I spent my longest hours in contemplation of the mountain ranges."

Then he talked of his mother. Where were the letters he wrote his mother in Brooklyn from the War? "They are here—I have them—I got them after she died—a hundred or more: all scrupulously kept together—still about, somewhere, with my manuscripts. The reality, the simplicity, the transparency, of my dear, dear mother's life, was responsible for the main things in the letters as in Leaves of Grass itself. How much I owe her! It could not be put in a scale—weighed: it could not be measured—be even put in the best words: it can only be apprehended through the intuitions. Leaves of Grass is the flower of her temperament active in me. My mother was illiterate in the formal sense but strangely knowing: she excelled in narrative—had great mimetic power: she could tell stories, impersonate: she was very eloquent in the utterance of noble moral axioms—was very original in her manner, her style. It was through my mother that I learned of Hicks: when she found I liked to hear about him she seemed to like to speak. I wondered what Leaves of Grass would have been like if I had been born of some other mother and had never met William O'Connor?"

August 10, 1888.—Asked me questions about Wagner operas. "So many of my friends say Wagner is Leaves of Grass done into music that I begin to suspect there must be something in it. Doctor Bucke, who don't go much on operas, banks a lot on Wagner. I was never wholly convinced—there was always a remaining question. I have got rather off the field—the Wagner opera has had its vogue only in these later years since I got out of the way of going to the theater. Do you figure out Wagner to be a force making for democracy or the opposite? O'Connor swears to the democracy—swears to it with a big oath. Others have said to me that Wagner's art was distinctly the art of a caste—for the few. What am I to believe? I confess that I have heard bits here and there at concerts, from orchestras, bands, which have astonished, ravished me, like the discovery of a new world. The masters keep on coming and coming again: nature can always do better than her best: is prodigal, exhaustless."

August 12, 1888.—I read the letter [W.'s written in War-time], W. closing his eyes and listening, breaking in every now and then with monosyllabic ejaculations:

DEAR FRIEND: I am going to write to you to ask any friends you may be in communication with for aid for my soldiers. I remain here in Washington still occupied among the hospitals—I have now been engaged in this over seven months. As time passes on it seems as if sad cases of old and lingering wounded accumulate, regularly recruited with new ones every week—I have been most of this day in Armory Square Hospital, Seventh st. I seldom miss a day or evening. Out of the six or seven hundred in this hospital I try to give a word or a trifle to every one without exception, making regular rounds among them all. I give all kinds of sustenance, blackberries, peaches, lemons and, sugar, wines, all kinds of preserves, pickles, brandy, milk, shirts and all articles of underclothing, tobacco, tea, handkerchiefs, &c &c &c. I always give paper, envelopes, stamps, &c. I want a supply for this purpose. To many I give (when I have it) small sums of money—half of the soldiers in hospital have not a cent. There are many returned prisoners sick, lost all—and every day squads of men

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

EDWARD DOWDEN

from the front, cavalry or infantry—brought in wounded or sick, generally without a cent of money, I select the most needy cases and devote my time and services much to them. I find it tells best—some are mere lads, 17, 18, 19, or 20—some are silent, sick, heavy-hearted (things, attentions, &c. are very rude in the army and hospitals, nothing but the mere hard routine, no time for tenderness or extras),—so I go round,—some of my boys die, some get well.

O what a sweet unwonted love (those good American boys of good stock, decent, clean, well-raised boys, so near to me)—what an attachment grows up between us started from hospital cots, where pale young faces lie and wounded or sick bodies. My brave young American soldiers—now for so many months I have gone around among them, where they lie. I have long discarded all stiff conventions (they and I are too near to each other, there is no time to lose, and death and anguish dissipate ceremony here between my lads and me)—I pet them, some of them it does so much good, they are so faint and lonesome—at parting at night sometimes I kiss them right and left. The doctors tell me I supply the patients with a medicine which all their drugs and bottles and powders are helpless to yield.

I wish you would ask anybody you know who is likely to contribute. It is a good holy cause, surely nothing nobler. I desire you if possible could raise for me, forthwith, for application to these wounded and sick here (they are from Massachusetts and all the New England States, there is not a day but I am with some Yankee boys, and doing some trifle for them), a sum—if possible fifty dollars—if not then less—thirty dollars—or indeed any amount.

I am at present curiously almost alone

here, as visitor and consolator to Hospitals—the work of the different Reliefs and Commissions is nearly all off in the field—and as to private visitors, there are few or none—I wish you or some of your friends could just make a round with me, for an hour or so, at some of my hospitals or camps—I go among all our own dear soldiers, hospital camps and any, our teamsters' hospitals, among sick and dying, the rebels, the contrabands, &c &c. What I reach is necessarily but a drop in the bucket but it is done in good faith, and with now some experience and I hope with good heart.

W. spoke of Emerson: "I shall never forget the first visit he paid me—the call, the first call: it was in Brooklyn: no, I can never forget it. I can hear his gentle knock still—the soft knock—so," indicating it on the chair-arm—"and the slow sweet voice, as my mother stood there by the door: and the words, 'I came to see Mr. Whitman'; and the response, 'He is here'—the simple unaffected greeting on both sides—'How are you, Mr. Whitman,' 'How are you, Waldo'—the hour's talk or so—the taste of lovableness he left behind when he was gone. I can easily see how Carlyle should have likened Emerson's appearance in their household to the apparition of an angel."

August 13, 1888.—Harned came in and after a bit called the children up. Then there was a great munching of molasses candy—yellow jack—W. partaking most heartily. "How extra good it is, too, kiddies: ain't it better than the usual run?" Anna laughed and replied: "Oh, yes! this kind you can only buy three cents' worth of: you can't buy a cent's worth of this!" W. clapped his hand down on the big arm of his chair: "That explains it—I thought we were enjoying an extra extra treat!"

Tuesday, August 14, 1888.—He showed me several of his little improvised notebooks of the war-time. One was marked "September & October, 1863." He read some memoranda from it to me. "I carried sometimes half a dozen such books in my pocket at one time—never was without one of them: I took notes as I went along—often as I sat—talking, maybe, as with you here now—I writing while the other fellow told his story. I would take the best paper (you can see, the best I could find) and make it up into these books, tying them with string or tape or getting some one (often it was Nellie O'Connor) to stitch them for me. My little books were beginnings—they were the ground into which I dropped the seed. See, here is a little poem itself"—he handed me the book: "Probably it is included in the Leaves somewhere. I would work in this way when I was out in the crowds, then put the stuff together at home. Drum Taps was all written in that manner—all of it—all put together by fits and starts, on the field, in the hospitals, as I worked with the soldier boys. Some days I was more emotional than others, then I would suffer all the extra horrors of my experience—I would try to write, blind, blind, with my own tears. O Horace! Horace! Horace! Should I ever get to Washington again I must look up my old cherry tree there—the great old tree under which I used to sit and write, write long, write. I want to give you one, several, of these books, if you would like to have them from me. They are more than precious—precious because they recall the old years—bring back the pictures of agony and death—reassociate me with the time, place, persons, of that tragic period."

August 15, 1888.—An actor, Wester Lennon, sent up his name. W. handed the card to me. "Who is it—do you know?" Musgrove intervened: "He says he 's in the profession." "*The* profession," smiling—"yes, I see—that 's the way they speak of it: the Jews speak of *the* people. Anyhow," finally said W., "tell him to come up—it won't hurt—but tell him, too, it must be only for a minute—or two minutes." Lennon came up, stayed ten minutes. He made a lot of formal remarks to W., who took them with rather a bored air. He then asked for some autographs. W. gave him three. Lennon said: "One of these is for Steele Mackaye." W. thereupon monologued a bit: "I have a weakness for actors—they seem to have a weakness for me; that makes our meetings rather like family affairs." Then asked Lennon: "Do you like your business real well?" When Lennon got up to go he

cleared his throat, hitched his trousers, scratched his head, and blurted out to W. as if it was a hard job to get his message delivered right: "Mr. Whitman, do you need money? I 've been delegated to ask you whether you need money. I know a hundred actors in places about and in New York who would like to get together and give you a benefit." W. was visibly touched. He frankly offered Lennon his hand and said with a voice that was shaken with emotion: "God bless you—God bless you all—for that! I have enough money, more than enough, for all my earthly wants, so I need not acquiesce in your beautiful plans: but you make me happy, nevertheless. I shall feed on your good will for many a day to come. Tell all the boys what I have said to you about that—give them my love." As Lennon was withdrawing W. added: "The English theatrical people have always seemed to like me—Irving has been here—Wilson Barrett, too: I have had letters from Ellen Terry: then there is Bram Stoker—he has treated me like a best son." Lennon was not to be outdone: "Yes, I know, Mr. Whitman: they like you, no doubt—*like* you: but we—we *love* you." After Lennon was gone W. said: "Did you notice how he set his American *love* up against the English *like*? It was very pretty, Horace. And his offer—what did you think of that? It was very handsome—it took me unawares—almost bowled me over."

August 17, 1888.—Said as to the Cox portraits: "Advise Coates to go to see William Carey—no doubt Coates is often in New York (those men are): send him, then, to my friend Carey: Carey puts up with the Century Company—works there. Carey has the photographs, all duly autographed. If Coates goes let him know that I like one of the pictures in particular—the laughing philosopher, I call it—and one other, perhaps as well—my head resting in my hands, forward, this way"—indicating, "and always, of course, the unsilvered copies—always those. And should you want one of the heads, Horace, I want to give it to you." I objected: "It would be robbery." "No—no: I want to and you must let me do it." Again: "Pictures are partial—they give a dash of a man, a phase: many are called but few are chosen: there is a success here and there to a hundred failures." "Did you ever know me to pun? It 's not in my line at all. I am guilty of most the real bad sins but that bad sin I never acquired."

August 19, 1888.—W. asked me: "You seem to read a lot. Where do you do your reading?" "Most of it as I go about in the boats and cars, often even in walking." "That is right—in the open air—in the midst of things: that is where life meets you in the flush. If there is anything peculiar in my work it lies just in that—in jottings of the moment, made for truth, not made for effect."

August 19, 1888.—W. said to me tonight: "Beware of the literary cliques—keep well in the general crowd: beware of book sympathies, caste sympathies. Some one said here the other day—who was it?—'Mr. Whitman, you seem to have a sympathy for manhood but not for authorship?' It seems to me that all real authorship is manhood—that my sympathy for manhood includes authorship even if it don't make authorship a preferred object of worship. What is authorship in itself if you cart it away from the main stream of life? It is starved, starved: it is a dead limb off the tree—it is the unquickened seed in the ground."

August 20, 1888.—"Reading, most of it, by candle-light, indoors, up against a hot register or steam pipes, is a disease: I doubt if it does any one much good. The best reading seems to need the best open air. When I was down on the Creek—Timber Creek—and roamed out and along the water, I always took a book, a little book, however rarely I made use of it. It might have been once, twice, three, four, five, even nine, times: I passed along the same trail and never opened the book but then there was a tenth time, always, when nothing *but* a book would do—not tree, or water, or anything else—only a book: and it was for that tenth trip that I carried the book."

Tuesday, August 21, 1888.—"My younger life was so saturated with the emotions, raptures, uplifts, of such musical experiences that it would be surprising indeed

if all my future work had not been colored by them. A real musician running through Leaves of Grass—a philosopher musician—could put his finger on this and that anywhere in the text no doubt as indicating the activity of the influences I have spoken of."

"I have long teased my brain with visions of a handsome little book at last—like the Epictetus—a dear, strong, aromatic volume, like the Enchiridion, as it is called, for the pocket. That would tend to induce people to take me along with them and read me in the open air: I am nearly always successful with the reader in the open air. I have my own peculiar affection for November Boughs. It is the depository of many dreams and thoughts precious to me—of many sacred aspirational experiences, too holy to be argued about—of sayings, almost of *mots*: of so many unspeakable records, reminiscences, worked into the soil of my matured life and now at last projected in this compact shape. To have such a book—such a book produced in every way according to a feller's simple and unimpeded humors—that has been my idea, is still my idea."

This, too, was W.'s: "Often when the visitors come—visitors particularly honored and desired—my dear, dear mother, wishing to increase the richness of her cakes, would put in shortening, and keep putting it in, until from excess of attention the whole cake would fall apart. Now—warn the professionals—the artists—the men of finesse—not to put too much shortening in their cakes!"

August 25, 1888.—Bucke has sent W. a pamphlet on the use of alcohol, negativing it even for sickness. W. says: "Bucke knows I drink—at least that I used to whenever I got the chance—was in the mood. And yet I am not sure but he is right—right even in his extremest extreme statement—that the reaction from drink is always to be feared: always, without question or exception. I know that I dare not touch it myself any more. The champagne that was brought me a couple of weeks ago was tempting and I took a little glass of it, a very little glass of it, a mere fillip—feeling, as I thought, in consequence, uncomfortable, hardly myself, the rest of the day."

August 30, 1888.—I said of Sam Walter Foss: "He makes a big claim for you." "Yes, so he does—but will anybody believe him? When I say such things about myself the world looks on and calls me crazy!" He seemed to be a good bit amused with his own fancy, adding: "Time was when I had to say big things about myself in order to be honest with the world—in order to keep in a good frame of mind until the world caught up. A man has sometimes to whistle very loud to keep a stiff upper lip." "When the cries and the silences are all against him?" "Yes—then: the cries and silences: that 's just it."

August 31, 1888.—What is the place of sickness in character? W. asked himself that question. "They speak of Emerson as being sickly, weak, ailing: all biographies repeat the statement: I guess there is something to it. But, do you know, I never think of Emerson as a sick man. I met him twenty and more times: he was always lithe, active, of good complexion, with a clear eye: gave out no notion of dubious health—was physically jubilant, in a quiet way, as was like him. Indeed, Emerson was almost impatient of sickness—was bright, wonderfully bright, to the very last. Why, I can recall the occasion of our last meeting: it was there at Concord: it was the final visit: he was still possessed of the same imperturbable courage. I was reading the correspondence to-day—and fine it is, too. All the letters were prepared letters—designed, mulled over, worked out and out. Letters were events in those days. There 's something peculiar in my notion about this book. I can read with perfect composure Emerson's soft-soaping of Carlyle, but when Carlyle enters into a sort of responding mood of laudation I am mad—find it artificial. Can you explain that? I can't." I said: "Morse prefers the Carlyle letters." "I do not: I always have liked Emerson's letters—they are not formal, they seem just right to be his." After a pause W. added: "I think Burroughs has written some of the best things about Carlyle."—"It is curious about Carlyle, too, that his friends here have been our staunchest Americans—in spite of his mean flings, our best democrats—among whom I hope I deserve to be counted."

September 1, 1888.—"Some men lead professional lives—some men just live: I prefer to just live. I never want to be thought to be contending that any amount of isolated esthetic achievement can compensate for the loss of the comrade life of the world: the comrade life, the right life of the one in the crowd, which is of all human ideals the most to be desired, the only one to be finally desired, and perpetuated."

September 2, 1888.—While we talked my eye lighted on a pamphlet lying loose among other papers at his feet—Richard II: home-bound in brown wrapping-paper. "What is that?" I asked—he looking first at me and then down toward the floor—"This?" picking up the pamphlet. "What a flood of memories it lets loose. It is my old play-book, used many and many times in my itinerant theatre days: Richard: Shakespeare's Richard: one of the best of the plays, I always say—one of the best—in its vehemence, power, even in its grace. I took the sheets from a book—a big book—from a book too big to carry—and bound them so for practical use. The book itself should be here somewhere"—commencing to root in a couple of piles of books at his feet—"Ah! here it is"—handing it over to me. He opened the book and the abstracted sheets were put back in their place. "Home again!" he exclaimed, as he closed the book, "home again, after all these years of wandering." The volume was printed in Germany in English text and was called English Classics—Shakespeare, Milton and others making up the collection. W. said: "A whole hogshead of precious fluid—the juices of all savors, climes, poured into the one cask—distilled at last into a bottle an inch long—the size of the joint of your thumb! That is Richard—this same Richard. How often I spouted this—these first pages—on the Broadway stage-coaches, in the awful din of the street. In that seething mass—that noise, chaos, bedlam—what is one more voice more or less: one single voice added, thrown in, joyously mingled in the amazing chorus?"

September 3, 1888.—"Emerson's old age was very wonderful, Horace—I told Frank Sanborn I thought it highly beautiful: that in all essentials the forgetful Emerson was still what the remembering Emerson had been: the bearing, the expression, the eye, the hand, the smile, still the same. Something was gone—some quality—but the atmosphere of his noble personality never failed him."

I said: "It was just to-day that I wrote Bucke something of the same tenor about you: that the stern poise that dignified and irradiated your character is still the first thing in all you say, think or do." I shall never forget W.'s look. He said: "Ah! Horace! That is a noble thought: it is worthy of you and more than worthy of me. And if it be true? It would make all the suffering of these days more than easy. It was a month or so ago that you said something of the same purport to me and I have never lost sight of it for an instant since in the temptations incident to such invalidism as mine." . . .

"Scott is my chief pleasure nowadays—the novels: I read them every day, some: read them because they are not so frivolous as to be useless and vulgar, and not so weighty as to set my brains into a snarl."

September 4, 1888.—I asked him a question: "Do you think a right strong young fellow can *think* death even?—even if aware that it may come any time?" He reflected: "No—I don't believe he can: more than that, I don't believe he ought: thinking life is the condition of being alive. It is always my point—don't submit to provocations, irritabilities, black fancies of the superficial day: go your way unmoved—on and on to what you are required to do: the rest will take care of itself."

Thursday, September 6, 1888.—Spoke of Gilchrist's life of his mother: "You should read it—read my copy: Karl Knortz has it now, but we can get it back. You will not find the book to equal your great expectations, if you have any—will perhaps be disappointed. It is true much of the book is made up of things written by Mrs. Gilchrist—but writing was not the best of her. The best of her was her talk—to hear her perfectly say these things which she has only imperfectly written. I shall never forget—never forget: she is over there now, where you are—eyeing me, overflowing with utterance.

She was marvellous above other women in traits in which women are marvellous as a rule—immediate perception, emotion, deep inevitable insight. She had such superb judgment—it welled up and out and I only sat off and wondered: welled up from a reservoir of riches, spontaneously, unpremeditatedly. Women are ahead of us in that anyhow—way ahead of us. It was because she was that kind of a woman that I always trusted Mrs. Gilchrist's picture of Carlyle—of the Carlyles. She was not a blind dreamer—a chaser of fancies: she was concrete—spiritually concrete, I might say: not in the sordid sense of it but the big, the high. She was practical enough to know just how to ask that dangerous question, Will it pay? and to answer it with high meanings. I know nothing more miserable, sickening, than Will it pay? as it is usually asked."

September 7, 1888.—"I am always strangely moved by a letter from Symonds: it makes the day, it makes many days, sacred."

Clifton Hill House,
Bristol, Oct. 7, 1871.

MY DEAR SIR: When a man has ventured to dedicate his work to another without authority or permission, I think he is bound to make confession of the liberty he has taken. This must be my excuse for sending you the crude poem in which you may perchance detect some echo, faint and feeble, of your Calamus. As I have put pen to paper I cannot refrain from saying that since the time when I first took up Leaves of Grass in a friend's rooms at Trinity College Cambridge six years ago till now, your poems have been my constant companions. I have read them in Italy by the shores of the Mediterranean, under pine trees or in caverns washed by the sea—and in Switzerland among the Alpine pastures and beside the glaciers. At home I have found in them pure air and health—the free breath of the world—when often cramped by illness and the cares of life. What one man can do by communicating to those he loves the treasure he has found, I have done among my friends.

I say this in order that I may, as simply as may be, tell you how much I owe to you. He who makes the words of a man his spiritual food for years is greatly that man's debtor.

As for the poem I send you it is of course implicit already in your Calamus, especially in Scented Herbage of my Breast. I have but set to an old tune the new divine song: for you know that on this side of the Atlantic at least people most readily listen to the old tunes. I fear greatly I have marred the purity and beauty of your thought by my bad singing.

I am an Englishman, married, with three children, and am aged thirty.

John Addington Symonds.

W. said: "That was one of the first, if not the very first, of the Symonds letters. It starts off with the good will which he has never abated of to these very last days. It makes a fellow walk pretty straight when a man like that takes him so dead in earnest. Symonds has always seemed to me a forthright man—unhesitating, without cant: not slushing over, not freezing up. He has written me many letters: they are all of the same character—warm (not too warm), a bit inquisitive, ingratiating."

September 9, 1888.—W. asked for my Holmes life of Emerson. "I have never read it but I should." "Morse says it 's a better life of Holmes than of Emerson." "Good! That 's more than likely—far more: and that 's a thing that might just as pertinently be said of Herbert's [Gilchrist] picture: if it don't give me it gives Herbert. Often enough an artist floats out into his picture to the utter destruction of his subject."

"STAYED WHERE WE WERE AND MADE A BOOK"

Monday, September 10, 1888.—Discussed binding for November Boughs. I opened the package I had brought containing one of the two folded sets of the book I had got from Ferguson to-day. W.'s eyes were large with desire. "What 's that? What have you there?" he asked, reaching both hands out as if to take the sheets. When I exhibited my prize he exclaimed: "Handsome! it completely satisfies me: that is the book—the real, living, undoubted book!" at the same time turning it over and over fondly and in a spirit of undisguised exhilaration. "Horace—the deed is done! My blood, your blood, went to the making of this book! Some men go to the North Pole to do things—some go to wars—some trade and swindle: we just stayed where we were and made a book!"

(To be continued)

"WITHOUT ARE DOGS"

BY EDWARD A. CHURCH

IF, through some wondrous miracle of grace,
To the Celestial City I might win,
And find upon the golden pavement place,
The gates of pearl within;

In some sweet pausing of the immortal song
To which the choiring Seraphim give birth,
Should I not for that humbler greeting long
Known in the dumb companionships of earth?

Friends whom the softest whistle of my call
Brought to my side in love that knew no doubt,
Would I not seek to cross the jasper wall
If haply I might find you there "without"?

THE ALIEN

BY MARGARET HORNER CLYDE

MR. HENRY BUCHANAN was seriously alarmed at the perturbation in his wife's face. For half a minute he feared that the house had been robbed or that the cook had committed suicide. Then she explained that the news had come in the evening mail.

The evening mail—that sounded commonplace. If it had been death, even, it would have come by telegraph. The only disaster which is accustomed to travel by the leisurely route of the evening mail is a notice from one's lawyer that all one's property is lost. Maria had no property to lose. As for the property which she as an only child would inherit, it consisted, as far as he knew, chiefly of the green farm in a fruitful corner of Pennsylvania where her father, the Squire, lived his lonely life; and a farm can hardly burn up or run away.

When he had taken off his overcoat and sat down beside his wife, he found her singularly loath to begin her story. She glanced at the door apprehensively.

"Really, my dear," he urged, "we are safe from intrusion. Would you like me to go out and lock the alley gate, or put cotton in the canary's ears?"

"Don't be a brute!" she retorted. (That man would joke at his own funeral.) "Read that notice!"

He took the paper and adjusted his eyeglasses. Curiosity gave way to perplexity, and perplexity broke into astonishment. "Jupiter Ammon!" he cried, slapping his knee, "got married, has he!"

"Oh, yes, Henry, you may laugh," replied his wife, dissolved in tears, "but if your poor, dear old father had been swindled into—oh, it 's too dreadful to think of!"

This burst of affection was most surprising. It was five years since she had even seen her "poor, dear old father,"

having parted from him in a state of excitement due to a difference of opinion as to the ownership of the glass candelabra.

During those years the Squire had written occasional friendly letters boaring chance bits of information, as, that the wheat crop had been poor, that the county had gone Republican, that Judge Adams had moved into town, that the barn had a new roof; but no hint of the Squire's taking a new wife—nothing, in fact, to prepare them for so astounding an announcement.

Henry scanned the paper further. "Who is this woman?" he asked. "Emily—Dick—what the dickens is that name?—Dinklesperger. Great Cæsar's ghost! I don't wonder she wanted to change it. But who can she be?"

"It is very evident, Henry, *what* she is. To think that father should be taken in by an ignorant, designing, vulgar, Dutch woman! Of course she is after his money; but she 'll not get a cent of it if I can help it. At his age, to be brought to this!"

"Father is—let me see—Father is—fifty-five, just," deliberated Henry.

"They always say there 's no fool like an old fool." Maria had wiped away her tears, and her eyes were flashing; for, flouting the theory that lightning is less deadly when the rain begins to fall, she always had her thunderstorms backward.

To escape any stray bolt, her husband took refuge in silence. Secretly, he sympathized with her, for he, too, felt something of that bitterness which has always existed between the Scotch-Irish and the German population of eastern Pennsylvania.

Strange that two peoples so similar in origin should be so antagonistic! Both were religious refugees, and when they met upon the soil of Pennsylvania, German-speaking Lutheran and Scotch-Irish Presbyterian, both pioneers, both persecuted, they hated each other cordially.

In the development of the State, the Scotch-Irish stood for culture, the Germans for thrift. The former held themselves apart, and their numbers dwindled; the latter grew populous and wealthy. Thus, wherever a Scotch name died out, a German name replaced it upon the old estate.

Coming of this Scotch aristocracy, Mrs. Buchanan inherited her scorn of the usurper, superior only in numbers and wealth, as inevitably as she inherited her mother's temper.

Months passed, and no word came from the Squire and his bride, and no word went to them from the irate daughter or her husband. Then business summoned Henry to the "Settlement." (It was always the "Settlement" to them, that place they had once called home, though the post-office bore the German name of the village which had sprung up beside it.)

He took the morning train from New York. It was a crisp January day. The flying fields of white looked pleasantly familiar as he crossed northern New Jersey. He noted the brisk villages, the broad farms, and, as he neared the Pennsylvania boundary, the smoking chimneys of cement plants. This cement industry was evidently the coming thing.

Reaching his destination, he looked in vain among the loungers on the station platform for a familiar face. The whole place seemed given over to the ubiquitous German farmer. Half-way up the street, however, he was stopped by a friendly slap on the shoulder.

"Hello, Judge!" he cried, "I hear you 've moved into town."

"Yes, Henry," replied Judge Adams; "I 've sold my farm. Had to come to it at last. At my age a man wants to be nearer the mails and the trains. Sold out to old man Dinklesperger. By the way," —the Judge halted in confusion,—"I suppose you know—or did n't the Squire write you about his—his—matrimonial adventure?"

"We saw it in the paper. Maria feels it greatly."

"Of course she would; of course. She is n't with you?"

"No; she—she—in fact, she did n't want *me* to come," stammered Henry, surprised into confession. "But I thought I 'd walk out to the farm after dinner."

"I would, Henry; I would. You 'll feel better for it. I tell you that girl keeps things in apple-pie order. Come back and spend the night with us, won't you?"

On his way up the street he looked at

the familiar houses. The dazzling snow was scarcely more spotless than they. Having transacted his business, he went back to the village hotel for dinner. All the table talk was about a proposed trolley-line to connect the village with the neighboring city.

"Where do they intend coming in?" he inquired.

"Vell, dey vould come piecevays down de sous road a'ready, an' den dey vould cross de meadow by de Sqvire's. But de Sqvire he von't gif 'em de right of vay."

"Ah, I see. It would cut up his farm pretty badly, I suppose."

"Ach, de Sqvire 's prout. He von't haf nodings to do mit common folks. He sinks his land, efen, is better dan anyvon else."

"That must block the trolley company."

"Ach, yes; just vait till de Sqvire dies sometimes. Den vhere vill his land be?"

"Is he likely to die?" asked Henry, startled. "Is he in poor health?"

"Ach, no; he vas too nasty to die."

This was their estimate of him, proud, exclusive, harsh. He felt a sudden eagerness to see the Squire, the old place, and the incongruous new bride.

The snow crunched under his tread as he followed the road to the farm. Twice he stepped out of the way of a sleigh and heard a jargon of foreign talk as the horses trotted past him—sleek, fat horses, for the German farmer bestows great care on all his animals,—all, that is, except his wife. He paused a moment before the place which had been his early home. That boyhood of his seemed pitifully remote, in view of the German name painted upon the barn. House and yard and barn and fields showed that perfect order which is characteristic of the Pennsylvania farmer.

When he came in sight of the Squire's gray stone house, guarded by tall sentinels of pine, it seemed the last stronghold taken by the enemy. A deathlike silence reigned as he raised the heavy knocker. The door opened, and he stood face to face with the foe.

"Is the Squire in?" he inquired.

"De Sqvire is avay," she replied. "He vill not be home for a veek. I am his vife. Vill you valk in?"

So this was she! And she was typical. There was no mistaking that dialect. But he experienced a curious sense of inconsistency, accustomed as he was to the grating tones which are characteristic of her people, for her voice was the most musical he had ever heard. She was young, hardly more than twenty-five, tall and vigorously formed, deep-chested and full of healthy curves. Working with the men in the fields had given her strength and grace. She was simply dressed in some dark wash-goods and the inevitable white apron. Her soft hair was drawn back and parted with no attempt at ornament, and the curves of neck and cheek glowed with that marvelous purity of coloring which is found in its perfection among the Germans. At least the girl was not tawdry.

"Judge," he said to his host that night, "I can't make her out. She does n't look different from a dozen other girls about here, and yet—"

"I know," replied the Judge. "She has German thrift and German beauty—and—a something else—"

Then, leaning forward, his half-smoked cigar between his fingers, he explained:

"To begin with, the girl is a hybrid. Her mother was an English nurse-maid, a girl of some education, while Dinklesperger can neither read nor write. When she died, leaving this daughter, he made prompt use of his liberty to annex a woman of his own kind and acquire a numerous progeny.

"When I offered my farm for sale, he extracted from a stocking the savings of years and bought the place. This girl was the pack-horse of the family. She worked from dawn to dark in the house and in the field. She took the part of two women, with a man or so besides. When the Squire came to hire her for his housekeeper, she gathered her few belongings and went home with him as to a refuge.

"As for the Squire, he settled down to the most perfect system of cleanliness he had ever known. The house shone from garret to cellar. He declared she must get up over night to accomplish it. By the time his early breakfast was served, she had already left behind her a trail of dripping porches and immaculately scrubbed walks. There were hints that she even rubbed up the spouting on the

Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THE DOOR OPENED, AND HE STOOD FACE TO FACE WITH THE FOE"

roof with silver polish, for the Squire's imagination grew with his pride.

"To what proportions his complacency might have grown it is not possible to say, for it was shattered suddenly and by the girl's father himself. Dinklesperger's cattle had strayed into the Squire's grain. The Squire walked over in the cool of the evening to see about it. He found his neighbor on the back porch, in overalls and gingham shirt, his bare feet propped against a pillar, in his mouth an evil-smelling pipe. He picked his way between the children sprawling on the floor in a state of nature rather than of grace, and accepted the chair which Mrs. Dinklesperger, ample of figure and unconfined of dress, offered him. The matter of the cows being amicably adjusted, he paused a moment to speak a word in praise of the man's daughter.

"Dinklesperger replied with a coarse jest, this father to whom a daughter was but a female animal, like to the cattle they had been discussing, a trifle more valuable, to be sure, because of the wages she was bringing home now, but, nevertheless, an animal whose sex might legitimately be made a source of profit.

"The Squire, to whom pride of clean living was only equaled by pride of birth, stood white and speechless for one menacing second. Then there burst forth such a torrent of indignation that the dazed farmer stood helpless, flinging angry German gutturals into the tide he was powerless to stem. My boy Jack, in passing, came and went unnoticed, and the only opinion I got out of him was that he thought the recording angel must have required a stenographer.

"Exactly one week later the Squire and his housekeeper drove to the minister's and were married. And the mouth of slander was stopped."

"Then, as I make it out," concluded Buchanan, "he married her to preserve her fair name and to keep a good housekeeper. And she married him—why? for his money, do you think?"

"Henry," replied the Judge, solemnly, "I have lived longer than you, and I have studied human nature in the court-room. I have learned this, that a woman's motive is unknowable."

"Humph!" ejaculated Maria, when her husband reached home, "I know why she married him. You can't deceive *me*. Those Dutch people are always after money; but she 'll not get a penny of his if *I* can help it."

"How *can* you help it?"

"Oh, there must be some way. Could n't they prove that he was—was—insane at the time, or something?"

"I admit," replied Henry, with a grin, "that, where marriage is concerned, there is a good deal of that sort of insanity; but I hardly think it would hold in a law court. Marriage is marriage. What God hath joined together—"

"Well," interrupted his wife, acidly, "I don't think God had much to do with joining *them* together."

However that may be, God had everything to do with the next news from the farm. It came not by way of the evening mail, but hot from the telegraph wires about five o'clock of a June day. Henry read it at the office, then went home to tell Maria as tenderly as he might.

She seemed dazed. "This afternoon, did you say? But I did n't know he was sick. Oh, the telegram *said* 'suddenly'? Henry, it must have been a stroke." Thus she groped her way past detail and circumstance into the desolating truth.

"Henry," she ventured, when the arm that held her had relaxed a little, "I wish I had n't said—what I did—the last time—I saw him. But I did n't know—it was—the last—time."

Seated beside her husband in the train the next day, the shocked look in her face faded, and her eyes showed an unwonted softness, as the miles lessened between them and the "Settlement." It was not until the fair fields of her childhood grew upon her sight that she turned suddenly and exclaimed, "*Henry*, I suppose we 'll have to meet—her!"

Judge Adams, in his carriage, was waiting for them at the station. "Yes," he explained, "it was sudden, very sudden indeed. The Squire was in his usual health, had let the boy go home to pick cherries, said he could harness the horse himself to drive in for the mail. He ate a hearty dinner, went to the stable, led out the horse, and fell—dead."

The familiar sounds of farm animals greeted them as they neared the old gray house, half-buried in green vines. The hospitable front door was closed, its great

bronze knocker bearing the emblem of death.

Up-stairs in Maria's old room it all seemed so familiar and yet so strange. The room had lately been used as a guest-chamber. It had lost the atmosphere of occupancy. The hot air smelled of the matting on the floor. In the window was a neglected spider web. And yet they said that girl was a good housekeeper.

Maria caught a muffled sound across the hall. She went to the door and listened. There were voices in her father's room. One voice sounded like the family doctor's. Could the widow be—be—prostrated? Her lip curled at the thought. Then the door opened, and she saw outlined—no, massed, rather—against the light the generous bulk of a woman's figure, and heard the doctor's voice saying: "Yes, Mrs. Dinklesperger; keep her as quiet as possible. The shock of it, you know, in her condition—" And close upon his words came the unmistakeable cry of a child.

Maria shut her door vehemently, even bolting it in her excitement. "Henry," she exclaimed, "I never heard of such a thing."

"I have," he replied sententiously.

"But at *his* age! It is—why, positively—"

"I 'm afraid," he said grimly, "it 's rather—customary."

So they did not see the widow until the afternoon of the funeral. Then she came down-stairs very slender and very white in her black gown. In the parlor the carved chairs were pushed stiffly against the wall. Between them stretched rows of shiny camp-stools, delivered by the undertaker that morning. In the living-room the Squire's mahogany desk was closed. The fireplace before which he was wont to sit and smoke was swept clean. The andirons were polished to the semblance of gold. The window-seats were set with great bowls of sweet-peas from the garden. The massive doors at each end of the hall stood open. In the center was the black casket. Stillness reigned. Even the June breeze seemed loath to enter the august presence of Death.

From room to room went the widow, weak, but restless, brushing an imaginary speck of dust from the mantelpiece where lay the Squire's pipe, rearranging the flowers in the window, straightening the cover on the quaint claw-foot table, never speaking save to greet, with her atrocious accent, in her sweet, rich voice, some newly arrived relative. Among her husband's kin she walked an alien.

Then the minister came, a young man with sleek hair and a clerical vest. "Ah, yes," he said to the widow, "I understand. You want as brief a service as possible— Ah, Mrs. Buchanan, glad to meet you, even under such sad circumstances. A strange providence, a very strange providence!" He fingered the lapel of his coat nervously, aware of a subtle embarrassment in the air. It was felt, too, by all the hushed throng that presently filled the rooms—hard-handed farmer neighbors in their ill-fitting Sunday clothes, tradespeople from the village, relatives from the city, political friends—and enemies—from all parts of the county; for the Squire was as widely respected as he was widely known.

Up-stairs sat the family—Henry and Maria; the Squire's sister, with her daughter; and, beside the window, the widow. Maria was opposite. She could see the orchard trees faintly stirring in the soft air; she could watch the clouds floating in the blue above; she could count the horses tied in an imposing row down the lane; and she could study the sad face silhouetted against the summer sky.

The minister's voice broke the silence. "Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not."

The girl's hand stirred restlessly. A vagrant breeze disturbed the vines at the window, then wandered on to the waving yellow fields; for it was the time of wheat harvest.

"For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." "We spend our years as a tale that is told."

There was much more of it, but Maria was not listening: she was watching.

Then came the prayer, ending with special petitions for the widow,—Maria's lips tightened,—for the daughter, and for the little fatherless child.

There was a stir down-stairs as the men went out for the carriages. A whinny of welcome ran down the long line of horses, to be echoed by a whinny from the stable. It was the Squire's driving horse whimpering for his master; but there was no response. His master, riding in state at the head of the procession, took the road without him.

During the drive to the cemetery Henry watched the widow's face with anxiety. "Poor child!" he said mentally. "This is a hard day for her. I must talk with her after the service."

But he did not talk with her, nor did any one else except the doctor; for, with the last words of the committal service and the lowering of the casket into the grave, the girl fell forward in a dead faint.

"Henry," argued Maria the next day, "can she take this property from me? It is nothing short of highway robbery. Can't I contest the will?"

"*Contest the will!* You have nothing to contest about. You have inherited fully one half the estate. Farming land has very little value. Why, if this place were sold at auction, it would not bring more than the value of those municipal bonds of yours, alone."

"Well, I'm glad of it, the grasping thing!"

At home again, the Buchanans considered the episode of the alien bride and widow closed. No news from the farm reached them except by way of the county paper.

"Oh, she 'll marry again," sneered Maria. "See if you don't find a notice of it some day."

But no such notice appeared. The paper was occupied with the fall election, the criminal court news, and always the cement industry.

One night, however, Henry paused in his leisurely perusal, rubbed his eyeglasses, and stared. "Read that, Maria."

"*Henry!* Forty thousand dollars! A new cement plant, and they 've offered her forty thousand for that farm. Henry, you told me yourself it was n't worth *half* that."

"I know, my dear; as farming land it was n't. But, you see, nobody knew about this rich deposit—"

"Oh, you need n't tell *me*. *She* knew all along, greedy thing! I saw she had something up her sleeve. Forty thousand dollars!"

"What about the old place?" Henry inquired of Judge Adams, on his next visit to the "Settlement." "Is the widow going to sell?"

"I suppose so. She 'll never get a better offer. It 's wonderful how she 's kept up the estate. There 's not a cow nor a load of hay that she does n't know all about. I 've been her legal adviser all through the settling up of things, and—well—she may not have much education, but I 've never seen such a business head before on any woman's shoulders."

Curiosity impelled Henry to call at the farm. He found the place unchanged. The widow received him in the living-room. The mahogany desk stood as usual between the windows. Upon the andirons blazed a stick of wood, for the day was chilly. Even the Squire's pipe lay in its accustomed place on the mantelpiece. The girl sat in a low rocker, her sewing basket beside her, on the floor at her feet the sturdy baby.

In the presence of her sweet matronliness he found it hard to broach the subject which lay uppermost in his mind; but at last it came out. Was she going to sell out soon?

"Sell?" she replied, "Sell de place? I vill nefer sell de place."

"Never?" questioned Henry. "Ah, but you are young. You may even—marry again," floundering helplessly into facetiousness.

"Marry!" The girl sprang from her chair and faced him for one outraged moment. Then she sank into her seat and buried her face in her hands.

"No," she sobbed, "I vill not marry. Me and my boy ve vill lif here alvays. He vill take his fader's place. I know his fader vould haf it so. Oh, he vas so good to me, so good, and I haf been so happy here! I vill not sell de place—no," she finished in a flash of indignation, "not for forty *million* dollars!"

"Judge," remarked Henry Buchanan that night, "I 've made a discovery—something we 've none of us suspected. That affair of the Squire's was a love-match."

Timothy Cole's wood engravings of French Masters—II

From the original painting in the Louvre. See "Open Letters"

MADAME RÉCAMIER. BY JACQUES LOUIS DAVID

TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF FRENCH MASTERS

MADAME RÉCAMIER

BY

JACQUES LOUIS DAVID

LINCOLN'S LAST DAYS

(LINCOLN IN THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE—V)

BY DAVID HOMER BATES

Manager of the War Department Telegraph Office and Cipher-Operator, 1861-1866

LINCOLN'S FAMILY RELATIONS

LINCOLN at all times showed a most tender regard for Mrs. Lincoln and great affection for his children (of whom he had four), especially for the youngest (born in 1853), always familiarly called "Tad," who was christened Thomas, after his paternal grandfather.

One son, Edward Baker (born 1846) died before the war, and William Wallace (born 1850), died in 1862.

The writer recalls many telegrams written by Mr. Lincoln during the war, some signed in Mrs. Lincoln's name, others addressed to her, the wording of which indicated that between husband and wife there was deep affection and close confidence. Two out of many cases will serve to illustrate this fact.

As recorded elsewhere in this series, the President's family occupied a small cottage at the Soldiers' Home, on the outskirts of Washington during the summer and autumn months.

In the latter part of 1862, Mrs. Lincoln went to Boston to visit some friends, and while there Mr. Lincoln sent this message:

Washington, November 9, 1862.

MRS. A. LINCOLN, Boston: Mrs. Cuthbert and Aunt Mary want to move to the White House because it has grown so cold at the Soldiers' Home. Shall they?

A. Lincoln.

This deference to Mrs. Lincoln's wishes was habitual with him.

William Wallace Lincoln, always called "Willie," was next older than Tad, and I well remember his quiet manner and interesting personality from having seen him frequently during the summer and autumn of 1861, when he was about eleven. He died of typhoid fever, February 20, 1862; and Lincoln's deep sorrow over the loss of a second son was evident for months afterward. In my war diary, under date of February 11, 1864, is this entry:

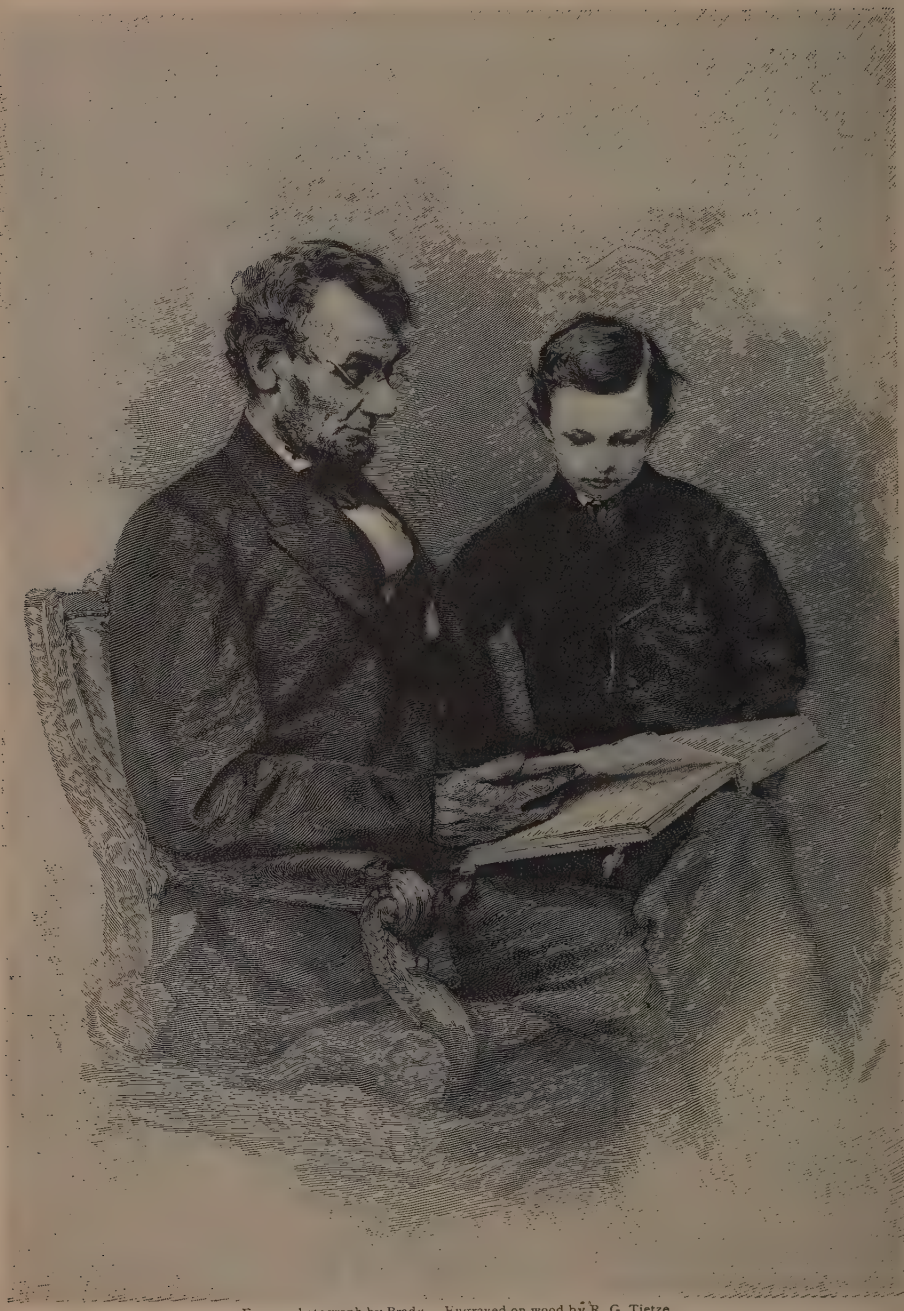
> Last night, when leaving the telegraph office I discovered that the White House stables were on fire, and running back to the War Department, where there was a call wire, I sent an alarm to the fire-engine house above 17th Street. The engine responded quickly, but the fire had gained too much headway, and the stable and contents were destroyed, including the President's three spans of carriage horses and Willie's little pony.

This was two years after the boy's death, but his winning ways had made him such a great favorite that his pony was still identified with his name.

In Bishop Simpson's funeral oration, when Lincoln's body was brought to Springfield in 1865, he made this reference:

> In his domestic life Lincoln was exceedingly kind and affectionate. . . . To an officer of the army he said not long since, "Do you ever find yourself talking with the dead?" and then added, "Since Willie's death, I catch myself every day involuntarily talking with him as if he were with me."

No other record of this incident has been discovered by me, but Frank B. Carpenter, the artist, in his "Six Months at the White House," p. 293, says that on April 14, 1865, the day of the assassination, and more than three years subse-



From a photograph by Brady. Engraved on wood by R. G. Tietze

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND HIS SON "TAD"

quent to Willie's death, Lincoln said to Mrs. Lincoln:

We must both be more cheerful in the future. Between the war and the loss of our darling Willie we have been very miserable.

Many stories are told of Tad's mischievous pranks, and of his father's close companionship with his favorite boy. Tinker records that on one occasion Lincoln came into the telegraph office chuckling to himself over a fairy story-book that some one had given to Tad, who was holding his father's hand as he entered the room. He thereupon repeated the story to the cipher-operators. It told how a mother hen tried to raise a brood of chicks, but was much disturbed over the conduct of a sly old fox who ate several of the youngsters while still professing to be an honest fox; so the anxious mother had a serious talk with the old reynard about his wickedness. "Well, what was the result?" asked one of us, when it appeared that Lincoln did not intend to continue his narrative. "The fox reformed," said Lincoln, his eyes twinkling, "and became a highly respected paymaster in the army, and now I am wondering which one he is." The significance of this reference is in the fact that about that time there were rumors of fraud in the Paymaster's Department.

Much has been said about Lincoln being influenced by his dreams. For instance, it has been stated by good authorities, including members of his cabinet, that before each of the great battles of the war, and also before the occurrence of some other specially notable event in his life, he had a vivid dream which led him to look forward at such a time with great anxiety for the announcement of some disaster, or other incident, of a particularly important character. It is related that on the night before his assassination he had an unusually exciting dream, which he thought was a portent of impending danger of some sort. That he did have this habit of being deeply affected and influenced by these visions of the night, is clearly shown by the following telegram:

Washington, D. C., June 9, 1863.
MRS. A. LINCOLN, Philadelphia:
Think you had better put Tad's pistol away. I had an ugly dream about him.
A. Lincoln.

Here are two telegrams out of a large number in which Lincoln referred to his children in an affectionate manner.

August 31, 1864.
MRS. A. LINCOLN, Manchester, Vermont:
All reasonably well. Bob not here yet. How is dear Tad?—*A. Lincoln.*

September 8, 1864.
MRS. A. LINCOLN, Manchester, Vermont:
All well, including Tad's pony and the goats.—*A. Lincoln.*

On another occasion Lincoln wrote to his wife as follows:

. . . Tell dear Tad poor Nanny goat is lost. . . . The day you left, Nanny was found resting herself and chewing her little cud on the middle of Tad's bed, but now she 's gone. . . . *A. Lincoln.*

The President's affection for his youngest boy was such that they were together much of the time, even while the father was receiving callers or attending to official business in the White House, and nearly always when visiting the army at the front or in the defenses around Washington. They came to the War Department hand-in-hand many times.

Lincoln went to City Point in March, 1865, and as usual Tad went with him, and remained with his father after Mrs. Lincoln returned to Washington a week later. Tad became a great pet among the officers and men. Each afternoon, during their two weeks' stay, the headquarters' band marched up to the open space near the President's tent, and played popular airs for an hour or so. Tad enjoyed the music of the brass band very greatly, and was on the lookout each afternoon when the appointed hour approached. As soon as he heard the strains of music in the distance he would jump up and down and shout: "There comes our band! there comes our band!".

Robert Todd Lincoln, the President's eldest son (born 1843), was even more quiet and reserved in his manner than Willie; and he came to the War Department with his father very seldom. He was absent from Washington, at school, part of the time during the war, and just before its close received the appointment of captain, and was assigned to Grant's staff, remaining with him until Lee's surrender. After the war he entered the

legal profession. During President Harrison's first administration he was Secretary of War and in his second administration Minister to England, performing the duties of both high offices with signal ability.

LINCOLN'S LAST DAYS

In the spring of 1865, shortly after Lincoln received word from General Grant of his purpose to close in upon Lee and bring the war to an end, there followed this despatch, dated March 20:

> His Excellency A. Lincoln: Can you not visit City Point for a day or two? I would like very much to see you, and I think the rest would do you good.
>
> Respectfully yours, etc.,
> *U. S. Grant,* Lieutenant-General.

He eagerly responded to the call and started on the *River Queen,* convoyed by the little steamer *Bat,* Friday, March 24, and arrived at City Point the following evening.

General Grant directed his cipher-operator, Captain Samuel Beckwith, to report to the President and keep him in constant touch by telegraph with the army in its advance movement, and with the War Department at Washington. It may therefore be truthfully said that for the next two weeks out of the three remaining to him, Lincoln lived "in the telegraph office," for he and Beckwith were almost inseparable and the wires were kept busy with despatches to and from the President. Beckwith's official tent, where all telegrams were sent and received, adjoined the larger tent of General E. S. Bowers, which Lincoln made his headquarters.

It was by telegraph forty-eight hours after reaching City Point that Lincoln endorsed Secretary Stanton's order of exercises to be observed at Fort Sumter on the anniversary of its surrender, in which many notable persons, including Colonel Robert Anderson, Admiral Dahlgren, Assistant Adjutant-General Townsend, Captain Gustavus V. Fox, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. R. S. Storrs, and others were to participate.

Mrs. Lincoln remained at City Point one week, returning to Washington on April 1. Little Tad was left with his father. Grant's forward movement progressed so well that at 7:45 o'clock Sunday morning, April 2, the President telegraphed to Mrs. Lincoln and the Secretary of War some details of our great success, including quotations from Grant's telegram. The original is shown in facsimile on the opposite page.

Upon Mr. Lincoln's return from Petersburg, after his last conference with General Grant, before Lee's surrender, he found awaiting him a telegram from the Secretary of War, pointing out the dangers which the President was likely to meet if he went to the front, as his early morning message had stated he would do. (See the June Century, page 295, for a facsimile.)

In part Stanton said: "Consider whether you ought to expose the Nation to the consequence of any disaster to yourself in the pursuit of a treacherous and dangerous enemy like the rebel army." Lincoln's reply to this thoughtful warning, is given in facsimile on page 770.

Alas, with all his precautions and in spite of all the safeguards placed around his person by the Secretary of War and by General Grant, he was destined to meet death at the hands of an assassin only eleven days later.

The despatch above referred to was the last one sent by the President before he went to Richmond the following day, and before his death, so far as is recorded, he sent only seven other telegrams, three from City Point and four from Washington.

Upon his return to City Point, on the afternoon of April 5, he found a batch of telegrams, including some from Grant at the front, telling of the continued progress of his army in the pursuit of Lee's disheartened and fast disintegrating forces.

At noon, the following day, Lincoln telegraphed to Grant that Secretary Seward had been seriously injured by being thrown from his carriage in Washington, and that this, with other matters, would take him to Washington soon. Otherwise it is to be presumed, that notwithstanding Stanton's warning, he would have gone to Appomattox to be present at the surrender of Lee's army. The same day he telegraphed General Weitzel at Richmond on the subject of a meeting

of "the gentlemen who have acted as the Legislature of Virginia," for the purpose of taking measures "to withdraw the Virginia troops from resistance to the General Government." Lincoln remained

patch from City Point gave us in the War Department the first news of the capture of Petersburg and Richmond. Shortly after that message was received we were startled to hear our comrade,

Head Quarters Armies of the United States,

City Point, April 2 7 45 1865

Mrs A. Lincoln,

Washington, D.C.

Last night Gen. Grant telegraphed that Sheridan with his Cavalry and the 5th Corps had captured three brigades of Infantry, a train of wagons, and several batteries, prisoners amounting to several thousands. This morning Gen. Grant, having ordered an attack along the whole line, telegraphs as follows

"Both Wright and Parke got through the enemies lines. The battle now rages furiously. Sheridan with his Cavalry, the 5th Corps, & Miles Division of the 2d Corps, which was sent to him push 1. this A.M. is now sweeping down from the West. All now looks highly favorable. Ord is engaged, but I have not yet heard the results on his front"

Robert yesterday wrote a cheerful little note to Capt Penrose, which is all I have heard of him since you left Copy to Secretary of War

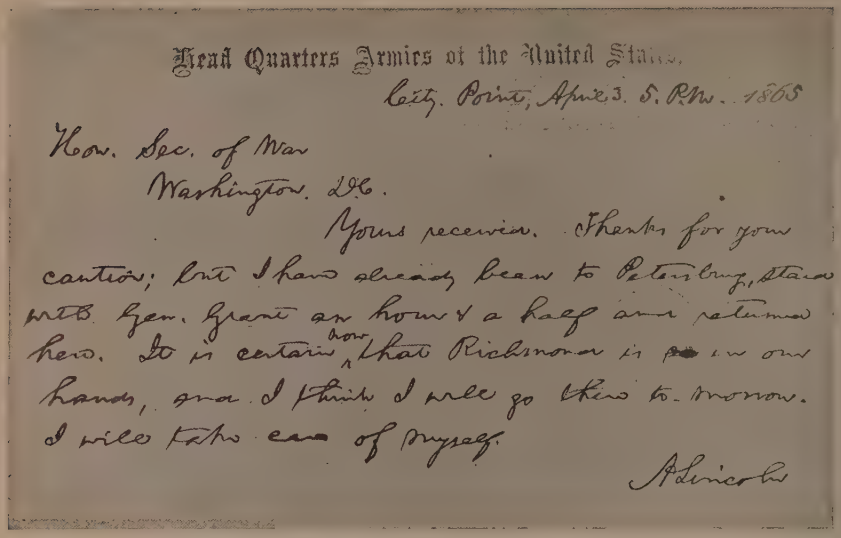
A. Lincoln

FACSIMILE OF LINCOLN'S DESPATCH TO MRS. LINCOLN OF 7:45 P.M. APRIL 2, 1865

at City Point until April 9, when he returned on the *River Queen* to Washington, where he arrived April 10, at which time he received Grant's welcome despatch announcing the capitulation of Lee.

"RICHMOND HAS FALLEN!"

AND now, let us go back to the morning of April 3, when Lincoln's cipher-despatch from City Point gave us in the War Department the first news of the capture of Petersburg and Richmond. Shortly after that message was received we were startled to hear our comrade, William J. Dealy, at Fort Monroe, say over the wire, "Turn down for Richmond." To one not a telegrapher these words would be Greek, but we all knew what was meant and operator Thomas A. Laird at once turned down the armature spring so that it might respond to the weaker current from the more distant office and the signals thus be made plainer to the


Head Quarters Armies of the United States.
City Point, April 3. 5. P.M. 1865

Hon. Sec. of War
Washington. D.C.

Yours received. Thanks for your caution; but I have already been to Petersburg, staid with Gen. Grant an hour & a half and returned here. It is certain now, that Richmond is ours in our hands, and I think I will go there to-morrow. I will take care of myself.

A. Lincoln

FACSIMILE OF LINCOLN'S DESPATCH OF 5 P.M., APRIL 3, 1865

ear. Then came the inquiry, "Do you get me well?" "Yes, go ahead." "All right. Here is the first message for you in four years from Richmond.

Richmond, Va., April 3, 1865.
HON. EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.: We took Richmond at 8:15 this morning. . . The city is on fire in two places. . .
G. Weitzel, Brig.-Gen'l Comd'g."

General Weitzel sent a similar message to General Grant at the front, the original of which is still in the possession of the operator who transmitted it over the field wire—Mr. William B. Wood, now of New York City.

When Laird had received the words, "From Richmond," he jumped up and ran into the cipher-room, leaving Willie Kettles, a lad of fifteen, the youngest operator in the office, to copy the despatch whilst Laird spread the glad tidings by word of mouth. Looking out of the window at the people who were passing I leaned as far out as possible and shouted, "Richmond has fallen." Tinker, Chandler, and Maynard, at other windows, did the same and soon a big crowd had assembled on the lawn below. Just then Secretary Stanton, who had come into the library-room, where the telegraph instruments were located, seized young Kettles, and placing him on the window ledge, said to the people beneath, "This is the boy who received the first message from Richmond," and then pointing his hand backward, added, "The telegraph is my right arm."

During the following week the wires were kept busy with messages relating to the task of restoring order in the former capital of the Confederacy and also with other messages with a deeper interest from Grant, until, on April 9, we were rejoiced to hear of the surrender at Appomattox. We knew then that the war had ended and a new era had begun. Lincoln had already started from City Point, on that day, reaching Washington on the morning of the 10th.

On the morning of Wednesday, April 12, Lincoln came over to the telegraph office and wrote two telegrams to General Weitzel, both of which related to Virginia legislative matters.

When his last dispatch was passed over to us, we quickly transcribed its contents in the cipher-book, line after line and column after column, little thinking that it was the last message we should ever receive from his hands. Soon it was in form for transmission to the cipher-operator at Richmond, and then the end had come of our association with the great President.

THE ASSASSINATION

I REMEMBER the long night of Friday, April 14, that black day in our country's history, when the hate and cruelty embodied in four years of bloody war culminated in one stroke of madness, aimed at the life of one who himself had only "charity for all," with "malice toward none." Although I was on duty in the cipher-room that evening, I have no distinct remembrance of anything that occurred prior to the moment when some one rushed into the office with blanched face saying, "There is a rumor below that President Lincoln has been shot in Ford's Theater." Before we could fully take in the awful import, other rumors reached us, horror following fast upon horror: the savage attack upon Secretary Seward, and the frustrated efforts to reach and kill Vice-President Johnson, Secretary Stanton and other members of the Government. As the successive accounts crystallized, a fearful dread filled our hearts, lest it should be found that the entire cabinet had been murdered. An hour of this awful suspense, and then we received word from Major Eckert, who had gone quickly to Secretary Stanton's house on K Street, and from there with the Secretary to the house on 10th Street, opposite the theater, to which the President had been carried after having been shot by John Wilkes Booth. This message merely assured us of the present safety of Stanton, while confirming our worst fears concerning the President.

A relay of mounted messengers was at once established by Major Eckert, and all night long they carried bulletins in the handwriting of Secretary Stanton addressed to General Dix, New York City, which were at once given to the press and sent over the wires throughout the country. As these bulletins were spelled out in the Morse telegraph characters, our hearts were stunned and yet seemed to be on fire. The awfulness of the tragedy hushed us into silence. As the hours slowly passed hope revived fitfully as some sentence offered faint encouragement that the precious life might perhaps be spared to complete its chosen work; but at last about 7.30 A.M., April 15th, the tension gave away and we knew that our beloved President was gone from us forever.

The news of the tragedy reached General Grant at Philadelphia, as he was about to take the ferry-boat for Camden. He continued his journey to Burlington, New Jersey, with Mrs. Grant, and then started back, Beckwith, his cipher-operator, being with him. Beckwith remained in Washington until April 22, when he was ordered to the lower Potomac to establish communication with the several parties in that vicinity who were searching for Booth, for the capture of whom the large reward of $100,000 had been offered. It had been reported that Booth's route of escape was through Maryland, toward Point Lookout, on the Potomac, and a force, including 600 colored troops, commanded by Major James R. O'Beirne, was sent from Washington to trace and capture the assassins. Beckwith went with this detachment and promptly opened an office at Port Tobacco, from which place he sent a number of telegrams, one of which gave the Washington authorities the earliest authentic clue to Booth's immediate whereabouts. The telegram was quite long, so an extract only will be quoted:

Port Tobacco, Md., April 24th, 1865.
10 A.M., received 11 A.M.

MAJOR ECKERT: Have just met Major O'Beirne, whose force had arrested Doctor Mudd and Thompson. Mudd set Booth's left leg (fractured), furnished crutches, and helped him and Herold off. They have been tracked as far as the swamp near Bryantown. . . . *S. H. Beckwith.*

Secretary Stanton immediately ordered his Secret Service Chief, Colonel L. C. Baker, to go to Port Tobacco. Accordingly, with a small body of picked mounted men, Baker left Washington on the steamer *John S. Ide*, at 4 o'clock that afternoon, arriving at Belle Plain, seventy miles below Washington, at 10 o'clock. The men and their horses disembarked and the whole party struck out on the trail, and by midnight they had tracked Booth and Herold across the river into Virginia, where the next day they were discovered concealed in a barn, which was set on fire for the purpose of forcing the fugitives from its shelter; here, as is well known, Booth was shot by

Sergeant "Boston" Corbett, Herold having surrendered previously.

POWELL (ALIAS PAYNE), THE ASSASSIN

On November 26, 1864, the day after the attempt of Confederate conspirators to burn New York City, Major Eckert found on the floor of a Sixth Avenue street-car an envelop enclosing a letter addressed to a man named Payne with directions to the members of a band, regarding the assassination of certain persons whose names were not disclosed except by implication in the use of single initials corresponding with those of the President and members of his cabinet. The envelop also contained a picture of Lincoln with a red-ink mark around the neck and down the shirt front. Several months later, in the War Department telegraph office, Lincoln produced from the inside of his high silk hat a similarly marked photograph, which he said had just reached Mrs. Lincoln by mail.

Payne's real name was Lewis Thornton Powell. He enlisted in the Confederate Army in 1861 from Florida, where his father, a Baptist Minister, then resided. At Gettysburg, in July, 1863, Payne was wounded and taken prisoner. He escaped from the hospital in Baltimore after falling in love with his nurse and returned to the Confederate army, but about a year later came North, either as deserter or spy, probably the latter, in view of his connection—by name at least—with the Lincoln picture above referred to, and also in view of his having, in 1864, associated himself with Booth in the plot to kill Lincoln and his cabinet. Payne's share in the work was the murderous assault on Secretary Seward, for which crime he was hanged on July 7, 1865.

Payne was a remarkable man mentally and physically. His limbs and muscles were finely formed and developed, and when in the prisoners' dock on trial, clad as to upper garments only in a tight-fitting knit shirt, his stalwart figure was almost gladiatorial, in its clean-cut robustness. His face was sphinx-like in its immobility and the steady gaze of his dark, expressive eyes gave one the impression of a man of coldly-calculating, dare-devil disposition, whom fate had decreed to reckless deeds and now to death, and almost, or quite, without remorse. This naturally stolid man, already fired with the spirit of revenge by the fate of his native South, and the death of his two brothers killed in battle, was a tool in the hands of the impulsive and romantic Booth.

Payne was the only one of the seven conspirators supposed to have enjoyed the full confidence of Booth, and he was silent and imperturbable, answering no questions, refusing all but a bare modicum of food, and even resisting one of the chief demands of nature. In this latter respect, the inactive period was prolonged for more than a fortnight, every possible means being employed by the attending physician to induce normal action.

Secretary Stanton sent Assistant Secretary Dana and Major Eckert to the monitor *Saugus,* where Payne was confined in irons, in the hope that he might be led to talk. Dana soon tired of the task, but Eckert persevered in his efforts to break down the barriers between them and for ten days kept vigil with the prisoner, remaining with him almost constantly all day long, and for hours uttering no word himself, but keeping his eyes upon Payne and waiting for the moment of victory over the assassin's iron will. One day the Provost Marshal in command tried to have a picture taken of Payne, who moved his head from side to side to hide his face. The officer, angered by his failure, struck at Payne's arm with his sword or cane. Eckert remonstrated, telling the officer he had no authority for striking a prisoner, or even for taking his picture. In this he was upheld by Secretary Stanton, who then directed that Payne should be placed in the direct custody of Eckert, and he so remained until the day of his execution. At the next meeting of the two, Payne said that his words to the officer who struck him were the first sympathetic words he had heard for many long months.

When Eckert had told Payne of his finding the envelop already referred to containing a reference to the assassination plot, Payne acknowledged it had been lost while he was in New York at the time of the attempt to burn the city by Headley and his associates from Canada.

Under instructions from the Secretary of War each of the conspirators on the *Saugus* was fitted with a hood over the head, with openings for the eyes and mouth, so that they might not communicate with each other by word or by facial signs. Their place of confinement was in the anchor-well at the bow of the boat. They were manacled, but were not confined separately in rooms or cells, there being no such facilities on the vessel.

Payne had asked for some tobacco, which the Major did not have, but he obtained some before his next visit, and then in Payne's presence cut off a piece and put it into his own mouth, meantime watching Payne, whose eyes were fixed on the coveted morsel. Eckert then cut off a liberal piece and slipped it through the opening in the hood into Payne's mouth. The prisoner said that he never had had anything taste so good as that piece of tobacco.

When the time came to remove the prisoners from the monitor to the arsenal prison, Eckert accompanied Payne with an officer of the guard. Payne's feet had swollen enormously so that he could not wear his shoes, and a pair of carpet slippers had been provided which were slipped over Payne's feet, and these gave him much relief. As they neared the gangplank of the vessel it was necessary for each one to lower his head to prevent being struck by a cross-piece, the tide being very low. It was pitch dark, the transfer being made at night. Payne could not see the obstruction and Eckert placed his hand on Payne's head and pressed it down so as to prevent his striking the cross-piece.

It was after one of these incidents that Payne broke down and confided many of the details of Booth's plot, which were of such a character as to lead to the belief on the part of the authorities that, with the exception perhaps of John H. Surratt, who was apprehended in Egypt two years later, after having served in the Papal Zouaves at Rome, all the suspected persons were then under lock and key and that no further trouble might be expected from that source.

Even after Eckert had succeeded in obtaining Payne's confidence, the latter still withheld information bearing on his own part in the conspiracy, until a promise not to testify against him was given. He was told that such a promise could not be made, but later Payne gave a few details of their meetings in Baltimore and Washington, together with other facts of importance.

One Baltimore rendezvous was in a gambling place on Monument Square opposite Guy's Hotel. The secretary of the meeting was a physician on Fayette Street, opposite Barnum's Hotel. Eckert went to Baltimore by the first train, to consult the doctor for indigestion, and while the latter went into an adjoining room to write a prescription, Eckert quietly pocketed a picture of the good physician, which was standing on the mantelpiece, and on his return to Washington showed the picture and the prescription to Payne. Eckert also went to the Washington rendezvous, on D Street, not far from the railroad station, and inquired for a room for meetings. A colored woman in charge offered him the very room Payne had described and said it had often been used for meetings. From the way she told her story, it was learned when Booth and his band had last been there, although she had no inkling of the diabolical plot which was being laid by her tenants. The room was large and had a grate at one end. It had not been cleaned up thoroughly, papers and dust having been swept toward the hearth and under the grate. Eckert poked with his cane until he had separated the scraps of paper from the debris and afterward, by pasting the pieces together, made out portions of a resolution relating to certain things to be done, evidently having reference to an abduction, and which, it was believed, had been written by Booth.

Among the debris was also found a scrap of paper bearing the name of Mudd. A Doctor Mudd living in lower Maryland had set Booth's broken leg on his flight toward Virginia and had been arrested on April 21 as one of the conspirators. On the trial, Mudd was found guilty and sentenced for life at Dry Tortugas but was pardoned by President Johnson in 1869, after nearly four years' imprisonment.

At one time Payne told Eckert of three occasions when he was very close to Lincoln and could have shot him if

War Department

Washington City

April 16 1865.

General;

The distressing duty has devolved upon the Secretary of War to announce through you to the armies of the United States, that at twenty two minutes after seven o'clock on the morning of Saturday, the fifteenth day of April 1865, instant, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States died of a mortal wound inflicted upon him by an assassin.

The armies of the United States will share with their fellow citizens the feelings of grief and horror inspired by this most atrocious murder of their great and beloved President and Commander-in-Chief and with profound sorrow will mourn his death as a great National Calamity

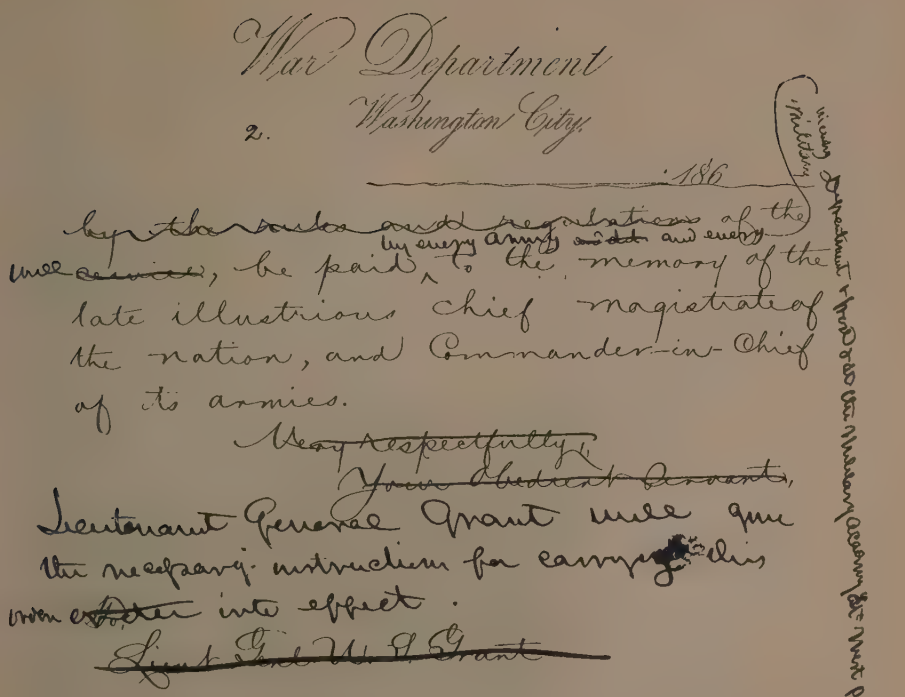
You will direct that the Post and Station Head Quarters of every Department be draped in mourning for thirty days, and that the appropriate honors prescribed

FACSIMILE, ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGE, OF THE MANUSCRIPT OF SECRETARY STANTON'S ORDER TO THE ARMIES FOR HONORING THE MEMORY OF THE MURDERED PRESIDENT

The original is in the possession of David Homer Bates who first wrote the message from Stanton's dictation, after which the latter revised it extensively with his own hand

he had been so inclined. Once, during the winter of 1865, Booth and Payne had walked through the White House grounds in the daytime. Booth urged Payne to send a card in to Lincoln, using any name that he might see fit, and when he went into the room to shoot the President. Payne said he declined and Booth berated him soundly for cowardice.

At another time, when Lincoln was making a speech from the second story window of the White House, Booth and


War Department
Washington City,
2.
186
by the army and navy
late illustrious chief magistrate of
the nation, and Commander-in-Chief
of its armies.
Lieutenant General Grant will give
the necessary instructions for carrying this
into effect.
By order of the Secretary of War

Payne were in the crowd of listeners and again Booth urged Payne to take out his revolver and fire. Payne again said, "No, I will not do it." Again Booth damned Payne and urged him to commit the deed then and there, saying that the crowd was so great that it could be done without detection, but Payne was obdurate, not yet having screwed himself up to the point of murder.

The third occasion was under the following circumstances: Payne suddenly turned to Eckert and said, "Major, I wonder if you were not the man walking with the President through the White House grounds late one frosty night in February." Payne then said that he was secreted behind the bushes in front of the old conservatory where the executive offices now stand, waiting for Lincoln to return from the War Department. There had been a light fall of snow, which turned to rain. It then got colder and there was a crust on the snow so that it crackled under one's foot. Payne says he heard foot-steps from the direction of the War Department and when the persons got nearly opposite where he was hiding he saw Lincoln and another man coming along the walk, and he heard the President say, "Major, spread out, spread out, or we shall break through the ice."

The two then stopped, and Lincoln started to give an account of an incident when he was a young man. The nearest grist mill to his father's house was seven or eight miles distant and the custom was to take the grain to the mill and wait for it to be ground and then carry the meal back home, leaving a percentage for the miller. He said on one occasion during a very cold spell he and a party of neighbors were returning from the mill with their bags and they came to the Sangamon Creek, which was frozen over so that they could cross on it, but when they were part way over the ice cracked and some one said, "Spread out, spread out, or we shall break through the ice." Eckert told Payne that he recalled the incident, that he was with President Lincoln that night, and had walked home with him many other nights from the War Department to the White

House. This incident indicated that Payne's other statements were true.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

IMMEDIATELY after Lee's surrender and without waiting to witness the details attending the transfer of arms, cannon, etc., Grant started for Washington via City Point, arriving at the latter place April 12, and at Washington April 13.

Plans had been laid by Mrs. Lincoln for a theater party on the evening of Friday, April 14, to see Laura Keene in "Our American Cousin." Mr. Lincoln had reluctantly acceded to his wife's request and had suggested that General Grant and his wife should be invited to join the party. The invitation was given and accepted, but when Secretary Stanton heard of the plan, he made a vigorous protest, having in mind the numerous threats of assassination which had come to the notice of the War Department through its secret-service agents, including a letter from a man named Holmes, written from Syracuse to the State Department and dated November 2, 1864, and the pictures of Lincoln with the red ink-lines around the neck. Stanton told Grant of his fears, and begged him not to go to the theater with Lincoln, telling him that he had already vainly urged the President to give up the project. Grant said he wanted an excuse not to go and that he would send word to the President that as he had not seen his daughter, Nellie, for a long time he and Mrs. Grant had concluded to start Friday afternoon for Burlington, N. J., where Nellie was attending school.

On the morning of April 14, when Lincoln made his usual visit to the War Department, he told Stanton that Grant had canceled his acceptance of the theater invitation. The Secretary again urged the President not to go and, when he could not persuade him, told him he ought to have a suitable guard. Lincoln said, "Stanton, do you know that Eckert can break a poker over his arm?" The Secretary not knowing what was coming looked around in surprise and answered, "No. Why do you ask such a question?" "Well," Lincoln said, "I have seen Eckert break five pokers one after another over his arm and I have been thinking that he would be the kind of man to go with us to the theater to-night. May I take him?"[1]

Stanton, still unwilling to encourage the theater project said that he had some special work for Eckert that evening and could not spare him. Lincoln then said, "Well, I will ask the Major myself, and he can do your work to-morrow." He then came into the telegraph office, told Eckert of his plans for the evening and that he wanted him to be one of the party, but that Stanton said he had some work that must be attended to. "Now, Major," he added, "come along, you can do that work to-morrow, and we want you with us."

Eckert, taking his cue from Stanton's attitude, told the President that it would not be possible for him to accept, because of an appointment that could not be broken.

"Very well," Lincoln then said, "I shall have to ask Major Rathbone to go with us, because Stanton insists upon having some one to guard me, but I would much rather have you, Major, since I know you can break a poker over your arm."

It is idle to conjecture what might have been the result if our alert and vigorous chief had accompanied the President to Ford's Theater that night. Had he done so the probabilities are, in view of Eckert's previous knowledge of the plot to kidnap or kill the President, that Booth might have been prevented from firing the fatal shot and Lincoln spared to finish his great work.

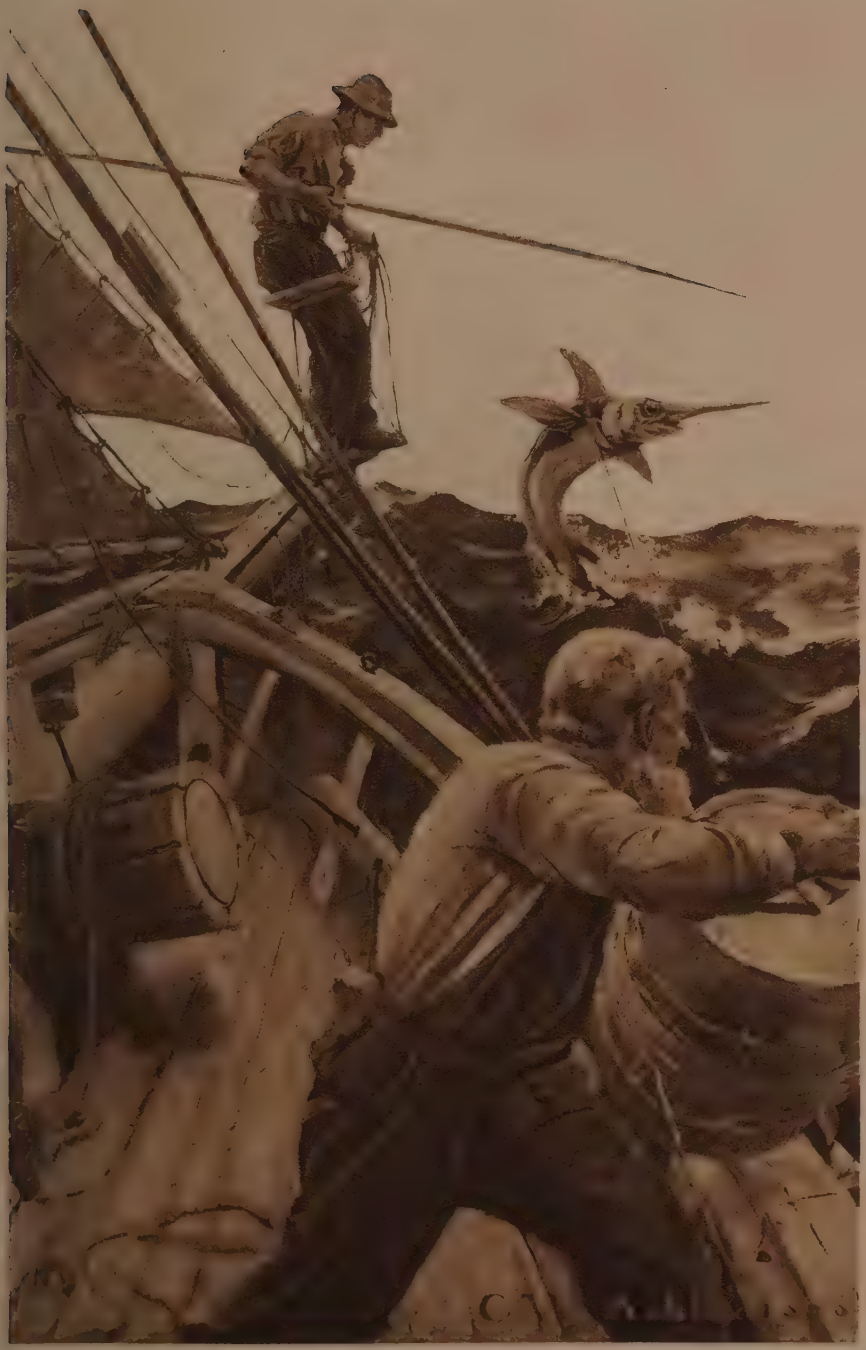
Let me close by a quotation from the New Testament entered in my war-diary under date of April 15, 1865, the day of Lincoln's death:

> "First pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy."

Now, after the lapse of more than forty years, all men have come to think of him in terms no less Christlike.

[1] The incident of breaking the stove pokers was described on page 136 of THE CENTURY for May.

(Conclusion of the series)



Drawn by Clifford W. Ashley. See "Open Letters"

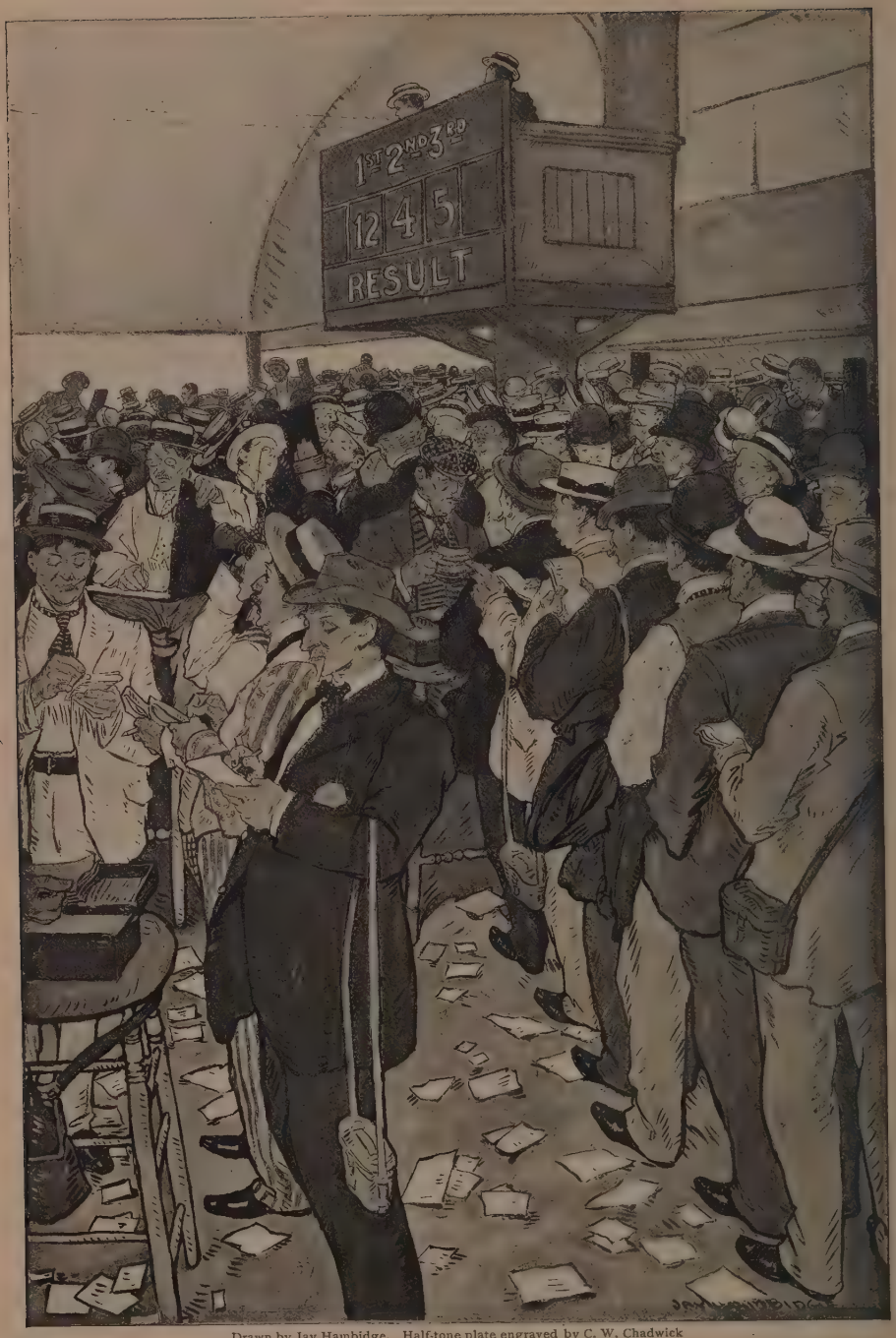
SPEARING A SWORDFISH

RACING IN ITS RELATION TO HORSE-BREEDING

BY JOHN GILMER SPEED

THE interest in horse-racing is felt by a great variety of people, while the practice is as old as civilization. It has always been regarded primarily as a sport, and it is generally so looked upon to-day. But in New York the laws that have been enacted to regulate it put the question of sport in the background, and declare that its encouragement is "for the purpose of raising and breeding and improving the breed of horses." This quotation is taken from the first section of Chapter 570 of the Laws of 1895. This statute is popularly known as the Percy-Gray law, and it establishes a State racing commission and regulates the methods of race meetings within the State. By this law, and under the decisions of the courts interpreting it, gambling, though distinctly forbidden, is made permissive. Without such a legal paradox there could be no book-making on the race-courses; without book-making, which enables those who attend the races to bet on the results, the breeder of horses, the owners of racing stables, and the proprietors of race courses, are all agreed that the sport, as conducted at present and for many years past, could not exist. Granting this fact, the easy conclusion is that horse-racing is conducted for the sake of the gambling, and that the horses are used merely as part of the gambling machinery—as a roulette wheel, for instance. The daily newspapers, which give columns and pages day in and day out to the reports of the races, strengthen this easy conclusion. Much more space is given and much more emphasis laid upon the doings of the "betting ring" than upon the performance of the horses that furnish the sport. The reporters, with great industry and immense exaggeration, tell of the great wagers won and lost; and the conversion of a "shoe-string into a bank-roll" is evidently regarded as a greater achievement than breeding or training a staunch race-horse or riding it to a well-earned victory.

This conclusion is easy, but it is not fair. Gambling is the great handicap to racing—indeed, it is not too strong to say that gambling is the curse of racing; but racing is a cause of gambling rather than the desire to gamble is the cause of racing. The men who are the most noted breeders, as well as those who maintain the most formidable racing stables, are not in the least prominent in the "betting-rings," either personally or through agents. So far as they are influenced at all by business considerations, they race for the stakes and purses and for the increased value that success brings to the stallions and mares of their breeding farms; but primarily, and as a general thing, the best of them race for the sport, much in the same way that they build yachts, play polo, or run automobiles. The money won by them is of secondary consideration, though I am far from suggesting that any of them despise the intrinsic value of their winnings. On the contrary, they think rather more of the money value of winnings than is good for the sport. A man does not expect his yacht to pay, or his game-preserves or his country-place, but he does look to the debit and credit side of his racing accounts with a keenness which gives a color at least to the frequently made charge that racing is not a sport, but a business venture. If the owning of a racing-stable is a business venture, I am inclined to the belief that it is a very



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

IN THE BETTING RING ON FUTURITY DAY AT SHEEPSHEAD BAY

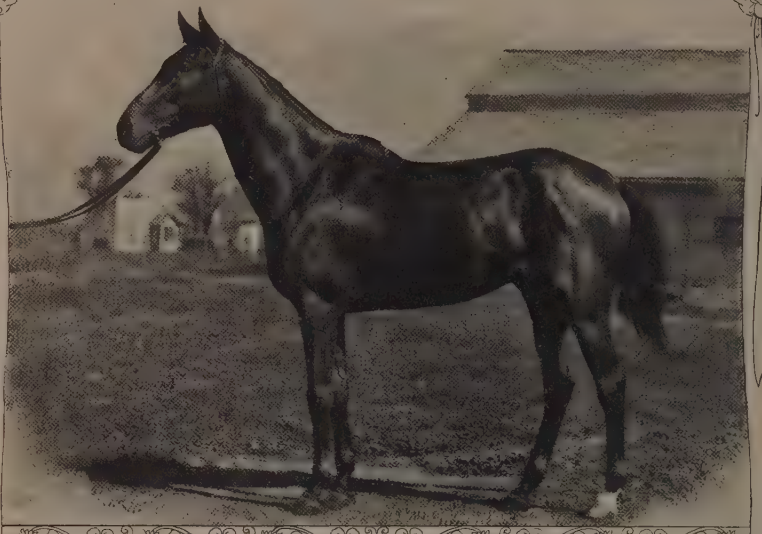
poor one, and quite unworthy of the business acumen of the shrewd men of affairs who have acquired the wealth that enables them to participate in such enterprises. It is not at all fair to say that racing is only a business venture or merely a gambling game, though there is enough of both features to detract seriously from the purely sporting side of it.

Horse-racing in America has become institutional in its character, and if it were not conducted in a businesslike way, the results would be confusing and disastrous. The men who, as proprietors of race-courses, have taken the purely business side, must conduct their affairs in a coldly business way. That in many instances they happen also to be the owners of racing-stables is an inevitable corollary. Not many other capitalists would care to risk money in such hazardous ventures. Those who do make such risks are usually possessed of what we call "sporting-blood." A man may have this, and still not be what is called a sporting man. A sporting man is one who lives by sport and is a kind of professional. So we designate promoters of the prize-ring, race-course bookmakers, and even common gamblers. A sportsman, however, is of a different kind. He is an amateur, a lover of sport, presumably a gentleman. The sporting men would be only too glad to conduct the business side of racing. Wherever they have succeeded in getting control, they have quickly killed every vestige of sport, and placed racing under a legal ban. They killed it effectually in New Jersey, Arkansas, and other States. The sportsmen, however, are in full control in New York and in all other places in America where racing is in a healthy condition.

Racing is not entirely a business; it is not merely a gambling game; it is not purely a sport; nor is it conducted simply to improve the breed of horses. But it partakes of all of these at once, and the only evil that those in control do not seem able to eliminate is gambling. That feature of it I shall leave to other moralists to discuss. The sporting side needs no more discussion than the business side. Without sport, life would be dull for many people in this world; and without business control, not one in a hundred of those who now participate and enjoy the sport of racing could do so. But how does racing improve the breed of horses, and is the improvement worth what it costs? These are the questions that seem to me of the greatest importance.

The creation of the race-horse, the English thoroughbred, from the Oriental stock taken to Europe from Arabia, Barbary, and Turkey, is the greatest achievement in horse-breeding that the modern world has seen. This has been done in answer to the demand that horses should run faster and faster. To enable them to do this, the horses had to be larger, or, rather, taller. The Arabs a century and a half ago were about fourteen hands high, as they are to-day. The thoroughbred, in the form that is now fashionable, will average quite sixteen hands, so that in the two centuries of careful breeding he has grown eight inches in height measured over the withers. Whether he has also increased in his other dimensions in the same proportion is another matter. The average thoroughbred, I am sure, has not so increased, but the best specimens of the type are pretty nearly perfect in symmetry. They are not, however, particularly useful except as runners on the race-course. They excel in only one gait, the gallop, and they therefore are not particularly adapted to harness. The trot of the thoroughbreds is not fast, and the action is too low to make them very desirable driving horses. This is a general rule, and does not take into account a few exceptional thoroughbreds that have trotted with some, if not with great, speed.

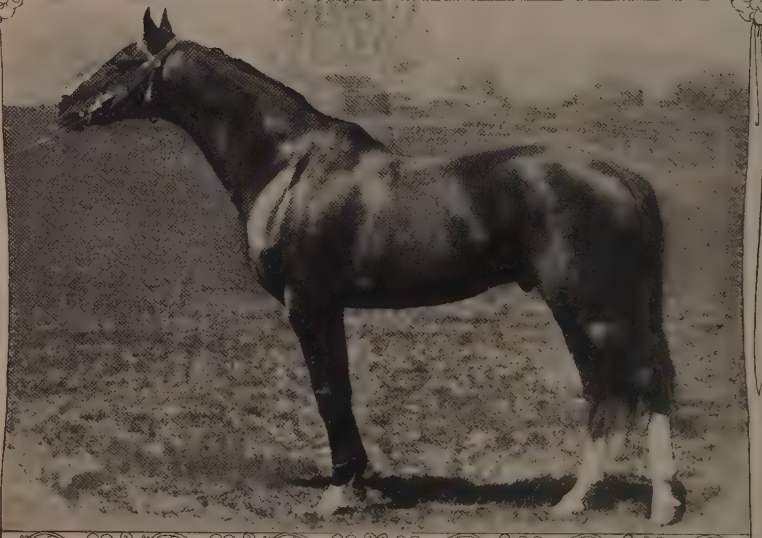
The important thing to decide in discussing the relation of racing to horse-breeding is whether an infusion of thoroughbred blood is valuable in the creation and maintenance of other types. The race-horse in himself—that is, in his own individual work—is only valuable as a race-horse. Except as a racer, he never would have been developed in his present form and condition. Unless his blood improves the common run of horses by mixing it with other breeds, the thoroughbred serves only one purpose. But his blood has proved to be valuable in every country where it has been used.



From a photograph. Copyright, 1905, by J. C. Hemment

MR. JAMES R. KEENE'S SYSONBY, BY MELTON

He was the most wonderful racing machine ever seen in America.



From a photograph by Mullen

MR. H. K. KNAPP'S SIR WALTER, BY MIDLOTHIAN

This horse had a long career and won races at an age when most thoroughbreds have been retired

The American harness horses trace back to Messenger, an English thoroughbred, and in their development there have been other infusions of thoroughbred blood. The Russian Orloff has infusions of thoroughbred blood, and the Austrians, Germans, French, and Italians, in their efforts to breed horses for cavalry and general-utility purposes, buy in England thoroughbred stallions and mares to assist in keeping up the standard as to speed and stamina.

As to the value of the thoroughbred blood there can be little doubt, though breeders and students have long debated as to how it was best to get the infusions and what were the right proportions. Where there is little continuity of breeding, and the plans depend on the life and fortune of the breeder, the inexact science of breeding does not improve as rapidly as it might under more favorable conditions. Many of the European governments recognize this, and keep governmental breeding establishments, which go on from generation to generation in uninterrupted continuity of effort to perpetuate desirable horse types. The Russians have taken the valuable and interesting plant of Count Orloff; the Germans, for much more than a century, have maintained extensive breeding farms; the Austrians have in Austria, and also in Hungary, several large horse-breeding establishments; the French supply stallions to owners of mares at nominal fees, as is also the practice in Great Britain.

In the United States the Federal Government has done next to nothing in the way of horse-breeding, though two small plants are now in operation—one in Colorado for coach horses, and one in Vermont for Morgans. The efforts that the various governments sanction and assist are always toward the creation and maintenance of valuable types. In all of these countries where the efforts are to secure horses for military use, the English thoroughbred blood has the first place. It serves to quicken the blood of other breeds, and though it is an axiom of breeding that nature abhors great contrasts, the thoroughbred blood seems to mix and mingle harmoniously with any other with which it is crossed, no matter how "cold"—with the plough-horses of the farms, for instance, or with the bronchos of the Western plains.

Now why is this? The thoroughbred is of Oriental origin. He was created in England by the mixture of various horses —Arabs, Barbs, Turks, and so on. As has been said before, he was then a small horse, and very much the same as the Arab of to-day. But by selection in breeding and by some mixture with the blood that was in England before the advent of the Orientals, he has grown larger, fleeter, and in many regards finer. He is still, however, a transformed Oriental. The Oriental blood—Arab, if you choose—is at the base of all reproducing horse types, and therefore when remingled with any of these, even though it comes in thoroughbred guise, it is not entirely heterogeneous, and therefore the crossings generally tend to improve the less refined blood that is met. The question naturally arises, Why use transformed Oriental blood instead of the genuine? The answer to that is two-fold. The thoroughbred blood, or transformed Oriental, is at hand and easily accessible, while the Arab, or genuine Oriental, blood is hard to come at. But the second reason is the stronger; there is a prejudice in America against Arab blood that no reasoning seems able to move. This prejudice is due to the fact that too much was expected in immediate improvement by mixing Arab blood with that already here and a consequent failure and disappointment. Had the experiments been continued several generations the result would probably have been different. This feeling may wear away in time, but its present existence must be counted with. Meantime we have the thoroughbred, and we should be unwise not to use the blood.

We have seen that the modern thoroughbred has been created by the demand for race-horses. But is racing at present improving the thoroughbred in such a way that the thoroughbred is made more valuable in the improvement of other types of horses? That is a hard question; but I am inclined to believe that the kind of racing that now prevails in America hurts rather than helps the thoroughbred as such a means of improvement. Short races and races for two-year-olds are the order of the day. This necessitates two efforts on the part of the

From a photograph by C. C. Cook

ADVANCE GUARD, BY GREAT TOM

This horse was contributed by the Jockey Club for the improvement of New York horses.

breeders and trainers—one to get very fast horses for short distances, and the other to develop very young horses to do work that should be reserved for their elders. In a race programme we will find most of the races at distances less than a mile, while very many of the most valuable stakes are for two-year-olds. These things have come about on the demand of the breeders and owners. A breeder can get a better price for his yearlings if the purchasers have chances to make winnings and repay themselves within a twelve-month. And the owners and trainers are only too anxious that the youngsters in their stables should become bread-winners at the earliest possible moment. These features of present-day racing are, in my opinion, hurtful to the horse interests of the

From a photograph by C. C. Cook

MR. W. K. VANDERBILT'S HALMA, BY HANOVER

A great stake winner, contributed to the Jockey Club for the improvement of New York horses.

From a photograph by Geo. M. Pressey

MR. KEENE'S ST. LEONARDS, BY ST. BLAISE

He has been a stake winner and successful sire, and is now one of the Jockey Club stallions.

country, and are in response to what is a purely commercial demand on the part of breeders and owners. The spirit of commercialism which is so all pervasive in America is not more baneful anywhere than in what we call sport.

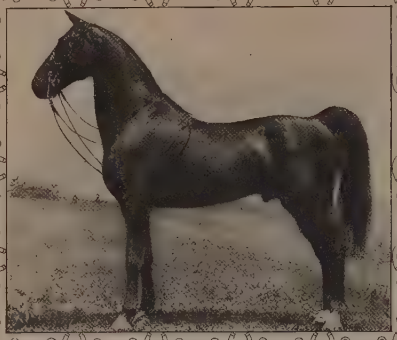
Then again, these short races —sprinting contests—and races between two-year-olds, have a tendency to give most of the mounts to very light-weight riders, with the consequence that the majority of jockeys are mere children, who really ought to be at ordinary com-

mon schools instead of in the place of star actors in this severe and strenuous game of sport. When a youth gets old enough to ride,—that is, when he is approaching manhood, or has reached it,—he is nearly always too heavy to "make the weights" that prevail at American meetings. He is forced, therefore, to retire or to go abroad, where the standard of weights is heavier. A horse that cannot carry at full speed the weight of a light-weight man is not likely to be valuable in improving the breed of general-utility horses; for in such horses stamina and stoutness are required above all else. If the racing authorities are in earnest in their desire to improve the breed of horses, they should increase the weights, lengthen the distances, and decrease very considerably the number and the value of the two-year-old stakes. One mile should be the shortest race permitted, one hundred and twenty pounds the lightest weight allowed, and two-year-olds should not be asked to run until in August or September of the two-year-old form.

In the time of our fathers in this country, one-mile, two-mile, three-mile, and four-mile heats were common. A mere dash—that is, one trial—was looked upon as a poor test of a horse's speed and courage, and was regarded as only a little better than the quarter-mile races of the cross-road country gamblers. Heat races are now quite out of fashion, and the few distance races we have are not popular with owners, as they secure few candidates. Two miles and a half is considered a very long journey, and I fail to recall a four-mile race in many years. I am not pretending to say that some of the star performers of to-day, if specially prepared for long-distance races, would not equal, if not surpass, the performances of Lexington, Fellowcraft, and Ten Broeck, but I do say that the breeders are not seeking primarily for horses to go long journeys and carry heavy-weights, but for very fast horses at comparatively short distances. The result is that the thoroughbred of to-day is becoming more and more unlike the common or basic stock of the country, and departing further and further from that parent stock from which he sprang —that parent stock which has been the potential yeast that has quickened the blood of all the valuable equine types in the civilized world, and at the same time given to these types the reproducing quality without which no type can be truly called fixed and established.

The race-horse as such is most interesting, but it can scarcely be said that as such he is economically valuable in any comprehensive sense. Unless the improvement and perpetuation of the race-horse works a value to the common stock of the country, there is no reason why the public should concern itself to preserve a sport which carries so many ills in its train. Let us glance a moment at the life-work of the most famous race-horse we have had in America during the past decade. I refer to Mr. Keene's Melton colt, Sysonby. This colt ran only in his two- and three-year-old forms, and died without starting as a four-year-old. He started fifteen times, and won all except one of his races. His winnings in two years aggregated $178,190, and as Mr. Keene does not bet on the races, this aggregate represents a total of the owner's winnings. The shortest race in which he started was five-eighths of a mile, the longest two and a quarter miles. *The aggregate length of all the races Sysonby ran was twelve and one-half miles.* This, then, represents the life-work of the greatest horse of his day, probably the greatest of this generation. That he did only this much does not in the least prove that he might not have done ten times as much; but this was, presumably, all that his owner thought it wise to ask him to do. Now he was the best—incontestably the best—at a time when there were many that were considered first-class. What should we expect from a merely average racer, what from one that was only fairly good? Such facts do not inspire the homespun folk of the farms, who, after all, are the horse-breeders of the country, to place much faith in the value that is to be expected from the modern thoroughbred in the desired improvement of the common stock.

And this common stock must be gradually but radically improved to make it profitable to those who breed and raise it. The agencies that are competing with the horse are always being improved, and will surely become permanent. None



From a photograph by McClure

MONTGOMERY CHIEF

He breeds back to thoroughbreds in every direction.

MR. L. D. ELY'S WHITE RIVER MORGAN

He breeds back to thoroughbreds through the founder of the type, Justin Morgan.

From a photograph by L. Stanger

MRS. GERKEN'S KENTUCKY SADDLE-HORSE MAYO

This horse breeds back to thoroughbreds through Denmark.

From a photograph furnished by the Bureau of Animal Husbandry

THE COACH-HORSE STALLION CARMON

He is at the United States Experiment Station, and breeds back to the thoroughbreds Messenger and Justin Morgan.

but a good horse pays now, and good horses are not so numerous as is the demand for them, while the price for high-grade horses for saddle and harness is greater than ever before in the history of the country. This increase in price is due, on the one hand, to the scarcity of good horses, and, on the other, to the increased demand for them, and not a little, no doubt, to the rise in prices of every kind. It is an interesting period, therefore, in which to reform the racing methods so that the thoroughbred may be more valuable in assisting the farmers to breed the kinds of horses that are in demand in the markets. The New York Jockey Club has seen a light, and during the past year has acted on one feature of the matter with a thoroughness that is most commendable.

Members of the Jockey Club and other prominent owners and breeders have contributed thirty thoroughbred stallions, and have sent them to various parts of the State for use at a merely nominal fee,—only enough, indeed, to pay the custodian for feed and attention. These stallions are not worthless cast-offs, but really fine horses, and among them are at least two that during their racing careers have been stake-winners and ranked in the very first flight. The stallions so far placed are quite worthy to be named, and the others to be placed (for it is the in-

tention of the Jockey Club to place one in each county) will doubtless be equally good. Those placed when this article was written, are:

Belmar by Belvidere; Juvenal Maxim by Juvenal; Margrave by St. Blaise; Flavanus by Watercress; Red Eye by the Commoner; Glowstar by Star Ruby; the Little Chevalier by the Chevalier; Mortallo by Knight of Ellerslie; Barney Burke by Frontman; Fatherland by Falsetto; Baird by Huron; Full Sway by Troubadour; Escort by Esher; Girdlestone by Prince of Monaco; Oakwood by Harry O'Fallon; Gleeman by Mirthful; Willard by Canopus; The Musketeer by Museto; Howland by Hindoo; Morokanta by Morocco; Don de Oro by Rayon d'Or; Advance Guard by Great Tom; Lord of the Valley by Hastings; Champlain by Gonsalvo; Saladin by Aladdin; Uncle Urigh by Maxio; Halma by Hanover; Merry Lark by Jim Gore; Rensalaer by Hayden Edwards; St. Leonards by St. Blaise; Goodrich by Patron, and Saccharometer by The Judge.

Any one acquainted with thoroughbred pedigrees will testify that these thirty stallions are representative of the very best blood in America and England. Nor are they small horses. The smallest is fifteen hands, three inches in height, and weighs 1050 pounds, while the largest is sixteen hands, one inch, and weighs 1270 pounds. So it will be seen that they are very nearly uniform as to size, and I am assured that none of them has a defect that is likely to be transmitted to his progeny. To stimulate breeding to these stallions, the Jockey Club offers prizes at the county fairs to the best of the get of each stallion. This is practical work, and a work that in nearly every European country is carried on by the government. As to what our Government is doing in the effort to improve horses, I shall speak presently.

The use of the thoroughbreds to improve other American types is not an experiment the result of which is doubtful. We have two distinctly reproducing types in this country, and one type that is recognized as a type by the very great majority of Americans. The unquestioned types are the Morgans of Vermont and the Denmarks of Kentucky. The quasi type is the standard-bred trotter. All three of these types owe very much, if not all, of their merit and prepotency of reproductive capacity to the thoroughbred, or to the Oriental blood that came through the thoroughbred. The founder of the Morgans of Vermont was Justin Morgan, who is said to have been sired by Colonel DeLancey's thoroughbred True Briton (also called Beautiful Bay and Traveler) out of a mare called Diamond, also a thoroughbred. If this pedigree be correct,—and though I do not believe it, I cannot disprove it,—Justin Morgan was rich in the potential blood of the Darley Arabian and the Godolphin Barb. Pedigree or no pedigree, Justin Morgan certainly had a large quantity of the prepotent Arab blood, whether he got it from horses more recently from the desert or by means of the thoroughbred ancestry that was recorded half a century after his death. He looked like an Arab, acted like one, and bred like one. But whatever be the truth, whether Arab or thoroughbred, he established a great type —a type that has always been improved by some thoroughbred out-crosses and marred by most others. This fact is conclusive evidence to practical breeders who believe in the axiom that "like begets like," that there was thoroughbred or Arab blood in the founder.

The famous Kentucky saddle-horse is of thoroughbred origin, Denmark the founder having been a successful race-horse that won at four-mile heats. He was begotten by imported Hedgeford out of Betsey Harrison by Aratus. This is the most useful and symmetrical saddle-horse in the world, and the breeders of this type are constantly putting in fresh infusions of thoroughbred blood. The utility of the race-horse in creating and improving this breed is so well known that it need not be discussed.

The standard-bred trotter, which I call a "quasi type," in fear and trembling of the wrath I am sure to provoke, traces back through Hambletonian, Abdallah, and Mambrino to the imported thoroughbred Messenger. In every one of the trotters so descended that has gone phenomenally fast there have been one or two or more infusions of thoroughbred blood since that which came from Messenger.

The same has been proved abroad. In every one of the great governmental

studs, new thoroughbreds from England are being constantly introduced, and when one of these Continental countries, even Italy, desires a stallion, the best specimen available is bought, regardless of the price that has to be paid. That policy is in striking contrast to that being pursued by the United States Government in its efforts to create one type of horse and revive another. Until recently this Government has never done a thing to encourage horse-breeding. As a purchaser of horses for the army it has always been niggardly. The specifications issued for cavalry and artillery horses describe animals of superlative excellence and symmetry—horses worth at this time in any market six or seven hundred dollars a head. Then the contracts are awarded to men who agree to supply the horses at from $150 to $180 a head, and who also expect to make money. And very likely they do. But the Government does not get the horses contracted for as described in the specifications. Recently, however, a few mares and a stallion have been established in Colorado with the idea of creating a reproducing type of coach horse. This is what we have never had in America: our coach horses have rarely been the result of design—they have merely happened. And in Vermont a few Morgan mares have been established with the idea of reviving this very useful and beautiful breed. But the policy of the Government has been so niggardly that the officers in charge of these experiments have never been able to buy what they wanted, but have had to be content with what the small appropriations enabled them to pay for. The idea of the great, rich American republic, when conducting an experiment for the benefit of the people, buying second and third-rate material instead of the very best would be laughably absurd were it not humiliating. This cheap policy has been due to the timidity of the Department of Agriculture and the hostility of the Chairman of the House Committee on Agriculture. The Department may gain in courage; the Chairman has been defeated for reëlection. So we need not despair of the experiments so meagerly begun. Now in these horses that are being experimented with it is the thoroughbred blood that gives them their quality. If it were not for this consideration we might just as well foster the importation of foreign types and stimulate their multiplication in this country. With these types—the hackney, the French coach horse, and so on—Americans will never be content. They want better-bred horses,—horses that find no road too long, no pace too fast. Such we can get only by using our own basic stock, reinforced from time to time by thoroughbred or some other equivalent infusion.

From a photograph by L. Stanger

MRS. GERKEN'S NEWSBOY AND SHOPGIRL IN TANDEM

And without racing the thoroughbred in this country would soon become a rarity.

THE SHUTTLE

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "The Dawn of a To-morrow," etc.

XXXVIII

AT SHANDY'S

ON a late summer evening in New York the atmosphere surrounding a certain corner table in Shandy's cheap restaurant in Fourteenth street was stirred by a sense of excitement. The corner table in question was the favorite meeting-place of a group of young men of the G. Selden type, who usually took possession of it at dinner-time, having decided that Shandy's supplied more decent food for fifty cents, or even for twenty-five, than was to be found at other places of its order. Shandy's was about all right, they said to one another, and patronized it accordingly, three or four of them generally dining together with a friendly and adroit manipulation of "portions" and "half-portions" which enabled them to add variety to their bill of fare.

This evening the four claimants of the favorite corner table had met together earlier than usual: Jim Belter, who "hammered" a typewriter at Schwab's brewery; Tom Weatherbee, who was "in a down-town office"; Bert Johnson, who was "out for the Delkoff"; and Nick Baumgarten, who having for some time "beaten" certain streets as assistant salesman for the same illustrious machine, had been recently elevated to a "territory" of his own, and was therefore in high spirits.

"Say," he said, "let 's give him a fine dinner. We can make it between us. Hope foreign travel has not given him the swelled head."

"Don't believe it 's hurt him a bit. His letter did n't sound like it. Little Georgie ain't a fool," said Jim Belter.

Tom Weatherbee was looking over the letter referred to. It had been written to the four conjointly toward the termination of Selden's visit to Mr. Penzance.

"Say, boys," he said, "this big thing he 's keeping back to tell us when he sees us is all right, but what takes me is old George paying a visit to a parson. *He* ain't no Young Men's Christian Association."

Bert Johnson leaned forward and looked at the address on the letter paper.

"Mount Dunstan Vicarage," he read aloud. "That looks pretty swell, does n't it?" he added, with a laugh.

People were dropping in and taking seats at the tables. They were all of one class. Young men who lived in hall bedrooms; young women who worked in shops or offices; a couple here and there who, living far up-town, had come to Shandy's to dinner, that they might go to cheap seats in some theater afterward.

The door swung open to admit a newcomer, at the sight of whom Jim Belter exclaimed joyously. "Good old Georgie!" he cried. "Here he is, fellows! Get on to his glad rags!"

G. Selden's economies had not enabled him to give himself into the hands of a Bond street tailor, but a careful study of cut and material, as spread before the eye in elegant colored illustrations in the windows of respectable shops in less ambitious quarters, had resulted in the purchase of a well-made suit of smart English cut.

"Hello, old chap! Glad to see you!" "What sort of a voyage?" "How did you leave the royal family?" "Glad to get back?"

They all greeted him at once, shaking hands, and slapping him on the back as

they hustled him gleefully over to the corner table and made him sit down.

"Say, garsong," said Nick Baumgarten to their favorite waiter, who came at once in answer to his summons, "let 's have a porterhouse steak half the size of this table, and with plenty of mushrooms, and potatoes hashed brown. Here 's Mr. Selden just returned from visiting at Windsor Castle, and if we don't treat him well, he 'll look down on us."

G. Selden grinned. "How have you been getting on, Sam?" he said, nodding cheerfully to the man. They were old and tried friends.

"Been getting on as well as can be expected," Sam grinned back. "Hope you had a fine time, Mr. Selden?"

"Fine! I should smile! Fine was n't in it," answered Selden. "But I 'm looking forward to a Shandy porterhouse steak, all the same."

"Did they give you a better one in the Strawnd?" asked Baumgarten in what he believed to be a correct Cockney accent.

"You bet they did n't," said Selden. "Shandy's takes a lot of beating. That last is English slang." The people at the other tables cast involuntary glances at them.

"Billy Page came back in August looking pretty bum," Nick Baumgarten began. "He 'd been painting gay Paree brick red, and he 'd spent more money than he 'd meant to, and that was n't half enough. Landed dead broke. He said he 'd had a great time, but he 'd come home with rather a dark-brown taste in his mouth that he 'd like to get rid of."

"He thought you were a fool to go off cycling into the country," put in Weatherbee, "but I told him I guessed that was where he was 'way off. I believed you 'd had the best time of the two of you."

"Boys," said Selden, "I had the time of my life." He said it almost solemnly.

"Tell us the whole thing," Nick Baumgarten put in, "from beginning to end. Your letter did n't give anything away."

"A letter would have spoiled it. I can't write letters, anyhow. I wanted to wait till I got right here with you fellows round where I could answer questions. First off," he began, with the deliberation befitting such an opening, "I 've sold machines enough to pay my expenses, and leave some over."

"You have? Gee whiz!" "Say, give us your prescription." "Glad I know you, Georgie."

"And who do you suppose bought the first three?" he asked. At this point it was he who leaned forward upon the table, his climax being a thing to concentrate upon. His excitement was so intense that it actually held the others silent and there was a pause before he himself answered. "Reuben S. Vanderpoel's daughter—Miss Bettina. And, boys, she gave me a letter to Reuben S. himself, and here it is!"

He produced his flat leather pocketbook and took an envelop from an inner flap, laying it before them on the tablecloth. If this proof had been lacking, they would have believed that he was playing a hilarious joke on them. Jokes of this kind, though not of this proportion, were common entertainments.

"She showed it to me," said G. Selden, taking the letter from its envelop with great care, "and I said to her: 'Miss Vanderpoel, would you let me just show that to the boys the first night I go to Shandy's.' I knew she 'd tell me if it was n't all right to do it. She 'd know I 'd want to be told. And she just laughed and said: 'I don't mind at all. I like "the boys." Here is a message to them. Good luck to you all, and good hunting!' "

"She said that?" demanded Nick Baumgarten.

"Yes, she did, and she meant it. Look at this."

This was the letter. It was short, and written in a clear hand:

DEAR FATHER:

This will be brought to you by Mr. G. Selden, of whom I have written to you. Please be good to him.

Affectionately,

Betty.

Each young man read it in turn. None of them said anything at first. A kind of awe had descended upon them—not in the least awe of the Vanderpoel who with other multi-millionaires was served up each week with cheerful neighborly comment or equally neighborly disrespect in huge Sunday papers read throughout the

land, but awe of the unearthly luck which had fallen without warning to good old G. S., who lived like the rest of them in a hall bedroom on ten per, earned by tramping the street for the Delkoff.

"That girl," said G. Selden, gravely—"that girl is a winner from Winnersville. I take off my hat to her. If it 's in the scheme that some people 's got to have millions, and others have got to sell Delkoffs, that girl 's one of those that 's entitled to the millions. It 's all right she should have 'em. There 's no kick coming from me."

Nick Baumgarten was the first to speak.

"Well, I guess after you 've told us about her there 'll be no kick coming from any of us. Of course there 's something about you that royal families cry for and they won't be happy till they get it. All of us boys knows that; but what we want to find out is how you worked it so that they saw the kind of pearl-studded hair-pin you were."

"Worked it," Selden answered. "I did n't *work* it. I 've got a good bit of nerve, but I never should have had enough to invent what happened—just *happened*. I broke my leg falling off my bike, and fell right into a whole bunch of them—earls and countesses and viscounts and Vanderpoels. And it was Miss Vanderpoel who saw me first, lying on the ground. And I was in Stornham Park, where Lady Anstruthers lives, and she used to be Miss Rosalie Vanderpoel."

"Boys," said Bert Johnson, with friendly disgust, "he 's been up to his neck in 'em."

"Cheer up; the worst is yet to come," chaffed Tom Weatherbee.

The telling of the story could not be wholly checked by the eating of food. It advanced between mouthfuls, questions being asked and detail given in answers.

"She bent over the bed and laughed—" an interested diner at the next table heard him say—"just like any other nice girl; and she said: 'You are at Stornham Court, which belongs to Sir Nigel Anstruthers. Lady Anstruthers is my sister. I am Miss Vanderpoel.' And, boys, she used to come and talk to me every day."

"George," said Nick Baumgarten, "you take about seventy-five bottles of Smith's Safe Cure and rub yourself all over with Jones's oil. Luck like that ain't healthy."

Mr. Vanderpoel, sitting in his study, had just given orders that a young man who would call in the course of the evening should be brought to him at once, and he was incidentally considering this young man as he reflected upon matters recalled to his mind by his impending arrival.

Feminine though she was, Betty sometimes suggested to him the son who might have been his, but was not. As the closeness of their companionship increased with her years, his admiration for her grew with his love. Power left in her hands must work for the advancement of things, and would not be idly disseminated—if no antagonistic influence wrought against her. He had found himself reflecting that, after all was said, the marriage of such a girl had a sort of parallel in that of some young royal creature whose union might make or mar things which must be considered. The man who must inevitably strongly color her whole being and vitally mark her life would in a sense lay his hand upon the lever also. If he brought sorrow and disorder with him, the lever would not move steadily. Fortunes such as his grow rapidly, and he was a richer man by millions that he had been when Rosalie had married Nigel Anstruthers. The memory of that marriage had been a painful thing to him even before he had known the whole truth of its results. The man had been a common adventurer and scoundrel, despite the facts of good birth and the air of decent breeding. If a man who was as much a scoundrel, but cleverer—it would be necessary that he should be much cleverer—made the best of himself to Betty! It was folly to think one could guess what a woman,—or a man, either, for that matter,—would love. He knew Betty, but no man knows the thing which comes as it were in the dark and claims its own, whether for good or evil. He had lived long enough to see beautiful, strong-spirited creatures do strange things, follow strange gods, swept away into seas of pain by strange waves.

"Even Betty," he had said to himself

now and then—"even my Betty. Good God! Who knows!"

Because of this he had read each letter with keen eyes. They were long letters, full of detail and color because she knew he enjoyed them. She had a delightful touch. He sometimes felt as if they walked the English lanes together. His intimacy with her neighbors and her neighborhood was one of his relaxations. Lord Westholt was plainly a young man of many attractions. If the two were drawn to each other,—and what more natural?—all would be well. He wondered if it would be Westholt. But his love quickened a sagacity which needed no stimulus. He said to himself in time that though she liked and admired Westholt, she went no farther. That others paid court to her he could guess without being told. He had seen the effect she had produced when she had been at home, and also an unexpected letter to his wife from Milly Bowen had revealed many things.

"Do you think, Reuben, that Betty will marry that Lord Westholt?" Mrs. Vanderpoel faltered. "He seems very nice, but I would rather she married an American. I should feel as if I had no girls at all if they both lived in England."

"Lady Bowen gives him a good character," her husband said, smiling. "But if anything untoward happens, Annie, you shall have a house of your own halfway between Dunholm Castle and Stornham Court."

When he had begun to decide that Lord Westholt did not seem to be the man Fate was veering toward, he not unnaturally cast a mental eye over such other persons as the letters mentioned. At exactly what period his thought first dwelt a shade anxiously on Mount Dunstan he could not have told, but he at length became aware that it so dwelt. What she had written had recalled to him certain rumors of the disgraceful old scandal. The present Lord Mount Dunstan was considered rather a surly brute and lived a mysterious sort of life, which might cover many things. It was bad blood, and people were naturally shy of it. Of course the man was a pauper, and his place a barrack, falling to ruin. There had been something rather shady in his going to America or Australia a few years ago. Good-looking? Well, so few people had seen him. One of Mr. Vanderpoel's informants had heard that Mount Dunstan was one of those big, rather lumpy men, and had an ill-tempered expression.

The episode of G. Selden had been interesting enough, with its suggestions of picturesque contrasts and combinations. He had consented to Betty's request that he would see him, partly because he was inclined to like what he had heard, and partly for a reason which Betty did not suspect. By extraordinary chance G. Selden had seen Mount Dunstan and his surroundings at close range.

Why was it that it happened to be Mount Dunstan he was desirous to hear of? Well, the absolute reason for that he could not have explained either. He had asked himself questions on the subject more than once. The half-defined anxiety he felt now was not a new thing, but he confessed to himself that it had been spurred a little by the letter the last steamer had brought him. It was *not* Lord Westholt. Lord Westholt had asked her to be his wife, and she had declined his proposal.

"I could not have *liked* a man any more without being in love with him," she wrote. "I *like* him more than I can say—so much, indeed, that I feel a little depressed by my certainty that I don't love him."

If she had loved him, the whole matter would have been simplified. If the other man had drawn her, the thing would not be simple. He foresaw all the complications, and he did not want complications for Betty. As he sat in his easy-chair and thought over it all, the one feeling predominant in his mind was that nothing mattered but Betty—nothing really mattered but Betty.

In the meantime G. Selden was walking up Fifth Avenue at once touched and exhilarated by the stir about him and his sense of home-coming.

"Something doing—something doing," was his cheerful, self-congratulatory thought.

Vanderpoel's house, which had been built since Lady Anstruthers' marriage, was well "up-town," and was big and imposing. When a man-servant opened the front door, the square hall looked

very splendid to Selden. It was full of light, and of rich furniture, which was like the stuff he had seen in one or two special shop-windows in Fifth Avenue. The man led him across the hall to Mr. Vanderpoel's room. Mr. Vanderpoel rose from an arm-chair to come forward to meet his visitor. He was tall and straight; Betty had inherited her slender height from him. His well-balanced face suggested the relationship between them. He had a steady mouth, and eyes which looked as if they saw much and far.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Selden," he said, shaking hands with him. "You have seen my daughters, and can tell me how they are. Miss Vanderpoel has written to me of you several times."

It was queer how natural things seemed when they really happened to a fellow. Reuben S. knew how to make a man feel easy, and no mistake. This G. Selden observed at once, though he had in fact no knowledge of the practical tact which dealt with him. He found himself answering questions about Lady Anstruthers and her sister which led to the opening up of other subjects. He did not realize that he began to express ingenuous opinions and describe things.

"When you think that all of it sort of began with a robin, it 's queer enough," he said. "But for that robin I should n't be here, sir," he added, with a boyish laugh. "And he was an English robin—a little fellow not half the size of the kind that hops about Central Park."

"Let me hear about that," said Mr. Vanderpoel.

It was a good story, and he told it well, though in his own junior salesman phrasing.

His style made for reality, and brought things clearly before one—the big-built man in the rough and shabby shooting-clothes, his way when he dropped on the grass to sit beside the stranger and talk, certain meanings in his words which conveyed to Vanderpoel what had not been conveyed to G. Selden. Yes, the man carried a heaviness about with him, and hated the burden. Selden quite unconsciously brought him out strongly.

"The only time he got mad was when I would n't believe him when he told me who he was. I was a bit hot in the collar, too. I 'd felt sorry for him because I thought he was a chap like myself and he was up against it. I know what that is, and I 'd wanted to jolly him along a bit. When he said his name was Mount Dunstan and the place belonged to him, I guessed he thought he was making a joke. So I got on my wheel and started off, and then he got mad for keeps. He said he was n't such a damned fool as he looked, and what he 'd said was true, and I could go and be hanged."

Reuben S. Vanderpoel laughed. He liked that. It sounded like decent British hot temper, which he had often found accompanied other honest British decencies.

He liked other things, as the story proceeded. The man who lived alone in the midst of stately desolateness, and held as his chief intimate a high-bred and gentle-minded scholar of ripe years, gave in doing this certain evidence which did not tell against him.

"When I came to myself," G. Selden said, "I felt like that fellow in the Shakspere play that they dress up and put to bed in the palace when he 's drunk. I thought I' d gone off my head. And then Miss Vanderpoel came." He paused a moment, looking down on the carpet, thinking aloud: "Gee whiz! It *was* queer!" he said.

Betty Vanderpoel's father could almost hear her voice as the rest was told. He knew how her laugh had sounded and what her presence must have been to the young fellow. His delightful, human, always satisfying Betty!

Selden was not aware that he had spoken more fully of Mount Dunstan and his place than of other things. That this had been the case had been because Mr. Vanderpoel had intended it should be so.

"You saw Lord Mount Dunstan often?" Mr. Vanderpoel suggested.

"Every day, sir. And the more I saw him, the more I got to like him. He 's all right. But it 's hard luck to be fixed as he is—that 's stone cold truth. What 's a man to do? The money he ought to have to keep up his place was spent before he was born. His father and his eldest brother were a bum lot, and his grandfather and great grandfather were fools. He can't sell the place, and he would n't if he could. Mr. Penzance was so fond of

him that sometimes he 'd say things. But,"—he added hastily,—"perhaps I 'm talking too much."

"You happen to be talking about questions I have been greatly interested in. I have thought a good deal at times of the position of the holders of large estates which they cannot afford to keep up. This special instance is a case in point."

G. Selden felt himself in luck again. Reuben S. quite evidently found his subject worthy of undivided attention.

"What Mr. Penzance says is that Mount Dunstan 's like the men that built things in the beginning—fought for them—fought Romans and Saxons and Normans—perhaps the whole lot at different times. I used to like to get Mr. Penzance to tell stories about the Mount Dunstans. They were splendid. It must be pretty fine to look back about a thousand years and know your folks have been something. All the same, it 's fierce to have to stand alone at the end of it, not able to help yourself because some of your relations were crazy fools. I don't wonder he feels mad."

"Does he?" Mr. Vanderpoel inquired.

"He 's straight," said G. Selden, sympathetically. "He 's all right. But only money can help him, and he 's got none; so he has to stand and stare at things falling to pieces. And—well, I tell you, Mr. Vanderpoel, he *loves* that place. He 's crazy about it. And he 's proud. I don't mean he 's got the swelled head, because he has n't, but he 's just proud. Now, for instance, he has n't any use for men like himself that marry for money. He 's seen a lot of it, and it 's made him sick. He 's not that kind."

"Miss Vanderpoel tells me," Mr. Vanderpoel said when the interview was drawing to a close, "that you are an agent for the Delkoff Typewriter."

G. Selden flushed slightly.

"Yes, sir," he answered; "but I did n't—"

"I hear that three machines are in use on the Stornham estate, and that they have proved satisfactory."

"It 's a good machine," said G. Selden, flushing a little deeper.

Mr. Vanderpoel smiled.

"You are a businesslike young man," he said, "and I have no doubt you have a catalogue in your pocket."

G. Selden was a businesslike young man. He gave Mr. Vanderpoel one serious look, and the catalogue was drawn forth.

"It would n't be business, sir, for me to be caught out without it," he said. "I should n't leave it behind if I went to a funeral. A man 's got to run no risks."

"I should like to look at it."

The thing had happened. It was not a dream.

Reuben S. Vanderpoel listened attentively while G. Selden did his best.

"Yes," said Reuben S., when he had finished; "it seems a good up-to-date machine."

"It 's the best on the market," said G. Selden; "out and out the best."

"I understand you are only junior salesman."

"Yes, sir. Ten per, and five dollars on every machine I sell. If I had a territory, I should get ten."

"Then the first thing is to get a territory."

"Perhaps I shall get one in time, if I keep at it," said Selden, courageously.

"It is a good machine. I like it," said Mr. Vanderpoel. "I can see a good many places where it could be used. Perhaps if you make it known at your office that when you are given a good territory I shall give preference to the Delkoff over other typewriting machines, it might—eh?"

A light broke out upon G. Selden's countenance—a light radiant and magnificent. He caught his breath. A desire to shout, to yell, to whoop, as when in the society of "the boys," was barely conquered in time.

"Mr. Vanderpoel," he said, standing up, "I—Mr. Vanderpoel—sir—I feel as if I was having a pipe-dream. I 'm not, am I?"

"No," answered Mr. Vanderpoel, "you are not. I like you, Mr. Selden. My daughter liked you. I do not mean to lose sight of you. We will begin, however, with the territory and the Delkoff. I don't think there will be any difficulty about it."

TEN minutes later G. Selden was walking down Fifth Avenue wondering if there were any chance of his being arrested by

a policeman upon the charge that he was reeling instead of walking steadily.

XXXIX

ON THE MARSHES

THE marshes stretched mellow in the autumn sun, sheep wandered about, nibbling contentedly, or lay down to rest in groups; the sky, reflecting itself in the narrow dykes, gave a blue color to the water; a scent of the sea was in the air as one breathed it; flocks of plover rose now and then, crying softly. Betty, walking with her dog, had passed a heron standing at the edge of a pool.

From her first discovery of them, Betty had been attracted by the marshes, with their English suggestion of the Roman Campagna. So she had fallen into the habit of walking there with her dog at her side as her sole companion, for having need for time and space for thought, she had found them in the silence and aloofness.

From the morning when she had been aware of the sudden fury roused in her by Nigel Anstruthers' ugly sneer at Mount Dunstan she had better understood the thing which had come upon her. Day by day it had increased and gathered power, and she realized with a certain sense of impatience that she had not in any degree understood it when she had seen and wondered at its effect on other women. Each day had been like a wave encroaching farther upon the shore she stood upon. At the outset a certain ignoble pride—she knew it ignoble—filled her with rebellion, she had seen so much of this kind of situation and had heard so much of the general comment. People had learned how to sneer because experience had taught them. If she gave them cause, why should they not sneer at her as at others? She recalled what she had herself thought of such things—the folly of them, the obviousness, the almost deserved disaster.

As she walked across the marsh, she was thinking this first phase over. She had reached a new one, and at first she looked back with a faint, even rather hard, smile. She walked straight ahead, her mastiff Roland padding along heavily close at her side. How still and wide and golden it was! How the cry of plover and lifting thrill of skylark assured one of being wholly encircled by solitude and space, which were more enclosing than any walls! She was going to the mounds to which Mr. Penzance had trundled G. Selden in the pony chaise when he had given him the marvelous hour which had brought Roman camp and Roman legions to life again. Up on the largest hillock one could sit enthroned, resting chin in hand and looking out under level lids at the unstirring, softly living loveliness of the marshland world. So she was presently seated, with her heavy-limbed Roland at her feet. She had come here to try to put things clearly to herself, to plan with such reason as she could control. She had begun to be unhappy, she had begun, with some unfairness, to look back upon the Betty Vanderpoel of the past as an unwittingly self-sufficient young woman, to find herself suddenly entangled by things, even to know a touch of desperateness.

"Not to take a remnant from the ducal bargain-counter," she was saying mentally. That was why her smile was a little hard. What if the remnant from the ducal bargain-counter had prejudices of his own? What if he also would not take a bargain, howsoever desirable the world might deem it, from the counter upon which such advantageous opportunities presented themselves to view? Certainly it was not she who would have reason to complain; it was she of all others who should respect and approve of his point of view. Also, with something burning its way into her soul, she knew that because she realized that for this good reason he would have none of her he was the one man the earth held who was worth this she was passing through.

It was not the result of chance that she had seen nothing of him for weeks. She had not attempted to persuade herself of that. Twice he had declined an invitation to Stornham, and once he had ridden past her on the road, when he might have stopped to exchange greetings or have ridden on by her side. He did not mean to seem to desire ever so slightly to be counted as in the lists. Whether he was drawn by any liking for her or not, it was plain he had determined on this.

If she were to go away now they would never meet again. How strange it was

that lives should touch and pass on the ocean of time, and nothing should result —nothing at all! When she went on her way it would be as if a ship loaded with every aid of food and treasure had passed a boat in which a strong man tossed starving to death, and had not even run up a flag.

"But one cannot run up a flag," she said, stroking Roland. "One cannot. There we stand."

To her recognition of this deadlock of Fate there had been added the growing disturbance caused by yet another thing which was increasingly troubling, increasingly difficult to face.

Gradually, and at first with wonderful naturalness of bearing, Nigel Anstruthers had managed to create for himself a singular place in her every-day life. It had begun with a certain personalness in his attitude—a personalness which was a thing to dislike, but almost impossible openly to resent. Certainly as a self-invited guest in his house she could scarcely protest against the amiability of his demeanor and his exterior courtesy and attentiveness of manner in his conduct toward her. She had tried to sweep away the objectionable quality in his bearing by frankness, by indifference, by entire lack of response, but she had remained aware of its increasing, as a spider's web might increase as the spider spun it quietly over one, throwing out threads so impalpable that one could not brush them away, because they were too slight to be seen. She was aware that in the first years of his married life he had alternately resented the scarcity of the invitations sent them and rudely refused such as were received. Since he had returned to find her at Stornham he had insisted that no invitation should be declined, and had escorted his wife and herself wherever they went. What could have been conventionally more proper, what more improper than that he should have persistently remained at home? And yet there came a time when, as they three drove together at night in the closed carriage, Betty was aware that as he sat opposite to her in the dark, when he spoke, when he touched her in arranging the robe over her, or opening or shutting a window, he subtly but consistently conveyed that the personalness of his voice, look, and physical nearness was a sort of hideous confidence between them which they were cleverly concealing from Rosalie and the outside world.

When she rode about the country he had a way of appearing at some turning and making himself her companion, riding too closely at her side and assuming a noticeable air of being engaged in meaningly confidential talk. Once when he had been leaning toward her with an audaciously tender manner they had been passed by the Dunholm carriage, and Lady Dunholm and the friend driving with her had evidently tried not to look surprised. Lady Alanby, meeting them in the same way at another time, had put up her glasses and stared in open disapproval. When Betty strolled about the park or the lanes she much too often encountered Sir Nigel strolling also, and knew that he did not mean to allow her to rid herself of him. In public he made a point of keeping observably close to her, of hovering in her vicinity, and looking on at all she did with eyes she rebelled against finding fixed on her every time she was obliged to turn in his direction. He had a fashion of coming to her side and speaking in a dropped voice which excluded others, as a favored lover's might. She had seen both men and women glance at her in half-embarrassment at their sudden sense of finding themselves slightly *de trop*. She had said aloud to him on one such occasion, and she had said it with smiling casualness for the benefit of Lady Alanby, to whom she had been talking:

"Don't alarm me by dropping your voice, Nigel. I am easily frightened—and Lady Alanby will think we are conspirators."

For an instant he was taken by surprise. He had been pleased to believe that there was no way in which she could defend herself unless she would condescend to something stupidly like a scene. He flushed and drew himself up.

"I beg your pardon, my dear Betty," he had said, and walked away with the manner of an offended adorer, leaving her to realize an odiously unpleasant truth—that there are incidents only made more inexplicable by an effort to explain. She saw also that he was quite aware of this, and that his offended departure was a

brilliant inspiration and had left her as it were in the lurch. To have said to Lady Alanby: "My brother-in-law, in whose house I am merely staying for my sister's sake, is trying to lead you to believe that I allow him to make love to me," would have suggested either folly or insanity on her own part. As it was, after a glance at Sir Nigel's stiffly retreating back, Lady Alanby merely looked away with a wholly uninviting expression.

When Betty spoke to him afterward, haughtily and with determination, he laughed.

"My dearest girl," he said, "if I watch you with interest and drop my voice when I get a chance to speak to you, I only do what every other man does, and I do it because you are an alluring young woman, which no one is more perfectly aware of than yourself. Your pretense that you do not know you are alluring is the most captivating thing about you. And what do you think of doing if I continue to offend you? Do you propose to desert us—to leave poor Rosalie to sink back again into the bundle of old clothes she was when you came? For heaven's sake don't do that!"

"No; I do not mean to do that."

He watched her for a few seconds. There was curiosity in his eyes.

"Don't make the mistake of imagining that I will let my wife go with you to America," he said next. "She is as far off that as she was when I brought her to Stornham. I have told her so. A man cannot tie his wife to the bed-post in these days, but he can make her efforts to leave him so decidedly unpleasant that decent women prefer to stay at home and take what is coming. I have seen that often enough to 'bank on it,' if I may quote your American friends."

"Do you remember my once saying," Betty remarked, "that when a woman has been *properly* ill-treated, the time comes when nothing matters—nothing but release from the life she loathes?"

"Yes," he answered. "And to you nothing would matter but—excuse my saying it—your own damnable, headstrong pride. But Rosalie is different. Everything matters to her. And you will find it so, my dear girl."

And that this was at least half true was brought home to her by the fact that late the same night Rosy came to her white with crying.

"It is not your fault, Betty," she said. "Don't think that I think it is your fault, but he has been in my room in one of those humors when he seems like a devil. He thinks you will go back to America and try to take me with you. But, Betty, you must not think about me. It will be better for you to go. I have seen you again, I have had you for—for a time. You will be safer at home with father and mother."

Betty laid a hand on her shoulder and looked at her fixedly.

"What is it, Rosy?" she said. "What is it he does to you—that makes you like this?"

"I don't know—but that he makes me feel that there is nothing but evil and lies in the world and nothing can help one against them. Those things he says about every one, men and women—things one can't repeat—make me sick. And when I try to deny them he laughs."

"Does he say things about me?" Betty inquired very quietly; and suddenly Rosalie threw her arms round her.

"Betty, darling," she cried, "go home—go home! You must not stay here."

"When I go, you will go with me," Betty answered. "I am not going back to mother without you."

She made a collection of many facts before their interview was at an end, and they parted for the night. Among the first was that Nigel had prepared for certain possibilities, as wise holders of a fortress prepare for siege. Drink did not make him drunk, but malignant, and when a man is in the malignant mood he forgets his cleverness. So he revealed more than he absolutely intended. It was to be gathered that he did not mean to permit his wife to leave him even for a visit; he would not allow himself to be made ridiculous by such a thing. A man who could not control his wife was a fool and deserved to be a laughing stock. As Ughtred and his future inheritance seemed to have become of interest to his grandfather, and were to be well nursed and taken care of, his intention was that the boy should remain under his own supervision. He could amuse himself well enough at Stornham now that it had been

put in order, if it was kept up properly and he filled it with people who did not bore him. There were people who did not bore him—plenty of them. Rosalie would stay where she was and receive his guests. If she imagined that the little episode of Ffolliott had been entirely dormant she was mistaken. He knew where the man was and exactly how serious it would be to him if scandal were stirred up. He had been at some trouble to find out. The fellow had recently had the luck to fall into a very fine living. It had been bestowed on him by the old Duke of Broadmoorlands, who was the most straitlaced old boy in England. He had become so in his disgust at the light behavior of the wife he had divorced in his early manhood. Nigel cackled gently as he detailed that by an agreeable coincidence it happened that her Grace had suddenly become filled with pious fervor, roused thereto by a good-looking *locum tenens*—result painful discoveries, the pair being now rumored to be keeping a lodging-house together somewhere in Australia. A word to good old Broadmoorlands would produce the effect of a lighted match in a barrel of gunpowder. It would be the end of Ffolliott. Neither would it be a good introduction to Betty's first season in London; neither would it be enjoyed by her mother, whom he remembered as a woman with primitive views of domestic rectitude. He smiled the awful smile as he took out of his pocket the envelop containing the words his wife had written to Mr. Ffolliott: "Do not come to the house. Meet me at Bartyon Wood." It did not take much to convince people, if one managed things with decent forethought. The Brents, for instance, were fond neither of her nor of Betty, and they had never forgotten the questionable conduct of their *locum tenens*. Then suddenly he had changed his manner, and had sat down, laughing, and drawn Rosalie to his knee and kissed her. Yes, he had kissed her, and told her not to look like a little fool or act like one. Nothing unpleasant would happen if she behaved herself. Betty had improved her greatly, and she had grown young and pretty again. She looked quite like a child sometimes, now that her bones were covered and she dressed well. If she wanted to please him, she could put her arms round his neck and kiss him as he had kissed her.

"That is what has made you look white," said Betty.

"Yes. There is something about him that sometimes makes you feel as if the very blood in your veins turned white," answered Rosy in a low voice, which the next moment rose. "Don't you see—don't you see," she broke out, "that to displease him would be like murdering Mr. Ffolliott; like murdering his mother and mine, and like murdering Ughtred, because he would be killed by the shame of things and by being taken from me? We have loved each other so much—so much. Don't you see?"

"I see all that rises up before you," Betty said, "and I understand your feeling that you cannot save yourself by bringing ruin upon an innocent man who helped you. I realize that one must have time to think it over. But Rosy,"—there was a sudden ring in her voice,—"I tell you there is a way out—there is a way out. The end of the misery is coming, and it will not be what he thinks."

"You always believe—" began Rosy.

"I know," answered Betty; "I know there are some things so bad that they cannot go on. They kill themselves through their own evil. I know; I *know*. That is all."

XL

"DON'T GO ON WITH THIS"

Of these things, as of others, she had come to her solitude to think. She looked out over the marshes, scarcely seeing the wandering or resting sheep, scarcely hearing the crying plover, because so much seemed to confront her and she must look it all well in the face. She had fulfilled the promise she had made to herself as a child. She had come in search of Rosy; she had found her as simple and loving of heart as she had ever been. The most painful discoveries she had made had been concealed from her mother until their aspect was modified. Mrs. Vanderpoel need now feel no shock at the sight of the restored Rosy. Lady Anstruthers had been still young enough to respond both physically and mentally to love, companionship, agreeable luxuries, and stimulating interests. But for Nigel's antagonism there was now no

reason why she should not be taken home for a visit to her family and her long-yearned-for New York; no reason why her father and mother should not come to Stornham, and thus establish the customary social relations between their daughter's home and their own. That this seemed out of the question was owing to the fact that at the outset of his married life Sir Nigel had allowed himself to commit errors in tactics. A perverse egotism not wholly normal in its rancor had led him into deeds which he had begun to suspect of having cost him too much, even before Betty herself had pointed out to him their unbusinesslike indiscretion.

When, in his mingled dislike and admiration, he had begun to study his sister-in-law and the half-amused weaving of the small plots which would make things sufficiently unpleasant to be used as factors in her removal from the scene, if necessary, he had not calculated ever so remotely on the chance of that madness besetting him which usually besets men only in their youth. You could not, it appeared, live in the house with a splendid creature like this one—with her brilliant eyes, her beauty of line and movement before you every hour; her bloom, her proud fineness holding themselves wholly in their own keeping—without there being the devil to pay. Lately he had sometimes gone hot and cold in realizing that having once told himself that he might choose to decide to get rid of her, he now knew that the mere thought of her sailing away of her own choice was maddening to him. It sometimes brought back to him that hideous shakiness of nerve which had been a feature of his illness when he had been on the Riviera with Teresita.

Of all this Betty knew only the outward signs, which, taken at their exterior significance, were detestable enough, and drove her hard as she mentally dwelt on them in connection with other things. How easy, if she stood alone, to defy his evil insolence to do its worst, and leaving the place at an hour's notice, to sail away to protection, or, if she chose to remain in England, to surround herself with a body-guard of the people in whose eyes his disrepute relegated a man such as Nigel Anstruthers to powerless nonentity! Alone she could have smiled and turned her back upon him. But if she had been alone she would not have been here. She was here to take care of Rosy. She occupied a position something like that of a woman who remains with a man and endures outrage because she cannot leave her child. That thought in itself brought Ughtred to her mind. There was Ughtred to be considered as well as his mother. The simple truth was that neither she nor Rosalie could desert Ughtred, and so long as Nigel managed cleverly enough, the law would give the boy to his father.

"You are obliged to prove things, you know, in a court of law," he had said, as if with casual amiability, on a certain occasion. "Proving things is the devil. People lose their tempers and rush into rows which end in law-suits, and then find they can prove nothing. If I were a villain,"—slightly showing his teeth in an agreeable smile,—"instead of a man of blameless life, I should go in only for that branch of my profession which could be exercised without leaving stupid evidence behind."

Since his return to Stornham, the outward decorum of his own conduct had entertained him, and he had kept it up with an increasing appreciation of its usefulness in the present situation. Whatsoever happened in the end, it was the part of discretion to present to the rural world about him an appearance of upright behavior. He had even found it amusing to go to church and also occasionally to make amiable calls at the vicarage. It was not difficult at such times to refer delicately to his regret that domestic discomfort had led him into the error of remaining much away from Stornham. He knew that he had been even rather touching in his expression of interest in the future of his son and the necessity of boys being protected from uncontrolled hysteric influences. And in the years of Rosalie's unprotected wretchedness he had taken excellent care that no "stupid evidence" should be exposed to view.

Of all this Betty was thinking, and summing up definitely point after point. Where was the wise and practical course of defense? The most unthinkable thing was that one could find himself in a position in which action seemed inhibited.

What could one do? To send for her father would surely end the matter, but at what cost to Rosy, to Ughtred, to Ffolliott, before whom the fair path to dignified security had so newly opened itself? What would be the effect of sudden confusion, anguish, and public humiliation upon Rosalie's carefully rebuilt health and strength, upon her mother's new hope and happiness? At moments it seemed as if almost all that had been done might be undone. She was beset by such a moment now, and felt for the time at least like a creature tied hand and foot while in full strength.

Certainly she was not prepared for the event which happened. Roland stiffened his ears, and beginning a rumbling growl, ended it suddenly, realizing it an unnecessary precaution. He knew the man walking up the incline of the mound from the side behind them. So did Betty know him. It was Sir Nigel, looking rather glowering and pale, and walking slowly. He had discovered where she had meant to take refuge, and had probably ridden to some point where he could leave his horse and follow her at the expense of taking a short cut, which saved walking.

As he climbed the mound to join her, Betty rose to her feet.

"My dear girl," he said, "don't get up as if you meant to go away. It has cost me some exertion to find you."

"It will not cost you any exertion to lose me," was her light answer. "I *am* going away."

He had reached her and stood still before her, with scarcely a yard's distance between them. He was slightly out of breath and even a trifle livid. He leaned on his stick, and his look at her combined leaping bad temper with something deeper.

"Look here," he broke out, "why do you make such a point of treating me like the devil?"

Betty felt her heart give a hastened beat not of fear, but of repulsion. This was the mood and manner which subjugated Rosalie. He had so raised his voice that two men in the distance, who might be either laborers or sportsmen, hearing its high tone, glanced curiously toward them.

"Why do you ask me a question which is totally absurd?" she said.

"It is not absurd," he answered. "I am speaking of facts, and I intend to come to some understanding about them."

For reply, after meeting his look a few seconds, she simply turned her back and began to walk away. He followed and overtook her.

"I shall go with you, and I shall say what I want to say," he persisted. "If you hasten your pace, I shall hasten mine. I cannot exactly see you running away from me across the marsh, screaming. You would n't care to be rescued by those men over there, who are watching us. I should explain myself to them in terms neither you nor Rosalie would enjoy. There! I knew Rosalie's name would pull you up. Good God! I wish I were a weak fool, with a magnificent creature protecting me at all risks."

"Will you tell me," she said, stopping, "what it is you want?"

"I want to talk to you. I want to tell you truths you would rather be told here than on the high-road, where people are passing, or at Stornham, where the servants would overhear and Rosalie be thrown into hysterics. You will *not* run screaming across the marsh, because I would run screaming after you, and we should both look silly. Here is a rather scraggy tree. Will you sit on the mound near it—for Rosalie's sake?"

"I will not sit down," replied Betty, "but I will listen, because it is not a bad idea that I should understand you. But, to begin with, I will tell you something." She stopped beneath the tree, and stood looking tall and straight, her back against its trunk. "I pick up things by noticing people closely, and I have realized that all your life you have counted upon getting your own way because you saw that people, especially women, have a horror of public scenes and will submit to almost anything to avoid them. That is true very often, but not always." Her eyes, which were well opened, were quite the blue of steel, and rested directly upon him. "I, for instance, would let you make a scene with me anywhere you chose —in Bond street, in Piccadilly, on the steps of Buckingham Palace as I was getting out of my carriage to attend a drawing-room. And you would gain nothing you wanted by it—*nothing*. You may place entire confidence in that statement."

He stared back at her, momentarily half-magnetized, and then broke forth into a harsh half-laugh.

"You are so infernally handsome that nothing else matters. I 'm hanged if it does!" and the words were an exclamation. He drew still nearer to her, speaking with a sort of savagery.

"Cannot you see that you could do what you pleased with me? You are too magnificent a thing for a man to withstand. I have lost my head and gone to the devil through you. That is what I came to say."

In a few seconds of silence that followed, his breath came quickly again and he was even paler than before.

"You came to me to say *that?*" asked Betty.

"Yes; to say it before you drove me to other things."

"Are you *quite* mad?" she said.

"Not quite," he answered. "Only three parts; but I am beyond my own control. That is the best proof of what has happened to me. You are an arrogant piece, and you would defy me if you stood alone; but you don't, and, by the Lord! I have reached a point where I will make use of every lever I can lay my hand on—yourself, Rosalie, Ughtred, Ffolliott—the whole lot of you!"

The thing which was hardest upon her was her knowledge of her own strength, —of what she might have allowed herself of flaming words and instant action; but for the memory of Rosy's ghastly little face as it had looked when she cried out: "You must not think of me Betty; go home—go home!" She held the white desperation of it before her mental vision, and anwered him even with a certain interested deliberateness.

"Do you know," she inquired, "that you are talking to me as though you were the villain in a melodrama?"

"There is an advantage in that," he answered, with an ugly smile. "If you repeat what I say, people will only think that you are indulging in hysterical exaggeration. They don't believe in the existence of melodrama in these days."

"True," she commented. "Now I think I understand."

"No, you don't," he burst forth. "You have spent your life standing on a golden pedestal, being kowtowed to, and you imagine yourself immune from difficulties because you think you can pay your way out of anything. But you will find that you cannot pay your way out of this—or rather you cannot pay Rosalie's way out of it."

"I shall not try. Go on," said the girl. "What I do not understand you must explain to me. Don't leave anything unsaid."

"Good God! what a woman you are!" he cried out bitterly. He had never seen such beauty in his life as he saw in her as she stood with her straight young body flat against the tree. She made him feel old and body-worn and all the more senselessly furious.

"I believe you hate me," he raged. "And I may thank my wife for that." Then he lost himself entirely. "Why cannot you behave well to me? If you will behave well to me, Rosalie shall go her own way. If you even looked at me as you look at other men; but you do not. There is always something under your lashes which watches me as if I were a wild beast you were studying. Don't fancy yourself a *dompteuse*. I am not your man. I swear to you that you don't know what you are dealing with. I swear to you that if you play this game with me, I will drag you two down if I drag myself with you. I have nothing much to lose. You and your sister have everything."

"Go on," said Betty.

"Go on! Yes, I will go on. Rosalie and Ffolliott I hold in the hollow of my hand. As for you—do you know that people are beginning to discuss you? Gossip is easily stirred in the country, where people are so bored that they chatter in self-defense. I have been considered a bad lot. I have become curiously attached to my sister-in-law. I am seen hanging about her, hanging over her as we ride or walk alone together. An American young woman is not like an English girl. She is used to seeing the marriage ceremony juggled with. There 's a trifle of prejudice against such young women when they are too rich and too handsome. Don't look at me like that!" he burst forth with maddened sharpness, "I won't have it!"

The girl was regarding him with the expression he most resented—the reflec-

tion of a normal person watching an abnormal one and studying his abnormality.

"Do you know that you are raving?" she said with quiet curiosity.

Suddenly he sat down on the low mound near him, and as he touched his forehead with his handkerchief she saw that his hand shook.

"Yes," he answered, panting, "but 'ware my ravings! They mean what they say."

"You do yourself an injury when you give way to them," she said steadily, even with a touch of slow significance—"a physical injury. I have noticed that more than once."

He sprang to his feet again. Every drop of blood left his face. For a second he looked as if he would strike her. His arm actually flung itself out—and fell.

"You devil!" he gasped. "You count on that? You she devil!"

She left her tree and stood before him.

"Listen to me," she said. "You intimate that you have been laying melodramatic plots against me which will injure my good name. That is rubbish. Let us leave it at that. You threaten that you will break Rosy's heart and take her child from her; you say also that you will wound and hurt my mother to her death, and do your worst to ruin an honest man—"

"And, by Heaven! I will," he raged. "And you cannot stop me, if—"

"I do not know whether I can stop you or not, though you may be sure I shall try," she interrupted him; "but that is not what I was going to say." She drew a step nearer and there was something in the intensity of her look which fascinated and held him for a moment. She was curiously grave. "Nigel, I believe in certain things you do not believe in. I believe black thoughts breed black ills to those who think them. It is not a new idea. There is an old Oriental proverb which says, 'Curses like chickens come home to roost.' I believe also that the worst—the very worst—*cannot* be done to those who think steadily, steadily, only of the best. To you that is merely superstition to be laughed at. That is a matter of opinion. But don't go on with this thing. *Don't go on with it.* Stop and think it over."

He stared at her furiously; tried to laugh outright, and failed because the look in her eyes was so odd in its strength and stillness.

"You think you can lay some weird spell upon me," he jeered sardonically.

"No, I don't," she answered. "I could not if I would. It is no affair of mine. It is your affair only—and there is nothing weird about it. *Don't go on with this,* I tell you. Think better of it."

She turned about without further speech and walked away from him with swiftness over the marsh. Oddly enough, he did not even attempt to follow her. He felt a little weak, perhaps because a certain thing she had said had brought back to him a familiar touch of the horrors. She had the eyes of a falcon under the odd, soft shade of the extraordinary lashes. She had seen what he thought no one but himself had realized. Having watched her retreating figure for a few seconds, he sat down as suddenly as before on the mound near the tree.

"Oh, damn her!" he said, his wet forehead on his hands. "Damn the whole universe!"

When Betty and Roland reached Stornham the wicker-work pony chaise from the vicarage stood before the stone entrance steps. The drawing-room door was open, and Mrs. Brent was standing near it saying some last words to Lady Anstruthers before leaving the house after a visit evidently made with an object. This Betty gathered from the solemnity of her manner.

"Betty," said Lady Anstruthers, catching sight of her, "do come in for a moment."

When Betty entered, both her sister and Mrs. Brent looked at her questioningly.

"You look a little pale and tired, Miss Vanderpoel," Mrs. Brent said, rather as if in haste to be the first to speak. "I hope you are not at all unwell. We need all our strength just now. I have brought the most painful news. Malignant typhoid fever has broken out among the hop-pickers on the Mount Dunstan estate. Some poor creature was evidently sickening of it when he came from London. Three people died last night."

(To be continued)

UNDERLYING JAPANESE HUMANITIES

ONE ASPECT OF THE ORIENTAL PROBLEM

BY RICHARD BARRY

Author of "Port Arthur—A Monster Heroism," "The Events Man," etc.

READERS of Mr. Barry's article in THE CENTURY for March, 1905, on "The New Siege Warfare," apropos of the operations at Port Arthur, of all of which he was an eye-witness, need not be reminded of his special opportunities for observing the character and temper of the Japanese soldier. His service as a war-correspondent, chiefly within the Japanese lines, lasted a year and a half, and included the entire period of the Russo-Japanese War.—THE EDITOR.

DIPLOMACY is the gray brain matter that checks and directs the affairs of nations. In considering this Japanese problem, it is here purposed to consider the red heart blood that throbs beneath. Waiving questions of finance, of strategy, of resource, and of expediency, let us go to the Orient and mingle with the people.

When the Treaty of Portsmouth was signed, a million Japanese were in Manchuria and Korea. A quarter of these were new men, poured in after the Battle of Mukden. They were mostly boys between sixteen and nineteen and men between forty-one and forty-five. They had come from home eagerly, spurred by tales of recent glory, for a summer campaign in Chosan. The age limit had kept them from the paths of greatness through the first year of the war, while in impotent silence they had been compelled to listen to the tales of the bravery of their relatives and neighbors. At last their time came, and they marched gaily forth to join the valiant ranks.

The three quarters of a million whom these recruits joined were seasoned veterans, fit to face any troops the world has ever produced. Kuroki's men, in eighteen months, had marched triumphantly from Chemulpo through Korea to the Yalu, and from the Yalu through Manchuria to within sight of the Sungari. With throbbing hearts and stifled exultation they recalled five great battles and twenty-two smashing minor engagements, each a victory, bitterly bought, desperately held. Nogi's men, in fifteen months, had made a record which entitled them to rise above the centuries and bid the hail of fellowship to Cæsar's Tenth Legion. For seven months they had held Port Arthur by the throat, every night and day under fire. They had survived six grand assaults, each in itself a great battle. Barely had they snatched their inestimable prize when they were hastened by forced marches, in the dead of winter, three hundred miles across a frozen plain, only to fight for twenty-five successive days through the Battle of Mukden, and—barely—to win. Oku's soldiers could look back to glorious Nanshan, the worthy brother of Balaklava and Missionary Ridge, and then through the brunt of the work at the center in the aceldamas of Liaoyang, the Sha, and Mukden. The followers of Nodzu and of Kawamura bore scars as worthy, if not as famous.

Together, then, these million—the recruits, with the veterans—had four months of recuperation in a balmy climate, of waiting for the final effort in a

smiling halo of lusty Manchu summer, and of an even mightier preparation for successful combat. The army front was spread forth until it stretched, from tip to tip, a hundred and eighty miles. From Kawamura's Yalu men, hid in the mountains of the east, to Nogi's cavalry, patrolling the edges of the Gobi Desert, there lay, in eager array, six hundred and fifty thousand fighting men, trained athletes in daily drill, anxious for the word to make the supreme efforts of their lives. Behind them, three hundred miles to Dalny, the main base, were three hundred and fifty thousand non-combatants, oiling the wheels of progress.

Suddenly, almost without warning, came peace. Only the week before the signing of the treaty did the larger part of the army know that negotiations were on. They supposed the long halt due to some strategic reason; that the recruits must be increased, and that the rainy season must pass. They were retired without explanation, returned home, and only when they reached Japan did they learn that the ground they had won at such frightful cost was not to be theirs.

These million men did not get their final fight. Confident with the morale of constant victory, which was not yet conclusive, they wanted war. When they came to consider the terms, they found they had fought a splendid and audacious conflict, for which modern history holds no parallel, and that for their recompense they had secured half a rocky island which they did not want. The Port Arthur which they had twice taken, at superhuman cost, still remained out of their possession. Called from their work, they were sent to the ways of peace unsatisfied.

At the time of the signing of the treaty the writer was among a small group of foreigners at General Nogi's headquarters on the Mongolian border. This group included a British lieutenant-general, a Turkish major-general, an English colonel, two English majors, a French colonel, an American major, and three war-correspondents. The discussions among these ten afforded extreme interest. Almost every possible subject pertaining to war was thoroughly illuminated by them at one time or another, and on no subject, save one, were all agreed. But there was not one dissent to the general opinion that the Treaty of Portsmouth could be, at best, nothing more than a truce.

In the gradual uplift of mankind it is well to dwell, both in public print and in private conversation, on the tendencies that make for the world's peace, but is it wise also to ignore those underlying humanities which make inevitably toward war?

At that time we did not so ignore them. Silenced by the acclaim for peace, vicariously haloed as of that nation which possessed the universal peacemaker, and personally glad to exchange the monotony of camp for the delights of travel, we all rode from the army smiling and in silence.

But we could not forget that the Japanese, like the bantams, are essentially a fighting race. Nor could we forget that in the last half-century they have, each decade, waged an exhausting war that has enlisted, for the moment, every material resource and all moral stamina; nor that, within twelve years, to the complete astonishment of mankind, they have defeated two of the largest and most powerful nations on earth; nor that, for their gain, they have secured no specific territorial advantage, and only the mingled acclaim and fear of the rest of the world.

Those who write history are wont to ascribe wars to the jealousy of rulers, the rivalries of states, and national love of aggrandizement. They forget usually to seek the deeper cause—that primal love for combat which animates all virile nations, which makes even our supposedly peaceful America the inspired devotee of foot-ball and the prize-fight. Of these nations none now regnant is more virile than Japan. There are authorities to show from language and history and archæology that the Nipponese is not a pure Mongolian race, but a composite, in which the Aryan element is strong. Neither in mind nor in body are the Japanese only Mongolian. From mere personal experience the employers of servants could tell the same. You can chastise a Chinaman to your heart's content, and he will not strike back, except with a knife in the dark; you can maul and abuse a Filipino with tongue and boot, and he will submissively kowtow; the East

Indian is a frail salaamer to every chance brutal adventurer: but raise one finger against a Japanese, and, if he does not hara-kiri on the spot, you will have a fight on your hands that will last until one or the other of you is everlastingly whipped.

Feeling all this, it was with keen attention that, as we left Manchuria, after eighteen months' happy service with the army, we noted signs of a changed attitude among the troops.

First, there was our little guide, who spoke his grammar-school English with choppy directness. It was he who first interpreted for us the terms of the Treaty of Portsmouth, and his face was not bright as he told it. But we knew he had been more than a year in the field, that he had seen soul-tearing service, that he had a wife, a father, a mother, sisters, and brothers waiting for him at home. And we thought he should be happy.

"You are glad that peace has come at last?" we remarked, ignoring the shallow terms.

"We like honorable peace; no like this peace," he replied, and not another word would he utter, but jogged along for a week, attending to his final duties with us. Often in that last week he was blithe, as he had been before; more often he was morose, as he had never been.

Then one day we came to an etape-station at Tieling, and were put up for the night by a kind old sergeant who before had taken us in, loaned us blankets, and opened his best English preserves, kept for the occasional visits of general officers. Before, when we had come, there had greeted us conspicuously from the rear wall of his Manchu hut a campaign lithograph of Theodore Roosevelt. This time we looked in vain for the familiar eyeglasses and the spotted four-in-hand. In the place hung a dirty Korean flag. Suspecting some veiled Oriental insult, we inquired for the wonted decoration. There was some mistake, said the sergeant. In his headquarters there never had been a picture of President Roosevelt. Moreover, he had never seen one. Would the honorable gentleman please tell him about their honorable President?

It was the next day that we dined with Lieutenant-General Oshima, the most celebrated of the division commanders, a fighting samurai alight with the finest traditions of the ancient days, one who had wondrously bridged the way from bows and arrows to eleven-inch howitzers. Of a long and intimate conversation held with the old man there at the end of the war, a conversation in which he most eloquently paid the accustomed tribute to the greatness of America and the supreme wisdom of her President, only this is remembered:

"We do not fight for conquest. When I was a boy I learned to fence. The first day of my lessons my teacher spent, not with the sword, but impressing upon me that I was not taught the use of the weapon that I might kill, but that I might defend my honor."

Shortly after that we found Kodama, the Chief of Staff, he who died last year in Tokio after being made in name, what he had been through the war in fact, the commander-in-chief. It was in Mukden, and the dapper little General lived in the only clean barracks in the foul old city. For the first and only time in our acquaintance Kodama was without that tenseness that distinguished him among a restrained people, as of a race-horse coming to the wire. For the first time in many years, he told us, he had relaxed. The war was over. There was no more anxiety; not for the present. What he said is not to be remembered. It was the conventional expression of friendliness for America, of belief in the future, of Japan's desire for peace. It was what he did not say that lingers. He did not say that he was satisfied with the terms of peace. But the next day, as we came to Newchwang, where we were finally to leave the Japanese lines, in the private train which Kodama had placed at our disposal, we passed eight train-loads of soldiers and supplies being hurried toward the front. Peace had been declared a week, yet so great was the momentum of the war machine that its onward movement had not yet been stopped. And there, at a switching-station, during the advance of one of those recruit-laden trains, holding the fresh boys from the rice paddies who thought they were being hurried onward to a battle greater than Mukden, we came across the first unmistakable evidence of discord. The news had just passed down the line—the news

that the war was over and that Japan had received no indemnity.

For the first time in our experience with the army we saw and heard mutiny. The model soldiers, the patient, smiling battle-fodder, just like those who had gone to death and worse than death with dutiful unconcern, were huddled in a hollow by the track, some fifty of them, gesticulating, shoving, crowding, crying aloud. It was the nearest to a mob we had seen through all our Japanese service.

"What is the trouble?" we asked.

"They refuse to go back home without a fight," replied our interpreter.

Nor was this an isolated instance. Try as they might, the Japanese authorities could not conceal that an immense feeling of dissatisfaction pervaded the army. Utterly loyal to the Emperor, faithful to the least pronunciamento of the beloved Oyama-San, all violence was checked—in the army. But in Tokio and Kobe it could not be checked, and those who followed the daily news of that period will remember the sporadic riots that burst, like succeeding detonations of firecrackers, for six weeks after the declaration of peace. They will also recall the long debates as to the advisability of permitting Baron Komura to return directly home. It was feared his life would not be safe after making peace on such terms.

Jingoism, or what you will, these basic propulsions of the Japanese spirit cannot be ignored. Sporadic riots are only the foam on the crest of the wave. Taunts from the yellow press are but whistling spray that flies over the surface of the sea of feeling that is deep, but raging underneath. Though every Japanese village now has its newspaper, though every child in the kingdom now has his common-school education, there exists through these, and in spite of these, that ancient combative longing that only blood creates and that only blood can satisfy. Those very newspapers and those very schools, sworn to ways of peace, are loosening the most effective barrier to international difficulty—unreasoning allegiance to the Emperor. So long as there exists the age-old belief that Mutsuhito is of divine descent, and can do no wrong, he, with his advisers, might indefinitely postpone even a very popular war. But, with the present condition of public enlightenment and consequent democratic independence, no ministry in Tokio could hold its office for a month if it dared sign a treaty discriminating against the Japanese as an inferior race. Inevitably they will demand equal rights with the proudest of nations.

Among all the definitions I have heard of the possibility of war between Japan and one of the white nations, the clearest came from a Japanese statesman, a former member of the cabinet, and a man of known diplomatic aloofness. He was speaking to an American when he said:

"Japan has a history fully as long and filled with as many glorious achievements as yours; it entitles her to a self-respect equal to yours. And she must demand that full equality before the customs as well as before the law of nations to which her history entitles her. So long as she is placed in the class and treated with the disrespect shown by whites toward Chinamen, Indians, negroes, Filipinos, or Cubans, there is laid down the gauntlet of an irrepressible conflict."

Meanwhile it is well not to forget that a million soldiers are now in Japan who two years ago were in Manchuria waiting and eager to enter again the most momentous struggle of history. And we may ask ourselves what effect that leaven of belligerent longing will have on a nation of forty million people when one tenth of the male population is possessed with the itch for conflict?

TOPICS OF THE TIME

AN ARCHITECTURAL MISTAKE

THE DESIGN FOR THE PALACE OF THE HAGUE TRIBUNAL

THE disappointment with the accepted design for the Hague Tribunal is wide-spread. It is looked upon as unpeaceful and scattering in its effect—a brilliantly extravagant and inappropriate variation upon the Flemish. It suggests a fusillade from a park of artillery rather than the repose of a great monument.

The impression made by the building for the Hague Tribunal should be simple, dignified, restful, noble, and far removed from mere local influences.

If what is known as the Classical style, or rather a Roman or Renaissance variation of it, is desirable in any building in the world, it would seem to be especially desirable in this case. The impression of the structure intended to house the Parliament of Nations should be single and of a symbolic character. It should appeal to the eye as the domed temple of a great thought, a great cause; it should be truly the Temple of Peace. In itself, or when pictured in periodicals, or even on letter-heads, it should make a single, simple, symbolic impression, as is the case with St. Peter's at Rome, with the Church of Les Invalides in Paris, and with the Capitol at Washington.

The Temple of Peace at the Hague will be in a sense the Capitol of the World. It should not be a flamboyant variant of a town-hall of the Low Countries.

Simplicity and grandeur should be the characteristics of the building erected for the great tribunal. No one can say that the design accepted, though not without a certain splendor, unites grandeur with simplicity. It is rather grandiose than grand, and the very antithesis of simplicity. The qualities of grandeur and simplicity may surely be attained by adherence to the Renaissance variation upon that style of architecture which came to fruition in Greece, deriving from older sources all that was fitting; and influencing the art of architecture through succeeding ages more powerfully than any style invented by human genius.

The accepted design is the work of an able and accomplished architect. His failure to meet the just expectations of the intelligent public lies, apparently, in his mistake as to the style of architecture adapted to the present purpose. His design doubtless appealed to the judges largely on account of certain technical excellences. But taken in the large, and having regard to its appeal to the imagination, it can be regarded only as a gigantic disappointment and a colossal failure. It is very much to be hoped that the mistake is not irrevocable.

THE ETHICAL CODE OF THE ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS

ONE of the most gratifying incidents of the present era of ethical awakening in America was the recent agitation in favor of the adoption of an ethical code by the Institute of Electrical Engineers. It is true that at the recent annual meeting at Niagara the carefully prepared code, upon which a competent committee had unanimously agreed, met with delay, on mere grounds of technical procedure. The postponement of consideration by no means, however, implies rejection of the measure, and the present authorities of the institute will doubtless carry the matter forward with all constitutional despatch; for no member of this honorable profession, a profession yearly increasing in responsibility and importance, would be willing to go on record as permanently opposing so desirable a reform, and one which the press of the country has hailed

with such cordial and significant approval.

AMERICA AND JAPAN

THE sentiment of both people and government in America, and the sentiment of the government and of the wisest and most influential men of Japan, are so absolutely opposed to war between these nations, on account of any existing provocations, that the recent warm-weather war talk could end in nothing but air—air without even any real smoke. It may be, however, profitable to consider, through the eyes of one who, like Mr. Barry, has been recently in touch with the Japanese mind, certain national traits and certain currents of opinion in Japan, profitable for instruction and profitable in the way of warning. There should be no reason to insist, in one case more than another, upon just action and good manners between nations, but those who are already well informed and well instructed in such matters may have to inform and instruct others among their compatriots along the lines of international courtesy.

OPEN LETTERS

Jacques-Louis David's "Madame Récamier"

(SEE PAGE 763)

IN 1748, when David was born, art, in France, was in a degenerate state, owing to the pernicious influence of Boucher and his school, which then was at its height. It was reserved for David to institute a reform, based on a return to classic ideals. He, however, began his career as a pupil of Boucher, but this master, it is said, perceiving his peculiar bent and power, caused his transfer to the guidance of Vien, whose characteristics were more in harmony with those of his afterward famous pupil. In 1774, when twenty-six years old, David won the "Grand Prix de Rome," and forthwith repaired to the Eternal City, where for five years he studied from the antique and from Italian masters. At that time antiquity was once more engaging the attention of the public. The excavation of Pompeii in 1775 had stimulated anew the study of the past. Later the Elgin marbles were unearthed, and Haydon in England was proclaiming their glories, while Winckelman, in Germany, by his "Treatise on Art," was awaking enthusiasm for the ideals of Greek beauty, and the criticisms of Lessing, were aiding to spread his doctrines. A second renaissance had set in. David was early in the field of this new movement, and though there is little in his work, save in his portraits, that can evoke enthusiasm at the present day, the influence he exercised dominated painting more or less for nearly fifty years after his death.

David's painting of the portrait of Madame Récamier, to be seen in the Louvre, is one of his really fine canvases. It is very brilliant, delicate, and full of light, and is painted with much vigor. His motto in art, "Truth first and beauty afterward," he seems here to have sought to express. The drawing is severe and correct. His excellence in this respect constitutes his one great technical virtue, and appears to have been his sole idea of truth in art. The background, which is gray, is rubbed in lightly and hastily, and left in this unfinished condition, so that it looks as much like a rough wall as anything. The whole is a simple arrangement of gray tones in a high, bright key. It is life-size, on canvas, five feet six inches high, eight feet three inches wide, and was painted about the year 1800, when the lady was about twenty-three years old. Four years after this, David was made first painter to the Emperor Napoleon. In 1816, he retired to Brussels, where he died in 1825.

Madame Récamier is recorded as one of the rarest ladies of her day. Her beauty was so extraordinary and bewitching that, when she was out walking, even street children were struck by it, and ran back to get another glimpse of her face. She was endowed with all the virtues, "all the delicacies, all the seductions, all the elegancies of her sex."

T. Cole.

Lincoln on His Own Stories

THE Lincoln articles by David Homer Bates are very interesting and attractive to all the old "boys" of '61 to '65. The reference in the July number of THE CENTURY to the

fact that not all the stories attributed to Mr. Lincoln were really his, calls to my mind a little incident that corroborates Mr. Bates's position.

Early in the winter of '64-'65, President Lincoln visited the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the James. General Godfrey Weitzel was at that time commanding the 25th Army Corps, and Dutch Gap was within the limits of his command. Mr. Lincoln desired to see this particular work of the army engineers. Arrangements were made, and he was escorted from corps headquarters by General Weitzel and his entire staff, of which the writer was a junior member. On the return of the party, Mr. Lincoln was invited to lunch with the General and his staff. It was my privilege to be seated at the table immediately opposite the President and to listen to the conversation between him and General Weitzel. After we had all enjoyed some story of Mr. Lincoln's (which I am sorry to have forgotten), General Weitzel said: "Mr. President, about what proportion of the stories attributed to you really belong to you?"

Mr. Lincoln replied: "I do not know; but of those I have seen I should say just about one half."

D. V. Purington,
Late Capt. & A.Q.M., U.S.V.

The East London House of the "Blue Nuns"

WE are requested by the "Blue Nuns" residing at Commercial Road, East London, to say that their establishment there is not "a home for fallen girls," as stated in the article "A Haven of Rest" in the June CENTURY, but that their duties are "to minister to the sick and dying and to succor the needy in the courts and alleys of Stepney."

IN LIGHTER VEIN

A Proper Match

A PROPER goose set out one day, declaring, with all candor,
That through the world a-searching for a mate she would meander.
A proper person he must be, and than all others grander.
She traveled far, from clime to clime, not stopping to philander,
Yet disappointment was her lot, and grief well-nigh unmanned her,
Until among the learned ones she found a propaganda.

C. J. Knight.

The Coach-Driver

FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF A LINE-HOSTLER, WAITING AT A RANCH RELAY STATION WITH FRESH HORSES

TIME she 's showin' round the rocks.
Hump, you buzzards—there' s her dust!
Black MacDougall on the box
Silkin' like Pike's Peak er bust.

Can't you see them leaders lean,
Swing-team crouchin', wheelers free?
Crowdin' round that p'int is mean:
Black he hits her to a T.

Lord! if I could drive like that—
Whirl them six in a corral;
Hold 'em like a heart-flush pat;
Shake 'em till the pilgrims yell;
Bunch 'em down the mountain-side;
String 'em out across the plain;
Twist 'em till they 're jack-knife-tied—
Pop! an' out they 're straight again!

Whip an' brake an' reins an' sand,
Black kin haze a coach along;
All six ribbons in one hand,
T' other pourin' out the thong.

Now she 's left the dust behind.
Look at that old Concord swing!
Them gray broncos they 're the kind
For Black MacDougall, six-hoss king!

Francis Hill.

Equatan

I LIVE way down in Equatan.
All take it easy as they can.
I have no property or debts;
Just what one tries for that he gets.

Mateo was our President.
"The revenues were all misspent;
The taxes more than we could bear;
No mercy—justice anywhere."

Gonzales said that we must fight,
If we would ever gain the right.
Gonzales said that he would rule
Like Washington (he had a mule);
Would lead us, be our general.
With loud acclaim we cried, "You shall!"

"I WISH I WAS A BOY!"

"I WISH I WAS A GIRL!"

Three hundred strong, we, boy and man,
Marched forth to war in Equatan,
Full-dressed in uniform, and that
A shirt, a cigarette, a hat.

We charged the citadel with shout
And Winchester; we drove them out.
The bullets flew, through arms and legs,—
Some of us felt like broken eggs,—
Now and then
One struck plump in an abdomen.

We stood Mateo by a wall;
There shot him dead and—that was all.

The government is now quite pure,
And liberty is all secure.
When freedom's microbe doth mature
Again, we 'll fight again for sure.
We 'll change our government encore;
And then again; and then some more.

Gonzales rules: he drives a span.
Just now he is the only man
With freedom down in Equatan.

Frank Hodge.

A Little Mood

I SAT upon the step the other day,
And thought about myself; and thought and thought,
Till ev'rything around was blurred in gray.
I wondered how it was that I was I
'Way deep inside of me, and no one else,
And how it is I breathe and laugh and cry.

I thought and thought about my own real name,
And if I had n't it, would this be I?
But just as I was not I, back I came.

Then suddenly I was afraid—oh, queer!
I ran and ran to mother in the house,
And mother held me close, and said,
"Why, dear!"

And that was all she said,—quite all,—but, oh!
It was so good to hear I nearly cried;
And then she kissed me—kissed me—soft and slow.

Laura Campbell.

Three Authors

PROLIFIC authors, noble three,
I do my derby off to ye.

Selected, dear old chap, who knows
The quantity of verse and prose
That you have signed in all these years!
You 've dulled how many thousand shears!
You 've filled, at a tremendous rate,
A million miles of "boiler plate"—
A wreath of laurel for your brow!
A stirrup-cup to you—here 's how!

And you, dear *Ibid.* Ah, you wrote
Too many things for me to quote,
Though Bartlett, of quotation fame,
Plays up your unpoetic name
More than he did to Avon's bard.
Your stuff 's on every page, old pard.
Bouquets to you the writer flings;
You wrote a lot of dandy things.

And you, O last, O greatest one,
A word with you, and I have done.
You, dear *Exchange*, that ever floats
Around with verses, anecdotes,
And jokes. Oh, what a lot you sign
(Quite frequently a thing of mine).
Why, it would not be very strange
If I should see this signed—*Exchange.*

O favorite authors, wondrous three,
I do my derby off to ye!

Franklin P. Adams.

TRYING TO PLEASE

MAID AT DOOR: Mister Charles, the clock has stopped, an' would yez plaze look at yer watch an' see is n't it toime for me to wake yez?

The Youngest

I WISH that I could go to school,
An' have a double slate,
An' pencil, an' a book, an' rule.
I just can *hardly* wait.

I know my letters now as well
As Ted or any one;
I guess that I can learn to spell,
An' *then* won't I have fun?

I 'll know *then* what they 're talking 'bout
An' don't want me to know,
If they *do* spell the words all out,
An' I 'll just *show* 'em—so!

They whisper now, an' nod an' wink
An' smile—oh dear!—among
Them all it 's pretty hard, I think,
To be so *awful* young!

One time my mother spelled a word,
And Daddy shook his head.
"I don't believe It really heard
Or noticed us," he said.

An' she said, "Little P-I-T-
C-H-E-R, you know,"
An' Daddy laughed, and looked at me,
An' said, "How she does grow!"

I have n't got so very far
In knowing things, you see,
But P-I-T-C-H-E-R
Somehow, I think, means *me!*

Edna Kingsley Wallace.

A Hardened Person

THERE once was a young lady Dr.
Who had got so that nothing much shr.
When there came an earthquake
That made everything shake,
She just dreamed 't was her mother that rr.

Mary Madison Lee.

Flying

OF all the things that one might do,
If wishing hard could make it true,
I 'd choose to fly, like *Peter.*
Oh, think how thrilling it would be
To feel one's body, light and free,
Escaping—fleeter, fleeter!

Above the trees, the church-spire, too,
Into the fields of misty blue,
I 'd soar like any swallow.
I would not give my teacher wings,
My books, nor other serious things;
Oh, no; they could not follow!

Abbie Farwell Brown.

Revised

THERE was a little girl
Who had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead,
And when she was good
She was very, very good,
But when she was bad she was more companionable.

Thomas L. Masson.

He

"Oh, fain would I marry yer, Annibel Jones,
And that is me earnest intent,—
It is,—
But me longin' is vain, fer I 'm loath to explain
That I have n't the half of a cent;
Yet I wish ye 'd decide to become the fair bride
Of a harnsome young nautical gent."

She

"Oh, harnsome ye be as the dawn, Willum Brown.
Yer only defect that I spy,—
I do,—
Is the fact that ye peg on an old wooden leg,
And ye seem to have only one eye,
And yer hair is quite skimp, and ye walk with a limp,
Though yer beauty I cannot deny."

He

"Oh, I cornstantly pine fer ye, Annibel Jones,
And I wish ye would come to me arms,—
I do,—
Me intentions is good, and I would that I could
Protect ye from troubles and harms.
Again I insist that ye cannot resist
Me wealth and me personal charms."

She

"Oh, I love yer too much to refuse, Willum Brown,
And I 'll marry yer surely as Fate,—
As Fate,—
If ye 'll grow a real leg in the place o' that peg,
And ye 'll git them there eyes o' yourn straight;
If ye 'll grow raven locks in the place o' them shocks
O' brick-colored hair on yer pate."

He

"Oh thanks fer yer kindness, sweet Annibel Jones;
It 's lovin' and helpful ye be,—
Ye be,—
And I 'll git what yer ask, though the terrible task
May keep me some years on the sea.
And me hope is intense that some eighty years hence
Ye 'll still be a-waitin' for me."

Wallace Irwin.

As to Some Novelists

I DO not think
Our men of ink—
Our famous literary fellers—
Are seeking to
Build toward the blue,
But spend their time in digging "sellers."

John Kendrick Bangs.

Follies and Foibles

COVETOUSNESS and Envy are two anarchists who would not destroy ownership, but would transfer it to themselves.

Ingratitude, to keep from paying his debts, made all his property over to his wife, Selfishness.

The pettifoggers, Insinuation and Innuendo, are the great legal specialists on libel and divorce.

N. H. McGilvary.

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